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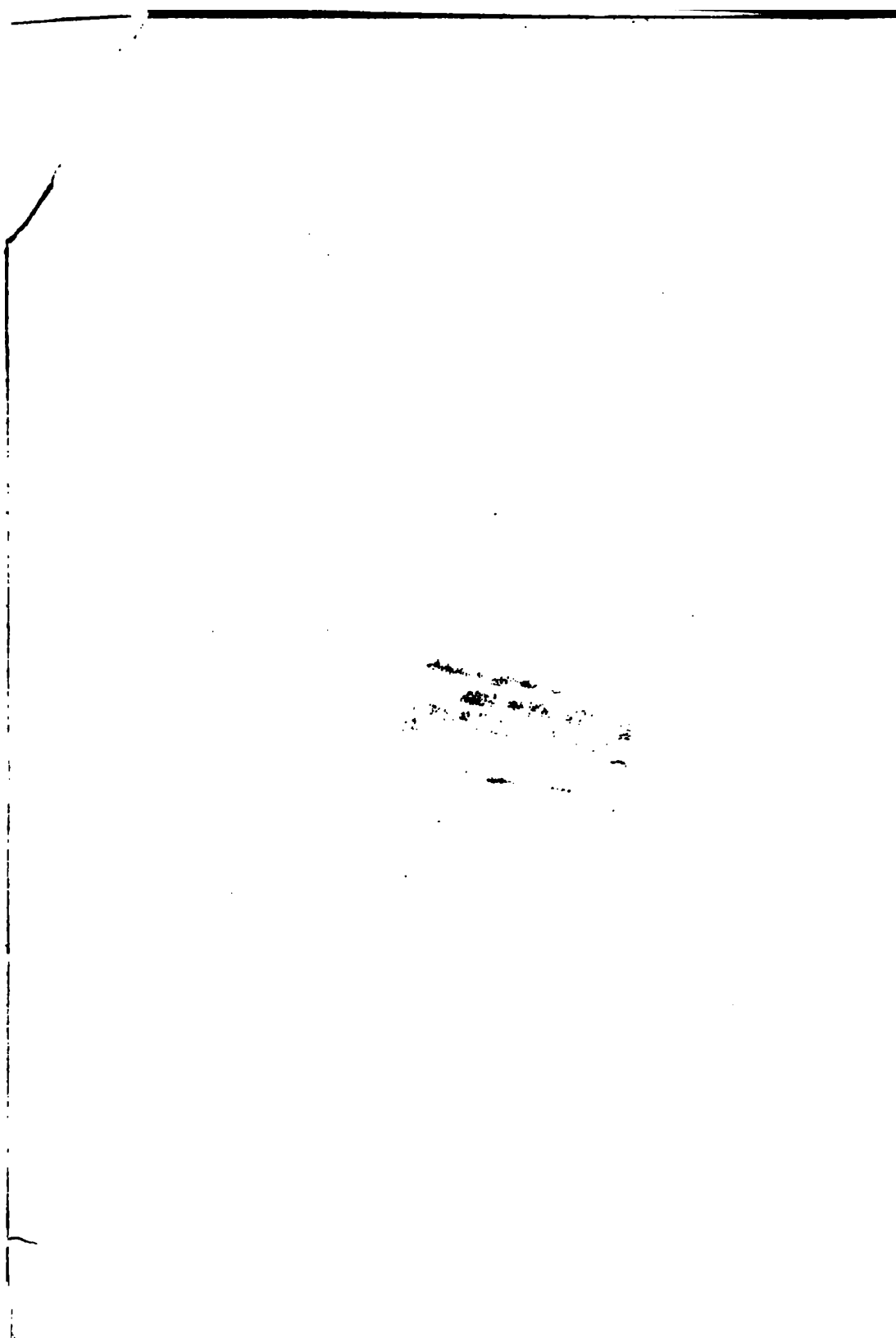


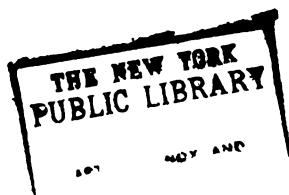






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THE ILLUSTRATED  
**Naval and Military**  
MAGAZINE.

*A Monthly Journal devoted to all subjects connected with  
Her Majesty's Land and Sea Forces.*

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New Series. Vol. IV.

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
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1890.



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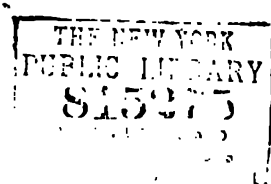
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No. 13.

JANUARY 1st, 1890.

Vol. IV.

## Epochs of the British Army.

### I.—THE COMMONWEALTH.



ALTHOUGH the British Army dates its origin from the Restoration, several of the regiments which were then incorporated had previously served under the Commonwealth, during which the genius of Cromwell created an army second to none which has ever been. Such, for instance, were certainly the Blues and the Coldstream Guards. Avoiding painful scenes of civil turmoil, we have selected as the first of this pictorial series the occasion when the English standing army began its martial career upon the Continent of Europe—we mean the operations which led to the siege and capture of Dunkirk in 1658, including the celebrated battle of the Downs outside that city.

It was the good fortune of our predecessors to serve this campaign under the leadership of the renowned Turenne. This leader's great exploits have been accurately and minutely recorded



in the pages of history, but, strange to say, the details of the battle of the Downs have not usually found a place in English literature, though Napoleon pronounced it to be a masterpiece in tactics. A coincidence marks this episode in the annals of British warfare; the campaigns of 1657-58 were fought side by side with French troops—a combination which did not repeat itself till our own days in the Crimean Peninsula, our latest enterprise on the continent of Europe. Ever since the execution of Charles I. in 1649, the rival Powers of France and Spain had been seeking the alliance of the mighty Cromwell, who, though he attained power through crime, was perhaps the most capable ruler that England ever produced; and never, assuredly, was she more respected abroad than in his time. France, at this period, had but just emerged from the torments of civil strife, and was governed by an upstart man of genius, who, able to appreciate the value of Cromwell's friendship, wished to turn it to account in repressing intestine commotion at home, and overcoming her Spanish foes. Mazarin was well aware that in dealing with a man of Cromwell's stamp, a policy of give and take must be adopted; like Prince Bismarck, he acted on the principle, *do ut des*. He knew that Cromwell, for the furtherance of his own ambition, and in obedience to the traditional policy of England, was desirous to regain that footing on the Continent which had been lost a century ago, to the ineffable chagrin of the nation; and to satisfy this pretension the supple cardinal was prepared to yield much. As early as 1652, the Protector had proposed the cession of Dunkirk, but an inopportune attack made by our not over-scrupulous cruisers on a French squadron proceeding to the relief of the place enabled the Spaniards to capture it, and the negotiation finally came to nought.

Spain and France for the next few years continued to bid against each other for the support of England, till at length, in 1655, the capture of Jamaica by our fleet brought about a definite rupture with Spain, and in the November of the same year England and France concluded the Treaty of Westminster, which put a stop to maritime depredations and sanctioned freedom of trade, while, by a secret article, Condé's adherents were expelled from one country and the partisans of the Stuarts from the other. In 1657, more active measures were taken by the Lord Protector against Spain, and Colonel Lockhart, his nephew, on the 23rd March, concluded the Treaty of Paris, which bound France and England to offensive action against that Power for the space of a

twelvemonth. Dunkirk, Mardyke, and Gravelines were to be invested in alliance, the two former to be retained by England, the latter by her Gallic friend. No treaty was to be made with Spain by either of the two contracting Powers without the consent of the other.

Three thousand English infantry, embarking at Dover, landed at Boulogne under Sir John Reynolds between the 18th and 24th May 1657. Turenne, however, had by this time suffered a reverse at the hands of Condé before Cambray; and he had retired to St. Quentin, where he was joined by the English contingent on the 11th June. The young King Lewis had already passed them in review at Montreuil where, as the French Colonel Bourelly tells us, "the noble bearing of the English regiments, who were all veterans, their discipline and address in the use of their arms, elicited hearty encomiums, accompanied with protestations of gratitude, which passed through the mouth of Colonel Lockhart to the ears of Cromwell." At Ribemont-sur-Oise they were again paraded on the 16th for the inspection of the Court, and Mazarin wrote: "They are all fine-looking fellows, and seem as if they would do good work at a pinch;" and Turenne himself: "I have seen the English, and they are as fine troops as could be seen anywhere." He was unable at once to satisfy the demands of Cromwell by investing the three Flemish ports as had been stipulated; the Spaniards had taken advantage of the delay in opening the campaign, caused by the late arrival of the English, to throw powerful reinforcements into them; wherefore, to attract the enemy from the sea coast, the French commander ordered Montmédy to be invested while he himself covered the Flemish frontier by aid of the English contingent.

On the 4th August Montmédy was taken, and two days afterwards Turenne commenced active operations by advancing to the banks of the Lys and laying siege to St. Venant. Here the English troops showed much ill-feeling, owing to the bad quality and insufficiency of their rations, and on account of their pay being in arrears. Turenne, however, generously and wisely caused his own plate to be cut into morsels which, stamped with a *fleur-de-lis*, were distributed among them as redeemable tokens. Discontent thus appeased, our countrymen took their share with a will in the storm of St. Venant, a success which drove the Spaniards beneath the ramparts of Dunkirk. Cromwell's renewed complaints regarding the non-fulfilment of the Treaty of Paris were silenced by the capture of Mardyke on the 3rd October; it was handed



over to the English troops as a pledge for the ultimate surrender of Dunkirk.

Turenne encamped the French troops between Ardres and St. Omer, leaving the English 7,000 strong in Mardyke; but the town proved an undesirable acquisition, and so unhealthy that the garrison murmured and began to desert the place. The French commander proposed to dismantle and evacuate it. This idea, however, encountered the liveliest opposition on the part of Cromwell, who forthwith despatched reinforcements and an ample supply of provisions to insure its retention, at the same time roundly declaring that its destruction would be considered an infraction of the treaty. This was enough for Mazarin; he sent his nephew, Philip Mancini, at the head of a troop of gay and gallant young nobles, and supported by a body of choice troops, to revive the spirits of the garrison. General Morgan now commanded the English *vice* Sir John Reynolds, who had been drowned in passing over to England.

The Treaty of Paris, concluded for one year only, was now on the point of expiring; wherefore a fresh one was drawn up, and signed on the 28th March 1658. This, among other clauses, expressly stipulated that Dunkirk should be laid siege to between 20th April and 10th May following, to be handed over to the English commander on capture. On the 13th May, therefore, Turenne led his army across the Somme between Amiens and Corbie, and, accompanied by the young Lewis XIV., approached Hesdin on the Canche, a fortress which had revolted against the King's authority, and now, by order of the rebel commandant, Fargues, dared to fire a volley at the royal escort. Many judged that Turenne would instantly lay siege to the place and execute summary justice on these audacious traitors; but one of the chief titles of this great commander to fame was that he made light of sieges, and early recognized that the fate of a campaign depended rather on rapid marches and decisive battles in the open field. Leaving Hesdin therefore behind him, Turenne pushed swiftly on to the banks of the Lys *via* Béthune and Hazebrouck, and, on the 18th, we are told that two Irish regiments in Cassel laid down their arms to his advanced guard. Crossing the Lys between Merville and St. Venant the French commander, on the 22nd, reached Cassel, where he paused for his pontoon train and artillery, which had been detained by the bad state of the roads. The Spaniards meanwhile, having inundated the country, had taken post behind the canal which passes from Bergues to Furnes. The

whole country was submerged, only the dykes and small detached hillocks emerging from the surface of the water; the results of decades of toil had been destroyed at a stroke of the pen by the Spanish commander.

The country around Dunkirk was divided into sections by four canals, which, radiating from the town, led to Bourbourg, Bergues, Hond-schoote and Furnes respectively. This, it will be seen at a glance, heavily obstructed the work of forming an investment. On the 24th May the French army, arriving on the scene of action, seized a ford across the Colme, which enabled Turenne to take possession of the dykes on either side of the canal leading from Bergues to Dunkirk. Here he was met by the English from Mardyke, who, abreast with the French on the opposite bank of the canal, triumphantly advanced on Fort Royal amid great enthusiasm and mutual congratulation. At Fort Royal, which the Spaniards hastily abandoned, the army separated to the right and left in order to form the investment. Turenne led the eastern wing, the Marquis de Castelnau the western. Colonel Lockhart, who had assumed command of the English, accompanied Turenne. The march was one of no ordinary difficulty and hardship; the soldiers were frequently up to the waist in water, and planks, hurdles, fascines, &c., were in constant requisition. By the 25th the investment was complete, and the supplies of the besiegers assured from Mardyke, whither they were transported by canal from Calais. An English fleet blockaded the port.

On the 4th June, trenches were opened on the eastern front of the town, Turenne having fixed his quarters in the neighbouring *dunes* or sandhills, which gave their name to the impending battle. The right attack was conducted by the French, the left by Lockhart and his English. On three successive nights, determined sorties were made by the garrison, who were commanded by the veteran Marquis of Leyden, to interrupt the progress of the trenches. These were repulsed with steady gallantry by Cromwell's disciplined infantry.\* Not till the 9th did Don Juan, in spite of Condé's remonstrances, recognize the urgency of the occasion, when hastily concentrating 6,000 infantry and 8,000 cavalry, he advanced to

\* Talon, the Intendant of the French army, wrote:—"On the night between the 11th and 12th the English grenadiers approached to throw grenades into the ditch. One of them ran close up to the palissades to see the effect of his grenade, which so alarmed the defenders that they fled. Nothing could surpass the steadiness of the English soldiers. It is only necessary to tell them what is to be done, and they are sure to do it."



Nieuport and Furnes to relieve the beleaguered fortress, without even waiting for his cannon and siege equipment. Turenne, having reconnoitred the enemy, inferred from their having thrown a bridge over the Furnes-Dunkirk canal that an attack was intended. He, in consequence, resolved to anticipate this movement. Leaving 1,000 English and an equal number of his own countrymen in the trenches, at 5 in the morning of the 14th June he issued forth to battle at the head of about 6,000 cavalry and 10,000 infantry, with 10 guns. Though the intended field of action was but half a league distant, it was not reached till 8 A.M., because of the difficulty of keeping line of battle when on the march. The Anglo-French were formed in two lines, with a reserve consisting of cavalry under the Marquis de Richelieu; the right wing was commanded by De Créquy, the left by Castelnau, while Turenne surveyed the entire field from an elevated sandhill. The front extended 3,700 paces, occupying the space between the Dunkirk-Furnes canal and the sea. The cavalry was drawn up on the wings, the infantry being in the centre, according to the tactics customary in the seventeenth century. Four battalions of English infantry formed the left centre of the first line, and two others were in the second line, all under command of Lockhart and Morgan. The French guns supported the flanks of the infantry.

On reaching, about 8 A.M., a point where the downs formed an elevated position which overlooked a level space beyond, Turenne halted his array, and the Spanish army was at once perceived posted on a similar chain of hillocks in front. The field of battle occupied the ground between the sea and the canal, but owing to dread of the English ships, Don Juan had omitted to occupy the seashore, a circumstance which largely contributed to decide the fate of the day against him; while on his left the ground was so contracted and so intersected by water-courses that Condé, who commanded in that part of the field, had to form his squadrons in six lines. A high down in advance of the right centre was defended by the Spanish foot regiment of Gaspard de Bonifaz. Upon this exposed and salient point Lockhart's infantry, by command of Turenne, threw themselves with uncommon fury, while Castelnau, galloping along the seashore, supported them by a flank attack on the cavalry of Don Juan, and his artillery poured their shot into the now wavering ranks of the Spanish infantry. A fierce contest with pikes and clubbed muskets followed. In an instant the steep banks of the sandhills were covered with dead and dying. But now, writes a French author, the support and success of the

cavalry and guns impart fresh ardour to Lockhart's veterans. Their courage rises to a frantic pitch. With a supreme effort, they force their way up the sides of the knoll and plant their blue standard on its summit. The Spaniards, as if pursued by madmen, seek refuge in the hollows, and are slain without mercy by pike and butt-end. Of 11 captains, the regiment of Bonifaz lost 7; their men said the English rushed at them like wild beasts, and there was no possibility of withstanding them. The Duke of York (afterwards James II.), with his usual gallantry tried to stem the panic rout with the Guards of his brother Charles (the ancestors of the Grenadier Guards) and several Irish battalions, but, attacked in flank by Castelnau's squadrons, was routed and chased from the field as far as the gates of Furnes. Condé, on the left, as usual executed brilliant and daring charges with his horsemen, but, entangled in the marshy ground near the canal and enfiladed by the musketry of the French and Swiss Guards, he only escaped capture through the superior speed of his horse. Don Juan abandoned the field, exclaiming that he had been beaten by a pack of wild beasts insensible to danger—a not unusual way in olden days of describing English tenacity and pluck. But Guizot, an unimpeachable witness, testifies that “the English regiments carried, with distinguished bravery but great loss, the most difficult and best defended post of the enemy.”

Thus ended the engagement which Napoleon styles “the most brilliant action of Turenne,” and where our embryo army played a part well worthy of its future renown. The victors did not pursue very far, for during the battle the garrison of Dunkirk had sallied forth and attacked the trenches. They were repulsed with heavy loss by Richelieu with the reserve of cavalry, who, finding his services useless on the field of battle, employed them in this direction. On the 25th June Dunkirk surrendered, and was consigned to English keeping in accordance with treaty stipulations.

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# Maj.-Gen. Sir Robt. Henry Sale, G.C.B.

By MAJOR-GENERAL R. SALE HILL, C.B.



ALTHOUGH numerous narratives have appeared from time to time, recording the events of the period during which Sale occupied such a prominent position, no biography of him has ever been written. Many letters and memoranda were collected by Lady Sale, with a view to publication, but not sufficiently prepared for the purpose before her death, after which they perished in the Indian Mutiny. The following pages merely pretend to give a brief narrative of his military career, the political events and contemporary military history being only alluded to in so far as they personally affected him, or are absolutely necessary to preserve the tenor of the narrative. They are collated principally from the official records of the 13th Light Infantry (of which regiment Sale became the colonel, and with which his name has become completely identified), *Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan*, and such public press notices and private letters as are still extant.

The first soldier of the Sale family was Colonel Robert Sale, born 1735, who entered the Madras army, and died at Vellore, in command of the garrison, on 11th May 1799, aged 64. He married a daughter of the Brynes of Buckden, Huntingdonshire. He and his four sons were all distinguished officers, and left an unblemished and honourable record, as testified by the monuments erected to their memory. The first, George, served in the 17th, 19th, and 4th Dragoons, which last regiment he commanded, and was nearly forty years in India, being at the battles of Assaye and Seringapatam, and died in England in 1837.

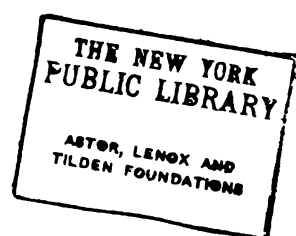
The third son, Henry, served in the Madras Infantry, and died in command of a brigade in that Presidency. The fourth son, Charles, died in India, a captain in the 4th Dragoons, having previously served in the 12th Foot and 19th Lancers.

The second son of Colonel and Mrs. Sale, Robert Henry Sale, the subject of this memoir, was born on 19th September 1782. He was educated in England, but of his early childhood no record is



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ROBERT SALE, G.C.B.





available. His education was of the briefest, as at the early age of fourteen he had the honour of carrying his Sovereign's colours as ensign of the 36th Foot, to which he was gazetted on the 19th January 1795; he was promoted to lieutenant on 12th April 1797, and on the 8th January 1798 exchanged into the 12th Foot, with which regiment he served at the Battle of Mallavelly, gained by Lieut.-General (afterwards Lord) Harris, on 27th March 1799.

In less than two months began the siege of Seringapatam, at the storming of which he commanded a company on 4th May 1799.\* Lieut. Sale's services were rewarded with a medal. He served all through the campaign of 1801, in the Wynad country, and on the 23rd March 1806 obtained his company. Three years afterwards—namely, in the month of May 1809—he married Florentia, daughter of the late James Wynch, Esq. This event, however, did not for a moment interfere with that ardent devotion to his professional duties which appears to have constituted the leading principle of his distinguished career.

During the same year in which his marriage took place, we find him, under the command of Colonel Chalmers, assisting at the storming of the Travancore lines, and in the following year he took part in the capture of the Mauritius, under General Abercromby. After seven years' service as a captain, he obtained a majority, which promotion took place on 30th December 1813. The second battalion of the 12th Regiment, to which he belonged, was reduced in the year 1818, and he was therefore placed on half pay; but three years of inactivity proved too much, and accordingly we find, in June 1821, he paid the difference, and exchanged into the 13th Light Infantry. That regiment proceeded to India in the year 1823, and Major Sale returned to the scene of his early services, where he soon engaged with his accustomed energy in the military operations there going forward, under the command of Sir Archibald Campbell; and was present at the capture of Rangoon, 10th May 1824, battle near Kokein, 14th May, and storming of the stockades near Kumindine, 10th June, on both occasions displaying such heroism that he received the thanks of the officer commanding, Sir Archibald Campbell, on the field of battle, and had a particular notice in the general orders, as follows:—

A very spirited and successful attack was made on the other side of the stockade by the advanced companies of the 13th, under the command of Major Sale, who, by assisting each other up the face of the stockade, at least ten feet high, entered about the same time as the party by the breach, putting every man to death who opposed

\* Was mentioned in despatches, a rarer honour than now, and one still more rarely bestowed on lads in their teens.

their entrance; and it affords me pleasure to state that the first man who appeared on the top of the work was, I believe, Major Sale, of the 18th L.I.

Major-General CAMPBELL.

Despatch.

He also was engaged in storming the seven stockades near Kamaroot and Pagoda Point, and received the thanks of Brigadier-General McBean on the field.

In one of the above engagements, 8th July 1824, he encountered the Burmese commander-in-chief in the stockade, and slew him in single combat, taking from him a valuable gold-mounted sword and scabbard; Major Sale's own sword having broken in two across the chieftain's face, he had to fight the rest of the day with the captured sword, which, having a straight bamboo handle plated with gold, was not easy for an Englishman to hold or use.

He was again engaged on the 1st December in the same year, when he stormed the enemy's lines. In four days afterwards he commanded a body of 1,600 men in an affair which terminated with signal success, Major Sale having driven the enemy from all their positions.

Near the great Pagoda at Rangoon he led a body of 800 men to an attack upon the rear of the enemy, and was again successful. This took place on the 9th. On the 15th he stormed the enemy's entrenchment at Kokein, when he was severely wounded in the head. Thus, in the course of one month, he may be said to have achieved four victories, or, at least, to have distinguished himself four times in a very high degree.

Of course, he was again noticed in general orders. As might naturally be expected, he rose rapidly in his profession, and was advanced to the command of a brigade,\* employed in the reduction of Bassein, and in the subsequent operations from 10th February to the 2nd May 1825.

He obtained his lieutenant-colonelcy on the 2nd June in that year, and on the 1st December following, while in command of the 1st brigade, he repulsed the Shauns and Burmese at Prome.

For his distinguished services at the storming of Malown on the 18th January 1826, he received the thanks of the Commander of the Forces, and on the 28th June was promoted to the rank of colonel by brevet. He was also created a Companion of the Bath.

After return from Burmah, he served in India with his regiment, and in 1830 we find him in cantonment at Agra, and commanding the station.

The longest period of inactivity in Sale's eventful career now

\* Although but a major in the army.



ensued, and from private letters a glimpse is afforded of the social life of those days in India.

Inhabiting a large house in the station, standing in ample grounds and possessing the luxury of a swimming-bath 60 × 30 feet, he occupied his leisure hours in gardening, and in playing chess, an amusement in which he delighted, and was said to be proficient. He also amused himself by studying military situations and problems, and working them out with blocks of wood to represent the contending forces. He is described as being of a cheerful, conversational disposition, patient in temper, imbued with strong domestic affection, and of a reverential and earnest cast of mind.

Lady Sale (then Mrs. Sale), who had closely followed his fortunes in the field since their marriage, remaining in Calcutta with her children during the Burmese war, but accompanying him to Mauritius, here enjoyed the society of such of her children as had then not married or entered the army. She was a clever woman, had been brought up a great deal in close companionship with her uncles, from whom she had early acquired literary tastes, which enabled her to instruct while amusing her children; and with these advantages, household occupations, daily rides, and drives, and swimming lessons in the bath, together with the society of the station, where the Sales were popular, their sojourn at Agra passed pleasantly by. Lady Sale was by nature one of the most intrepid and courageous of women, morally and physically, and well it was for her that her nature was cast in this heroic mould, to enable her to bear with fortitude the trying and terrible experiences the future had in store for her.

In October 1838, Sale was appointed to the command of the\* 1st Bengal Brigade of the Army of the Indus, which formed the advance throughout the campaign in Afghanistan, and was destined to proceed, *via* Candahar and Ghuznee, to Cabul. Of the difficulties of the passage of the Indus and march upon Candahar, it is not the business of this narrative to speak; no armed resistance was met with, but the loss of camels and other beasts of burden was enormous, and the hostility of the inhabitants of the routes passed through was shown by incessant attacks on baggage and stragglers. The force marched with a luxury of camp equipage and impedimenta which experience has now proved to be as unnecessary as embarrassing. Private letters show that Sale was indefatigable all through, both in thought and personal exertion, for the comfort

\* 1st Brigade H.M. 13th Light Infantry, 16th Regiment, Native Infantry, 48th Regiment, Native Infantry.

and security of his troops, and also in setting the example of curtailing camp equipage and baggage.

Vigorous resistance was expected at Candahar, but the city was entered on 26th April, without a shot being fired. To Sale was entrusted the detachment of 2,500 men, sent to Girisk in May 1839 to pursue the enemy who had fled from Candahar, but they had made good their escape into Persia.

On the 27th June, the march on Cabul commenced, and on the 22nd July Sale headed the storming party which captured the fortress of Ghuznee, deemed by the Afghans to be impregnable. A sabre wound on the chin, a musket ball on the shoulder, and a sabre cut in the hand\* were, to Sale, the result of this formidable conflict, but not the only result, as his conduct received the thanks of Lord Keane, commanding the force; from Her Majesty he received the rank of a Knight Commander of the Bath, for "gallant conduct and faithful services to his Sovereign and his country." This was accompanied by promotion to the local rank of Major-General in Afghanistan, and Shah Shujah conferred on him the Order of the *Douranee Empire*.

The army advanced to Cabul, and Shah Shujah was placed on the throne, Dost Mahommed having fled.

The so-called peaceful occupation of Cabul now commenced; but so blind were the authorities and the public generally to the existing danger, and the precarious situation we occupied in Afghanistan, that the families of many officers were allowed to join them, and settled down to the enjoyment of the scenery, climate, and sights of Cabul, as if in perfect security in an Indian cantonment.

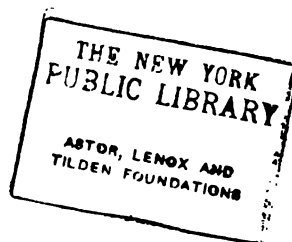
Lady Sale and her daughter, Mrs. Sturt (married to Lieutenant Sturt, R.E.), were amongst the number. In *Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan*, by Rev. G. R. Greig, M.A., a vivid picture is given of this period, and of the pursuits and amusements of our countrymen and women in Cabul.

Dost Mahommed escaped from Bokhara on the 17th July 1840, and on the 5th of the following September he advanced on Bameean; he was defeated by the force under Colonel Dennie, but raised the Kohistan country in rebellion.

A force† was formed to restore order and resist his efforts, and

\* He saved his life by seizing his adversary's sword by the blade when they were both down among the ruins of the gate.

† H.M. 13th Light Infantry, 37th Native Infantry, 27th Native Infantry, two squadrons 2nd Bengal Light Cavalry, two 6-pounders, one 9-pounder, a regiment of "Shahs" Horse.



# PLAN OF LLALABAD

of the 14<sup>th</sup> November & 1<sup>st</sup> December 1841;  
fought by the Troops under the command of  
GENERAL SIR ROBERT SALE K.C.B.

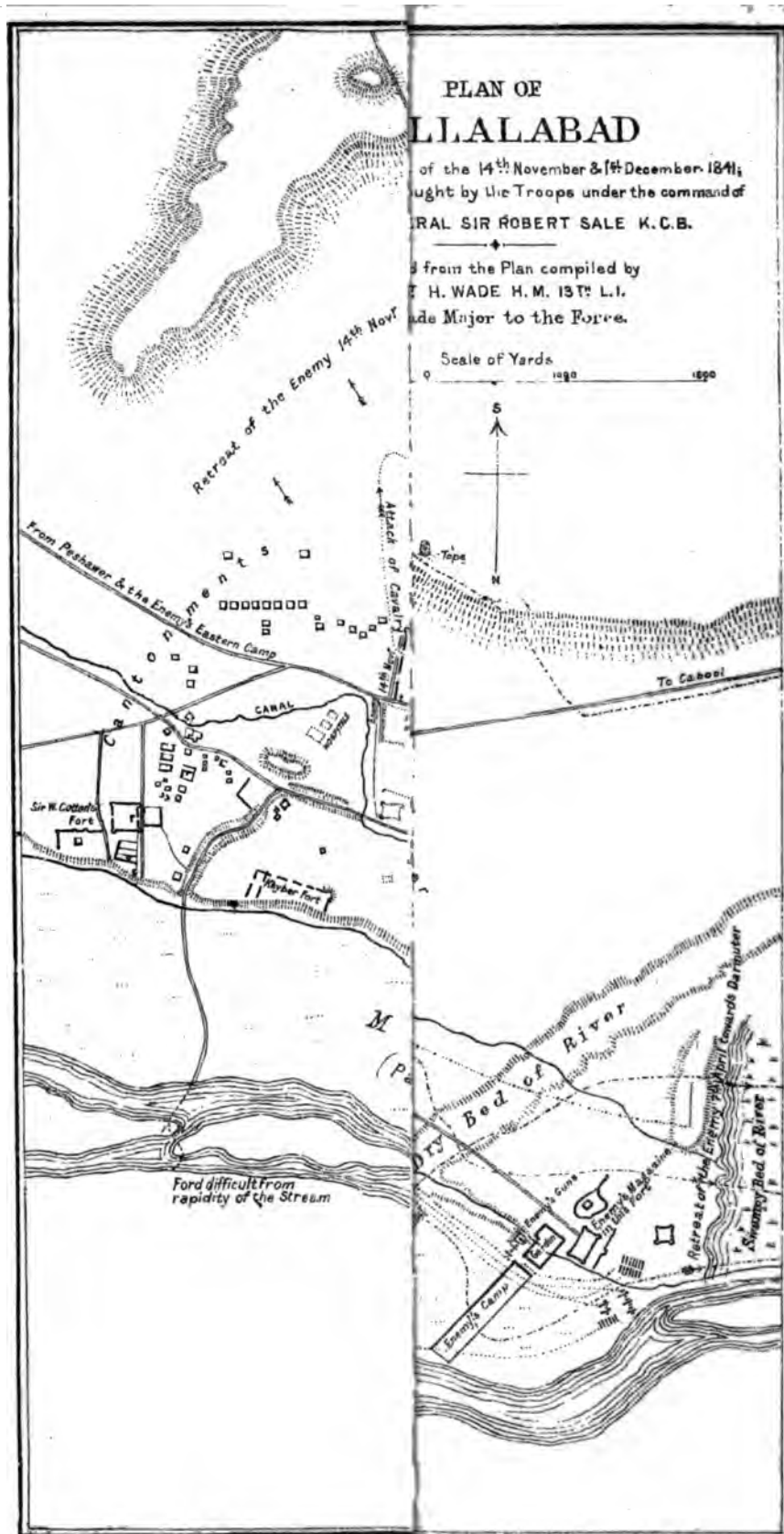
from the Plan compiled by  
H. WADE H.M. 13<sup>th</sup> L.I.  
Lieut. Major to the Force.

Scale of Yards

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entrusted to the command of Sir Robert Sale, who, after storming the towns and forts of Tootandurrah, Julgah, Babookooshghur, and Kurdurrah, compelled Dost Mahommed to surrender to the authorities at Cabul, on the 3rd November 1840.

In October 1841, matters were deemed settled enough to permit of the return to India of the troops relieved by the advent of H.M. 44th and other regiments. Accordingly, in the beginning of that month, Sir Robert Sale's brigade, now consisting of the 13th Light Infantry and the 35th Native Infantry, was warned to be in readiness to march to India. They were at that time armed with the old flint and steel muskets, which, from long use, had become so imperfect in their hands as to cause Sale, who knew the importance and value of effective weapons, to represent the matter at head-quarters; and he begged permission to be supplied with the new detonating weapons, of which a supply had arrived, but was refused by General Elphinstone, then in command at Cabul, who considered "that they were not necessary to a force on its march to India." The consequence was that when the day of overthrow at Cabul came, these weapons fell into the hands of Akbar Khan instead of being used against him. No serious obstacles were apprehended to the progress of the Brigade, but as the means of transport were scanty, and it was found necessary to move the regiments one by one, orders were issued for the attendance upon the leading battalion of a certain number of troops of other arms than its own.\*

The march was commenced on the 9th October, by the 35th Native Infantry under Colonel Monteith, and was characterised by the determined opposition and incessant attacks of the enemy. Full details are given in *Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan*, *Lady Sale's Journal*, and other publications. Sale was shot in the left leg at the forcing of the Khoord Cabul pass, but his wound does not appear to have prevented him from exercising the most diligent supervision over all military arrangements and details, which are described,† all through the succeeding troubles and the occupation of Jellalabad, as having been wise and soldierlike; the most minute and accurate arrangements were made for the safety of the camps and security of the troops, both on the march and when halted, and he is described as receiving reports, "however alarming, with characteristic coolness and good humour," and to have neglected

\* Broadfoot's Sappers, Abbott's Battery, Backhouse's Mountain Battery, Oldfield's Squadron 5th Cavalry, Anderson's Irregular Horse.

† *Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan*.



no precaution which military experience could suggest. On the 29th October the Jugdulluk Pass was forced, and Gundamuk was occupied, and, on the 5th November, the fort of "Mamoo Khail," in the neighbourhood, was captured.

On the intelligence reaching Sir Robert Sale of the breaking out of the Cabul insurrection, and of the probability that the rebellion would become general, he immediately determined upon throwing his force into Jellalabad, and repairing its ruined defences; thus to secure communication with India, from whence reinforcements could be furnished, and to form also a *point d'appui* for the Cabul force if compelled to retire. By two forced marches, with a numerous enemy pressing on the flanks and rear, he reached the place and took possession of it on the 12th November 1841.

The town of Jellalabad is thus described at the time of occupation:—\*

The town of Jellalabad is situate in the valley of Ningrahar, on the right bank of the Cabul river, which is here fordable during nine months of the year. It is ninety miles from Cabul, and was built by Akbar the Great. Its name signifies the "City of Splendour," to which, however, it can lay no claim at the present time, and it is very difficult to imagine that it ever could have deserved so dignified an appellation. It is built, as all the towns of Afghanistan, of sun-burnt bricks, and the streets are very narrow and dirty. The winter season is mild and agreeable, and Jellalabad is generally resorted to at that period by the Cabul chiefs, to escape the greater cold of the latter city, whilst in the summer season the heat is almost unbearable: in addition to which sand storms prevail, and the clouds of sand scorch and fill everything with its minute cutting particles.

In Jellalabad was found a brass 18-pounder, called by the Afghans the Great Cazee; it was very handsomely ornamented with grotesque-looking animals and fishes. The state of the defences was thus ably reported by Major Broadfoot, C.B., the Garrison Engineer, an officer of great talent and worth:—

The town is an irregular quadrilateral, having half the western side salient, and the southern side broken by a deep re-entering angle. It was surrounded on every side with gardens and houses, including fields, mosques, and ruined forts, affording strong cover to an enemy. These were everywhere close to the walls, and in many places connected with them. Beyond, on three sides, N.E. and West, at from 400 to 500 yards, were the ruins of the walls of the ancient city, on which the sand had accumulated so as to form a line of low heights, giving cover to the largest bodies of men. Opposite the S.W. angle a range of heights composed of bare gneiss rocks, commences at 330 yards from the works, and extends about 400 yards from N.N.E. to S.S.W. These completely overlook the town, and from the vicious tracing of the works, enfilade some of the longest curtains. Parallel to the North side, at 170 yards, runs a steep bank twenty feet high; it extends a considerable way to the West, and several miles to the East, affording a secure and unseen approach to any number of men: it is probably an old bank of the river. From it numerous ravines run up towards the

\* By Hamlet C. Wade, Brigade-Major at Jellalabad.

walls, affording an enemy a covered passage into the buildings and enclosures adjoining the works. The walls of the town extended about 2,100 yards, without reckoning the bastions, of which there were thirty-three. The works were of earth, and in the usual style of the country, viz. a high thin rampart, but in a state of ruin, without parapets and without ditch, covered way, or outworks of any kind. The bastions were full, but in some places lower than the adjoining curtains, very confined, without parapets, and sloping downwards from the gorge to the salients, so that the terrepleins was completely exposed. There were four gates and a postern, all of the usual vicious native construction, and, except that on the northern side, in a ruinous state.

The morning of the 13th November discovered the enemy in great numbers on all sides, and owing to their fire the working parties were compelled to give over. The garrison had only one and a half day's supplies, but a sally in force on the 14th drove the enemy off and enabled the troops to collect provisions. Another on the 1st December completely dispersed the enemy, after which the works proceeded with little or no interruption. Such were the exertions of officers and men, both European and Native, that by the middle of February, a parapet, nowhere less than six feet high, had been built round the walls, guns mounted on the bastions, ramps made, the walls repaired, gates strengthened, the exterior cover destroyed, and a ditch carried round the whole circumference of the place.

On the 9th January the garrison was summoned to give the fortress up to the leader of the Afghan rebellion in fulfilment of a convention entered into at Cabul;\* but Major-General Sir Robert Sale, being fully assured of the bad faith of the insurgents, refused. The annihilation of the troops from the capital in the Ghilzie defiles by the severity of the climate, and the basest treachery of those in whose promises they had confided, proved the correctness of the Major-General's estimate of the Afghan character.

On the 13th January 1842, Dr. Brydon reached Jellalabad with the melancholy tidings of the total destruction of the Cabul force, and on the same day General Sale wrote to the Commander-in-Chief that he had resolved on the most determined defence of Jellalabad.†

These untoward circumstances were followed by one of a more terrific nature, and is thus beautifully described in Sir R. Sale's despatch, after alluding to the completion of the works:—

But it pleased Providence, on the 19th February, to remove in an instant this ground of confidence. A tremendous earthquake shook down all our parapets built

\* By General Elphinstone, a peremptory order to General Sale to quit Jellalabad for Peshawur.

† Major-General Sir R. Sale to Major-General Lumley, January 13th 1842.



up with so much labour, injured several of our bastions, cast to the ground all our guard-houses, demolished a third of the town, made a considerable breach in the ramparts of a curtain in the Peshawur face, and reduced the Cabul gate to a shapeless mass of ruins. It savours of romance, but it is a solemn fact that the city was thrown into alarm, within the space of little more than one month, by the repetition of full one hundred shocks of this terrific phenomenon of nature.

The whole garrison was immediately told off to the different portions of the works requiring immediate attention, and from this day officers and men slept fully accoutred on their several alarm posts, and the garrison was almost daily engaged in successive skirmishes with the enemy, who compelled them to fight at much disadvantage for forage for the cavalry and artillery horses. By the energy and perseverance of the troops, the dilapidations caused by the earthquake were completely repaired in about a month.

The situation, however, was most critical; the enemy pressed the siege closely, and threw up breastworks within 200 yards of the ditch, and, as spies reported, had begun to mine under a part of the wall. A sally in force under Colonel Dennie was made on the 11th March, and dispersed the enemy with loss. But famine now threatened the garrison; provisions began to fail, and this state of affairs was only partially remedied by a sally made on 1st April, when some sheep were captured. Musket ammunition became so scarce that instructions were given to collect bullets which the enemy had fired, and run them into moulds for the use of the garrison. No prospect of relief appeared, and Sir Robert Sale, firm and gallant as he was, felt deeply anxious. Both he and the gallant fellows who met him daily in his audience chamber, began, in spite of themselves, to become both anxious and impatient.

Sale\* was constantly urged to make sorties, but refused to do so on account of deficiency of ammunition, and his belief that the waiting game was the best, until he received reinforcements, or could strike a decisive blow.

On the 5th April 1842 intelligence was brought into the fort to the effect that the force under General Pollock, advancing through the Khyber Pass to the relief of the garrison, had met with a reverse (which proved afterwards to be untrue), and on the 6th the enemy fired a *feu de joie* in their camp. Sir Robert Sale†

\* Letter from Sir Robert Sale to his son-in-law, Captain Brind, R.A.

† In a letter to Captain Brind, R.A., dated 28th August 1842, Sale writes: "I considered our case desperate, and determined to make a bold effort, either to beat Akbar, and thus relieve ourselves and assist Pollock, or leave our bones on the field of battle."



JELLALABAD.





determined upon a general attack, and at daybreak on the 7th the garrison, formed into three columns, led in person by their beloved commander, moved to the attack of the enemy's camp, and their efforts were crowned by a most complete victory; the whole of the enemy's guns, tentage, stores of ammunition, grain, &c., were captured, and their loss in cavalry and infantry was very severe.

A few days after this victory the privations and sufferings of the garrison, from incessant toil and the insufficiency of provisions, were terminated on the arrival of the force under Major-General Pollock, who, in his despatch of 19th April 1842, says :—

I have had an opportunity of inspecting the works thrown up for their protection, by the indefatigable exertions of Sir Robert Sale's force, and my surprise at their strength and extent has been equalled by my admiration of the excellent arrangements which must have pervaded all departments, since, after a siege of upwards of five months' duration, I find the garrison in excellent health and spirits, and perfect state of discipline.

Major-General Sir Robert Sale's report of the transactions in which the garrison of Jellalabad had been engaged gives the following interesting particulars :—

From the time that the Brigade threw itself into Jellalabad, the native troops had been on half, and the followers on quarter, rations, and for many weeks they have been able to obtain little or nothing in the bazaars to eke out this scanty provision. I will not mention, as a privation, the European troops from the same period having been without their allowance of spirits, because I verily believe this circumstance and their constant employment have contributed to keep them in the highest health, and the most remarkable state of discipline. Crime has been almost unknown amongst them, but they have felt severely, though they have never murmured, the diminution of their quantity of animal food, and the total want of ghee, flour, tea, coffee, and sugar; these may seem small matters to those who read of them at a distance, but they are serious reductions in the scale of comfort of the hard-working and fighting soldiers in Asia. The troops have also been greatly in arrears of pay, besides their severe duties in heat and cold, wind and rain, on the guards of the gates and bastions. The troops, officers and men, British and Hindostan, of every arm, remained fully accounted on their alarm posts every night from the 1st March to the 7th April. The losses of officers and men, in carriage and cattle, camp equipage, and baggage, between Cabul and Jellalabad were very heavy, and their expenditure during the siege and blockade in obtaining articles of mere subsistence and necessity has been exorbitant.

The following notification of the victory at Jellalabad was issued by the Government of India, from Benares, on the 21st April 1842 :—

The Governor-General feels assured that every subject of the British Government will peruse with the deepest interest and satisfaction the report he now communicates of the entire defeat of the Afghan troops, under Mahommed Akbar Khan, by the garrison of Jellalabad.

That illustrious garrison, which, by its constancy in enduring privation, and by its valour in action, has already obtained for itself the sympathy and respect of every

true soldier, has now, sallying forth from its walls, under the command of its gallant leader, Major-General Sir Robert Sale, thoroughly beaten in open field an enemy of more than three times its number, taken the standard of their boasted country, destroyed their camp, and recaptured four guns.

The Governor-General directs that the substance of this notification, and of Major-General Sir Robert Sale's reports, be carefully made known to all the troops, and that a salute of twenty-one guns be fired at every principal station of the army.

On the 20th February following, the thanks of Parliament were accorded to the Governor-General in India, and to the officers and troops employed in Afghanistan, resolutions being moved in the House of Lords by the Duke of Wellington, and in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel, who eulogized the gallant conduct of Sir Robert Sale and the garrison of Jellalabad.

On the 16th June 1842, the Queen was graciously pleased to appoint Sir Robert Sale (serving with the rank of major-general in Afghanistan) to be a Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath.

The press, both in England and India, teemed with notices and congratulatory articles, in prose and verse, commemorating the defence of Jellalabad, an event which was heartily welcomed as a relief from the terror and suspense the recent terrible disasters had aroused.

From the lapse of time few of these notices are now accessible, but the following extract, from the *Times* of 13th February 1842, illustrates the intense feeling of sympathy which existed for Sir Robert Sale personally, and the troops under his command.

The public cannot fail to remember that the last accounts from India communicated, amongst other disastrous intelligence, the fact that Sir Robert Sale and the forces under his command were placed in circumstances of such imminent peril as to excite feelings of the most distressing anxiety. Sir Robert is an officer not only distinguished by great personal gallantry, but by numerous and remarkable military services; considering, therefore, his distinguished reputation and the alarming, the almost hopeless, position in which he was placed when the last accounts were despatched, it has been thought that the following notice of such a man, "so encompassed by perils," will at this moment prove peculiarly interesting.

After giving a brief memoir of his services to date, the article continues :—

The events of the present year, which of late have painfully occupied the public attention, are so recent as to render any recapitulation in this place wholly superfluous. As all our readers are aware, the last wound sustained by him, or of which we have received intelligence, is one in the ankle;\* it unfortunately compelled him to withdraw from the field, but it will not be forgotten that the operations which he had planned on that occasion proved completely successful.

Having thus reviewed his brilliant career, it becomes impossible not to indulge the

\* Sale was wounded in Khoord Cabul Pass.



most earnest desire which the human heart can feel, that the hero of so many battles may not be doomed in his sixtieth year to yield his life to an assassin, or be slain at the will of a barbarian despot. The debt of nature must of course be discharged by every man, and if Sir Robert Sale were to fall at the head of his division, it would be the death of a soldier; but to be cut off by the bow-string or the dagger is a fate which we would fain hope is not in reserve for a veteran who, under the chilling influence of three score, appears on the scene of action with the ardent gallantry of five and twenty. Let us indulge the flattering wish that affluence and repose and security will attend the declining years of one who has received many wounds, escaped many dangers, and performed many distinguished services.

The force remained in garrison at Jellalabad until the 6th August, when it moved forward to Futtehabad, having suffered extremely from the severe heat of the weather. On the 1st September the force joined General Pollock at Gundamuk, and Major-General Sale assumed command of the first division of the advance. On the 8th, upon nearing Jugdulluk, the Afghans were observed in position; they were attacked and dispersed in every direction. A large body of them retired to the summit of a high mountain, and on this rugged and almost inaccessible height they planted their standards; but as the achievements of the day would have been incomplete were they suffered to remain there, it was decided to dislodge them. They were assailed in two columns, and the Ghilzies fled from their last and least accessible stronghold. Major-General Sir Robert Sale was again wounded.

The enemy showed no opposition to the advance of the army until nearing the valley of Tezeen, when some skirmishing took place, and the troops halted in the valley a day to allow the rear division to close up.

The road from Tezeen to Khoord Cabul was through a succession of lofty hills called the Huft Kotul. The dispositions for the attack of this pass were made on 12th September 1842.

The enemy's loss was heavy, and they were completely defeated, leaving their guns on the field.

The army re-occupied Cabul on the 15th September, and on the 18th a brigade was detached, under Sale, to meet the prisoners lately in possession of the enemy, then on their way to Cabul, it being supposed that Akbar Khan would attempt to recapture them. On the morning of the 20th the troops met the prisoners, Lady Sale and her widowed daughter being amongst them, and on the 21st returned to Cabul with them without being annoyed by the enemy.

Thus, on the verge of being doomed to hopeless bondage and slavery in Turkestan, were our countrymen, women and children, after nine months of cheerless captivity, happily rescued from a



fate too terrible to contemplate. Wretchedly housed, insufficiently clothed and fed, with a total absence of all the necessities, to say nothing of the refinements of life; their minds harassed with constant dread and anxiety, both for themselves, and for all those near and dear to them, who can express or adequately describe what their emotions and joy must have been at their happy release? \*

The army commenced its return to India on the 12th October; the mosque which had been built by Akbar to celebrate the destruction of Elphinstone's force, together with the bazaars, the chief's houses, and the city gates, having been first utterly destroyed by fire.

The army moved by divisions, the first, to which the garrison of Jellalabad was attached, leading, and destroying the fortress of that place *en route*. Sir Robert Sale proceeded to Peshawur and across the Punjaub to Ferozpore. The garrison of Jellalabad received orders to proceed in advance of the rest of the troops, in order that they should make a triumphal entry into the British provinces by themselves, and the medals granted for the defence of, and general action near Jellalabad, had been forwarded a few days previously, so that they might be worn on the entry of the garrison into Ferozpore.

On the 14th December they arrived at the right bank of the Sutlej, where they halted until the 17th, and crossed the river by a bridge of boats. At the opposite side was erected for the garrison to pass under a triumphal arch, where they were met by Lord Ellenborough. The distance from the river to the camp was about six miles, and for the first three miles a sort of street was formed for the garrison to pass through, by placing elephants, decked in the gayest trappings, at intervals of about twenty paces. The remainder of the road was lined by the army of reserve, encamped at Ferozpore, who presented arms as the garrison passed, the bands playing the National Anthem. In the evening the officers of the garrison were entertained at a magnificent banquet given by the Governor-General Lord Ellenborough.

On the 9th March 1843 Sir Robert Sale proceeded with his regiment to Kussowlie in the Himalayas, and in December 1843,

\* Who will undertake to describe the emotions of all that witnessed or took part in that strange scene? Friends met friends from whom they had long been parted. The wife threw herself into the arms of her husband; the daughter leaned upon her father's neck and wept; while a royal salute, fired from the horse artillery that had come to the rescue, called echoes from the distant hills, which seemed to laugh and shout with joy as they spake.—From *Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan*.

on the death of General Morrison, Her Majesty conferred on him the colonelcy of his regiment, the 13th Prince Albert's Light Infantry, and on the 29th March 1844, he was appointed Quarter-master-General to the Queen's forces serving in India.

Advancing with the army to repel the Sikh invasion, at the battle of Moodkee on the 18th December 1845, his leg was so dreadfully shattered by a grape shot that he died of the wound on 21st December. He was at first laid in the enemy's trenches; but on 26th December was buried at Ferozpoor, the Governor-General, Sir H. Hardinge, and all his staff attending the funeral.

Thus, at the age of sixty-four, after a distinguished career, he fell like Wolfe, Sir John Moore, and other heroes, in the hour of victory.

He served in the East (though a king's officer) for upwards of forty years, and during his whole service of fifty years had only been three years and one month in England. Invariably in the van, he was on five occasions wounded in action.

The frequent mention made of his gallantry and zeal during the Burmese War was noticed in the House of Commons "as deservedly marking him out, as an officer who had established peculiar claims to the distinguished notice of his lordship in council." His rank at the time prevented his receiving any higher reward from the military authorities than a Companionship of the Bath, and though urged by his friends, he would not present any claim to the Court of Directors of the East India Company for pecuniary remuneration.

Her Majesty the Queen most graciously invited Sir Robert and Lady Sale to Windsor Castle in 1844, and kindly expressed her gratification at seeing them, and settled, from her Civil List,\* a pension of £500 per annum on Lady Sale, with remainder to Sale should he survive her.

Public receptions and honours were paid everywhere to Sir Robert and Lady Sale † on their visit to England in 1844, notably at Londonderry and Southampton.

Sir Robert Sale's death was universally mourned in England as

\* Letter from Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ellenborough—"Stating that the Queen had expressed a strong wish to give this pension, rather than provision should be made by the House of Commons, to mark her sense of the military services of Sir Robert Sale, and of the fortitude and heroic spirit of Lady Sale.

† Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons alluded to Lady Sale "as a woman who had shed lustre on her sex" in quoting her narrative of the Cabul disasters. Lady Sale, amongst other honours accorded to her in 1844, was elected an honorary member of the United Service Institution.



a public calamity, and this feeling found expression in the principal public journals of the day; and the press, both in India and England, devoted columns to notices both in prose and verse of his career and death.

In the House of Lords Lord Ripon, expressing regret felt for his loss, remarked:—"One of the most distinguished men in that, or any other army, fell in that battle; who can forget the services he has rendered his country and his Sovereign?"

Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, similarly bore testimony to the value of his services.

The following obituary notices are quoted amongst the number that were published at the time, to illustrate the general feeling that existed in England of appreciation of his services, and the sympathy and regret for his death.

#### DEATH OF SIR ROBERT SALE.

A universal feeling of sadness prevailed amongst the inhabitants of Southampton on Monday last when the news of the victory in the Punjab arrived here, on account of the frightful sacrifice of life which it recorded, and more particularly because the gallant Sale was numbered amongst the slain. He had relatives living among us, and not long since, he, with his incomparable wife, received public honours in Southampton. On the 2nd December 1844 the hero of Jellalabad and Lady Sale were greeted with all the honours which the love and admiration felt for them by the inhabitants of Southampton could suggest, and on the 18th December 1845, a little more than a twelvemonth afterwards, the heroic Sale, the sharer of innumerable victories, fell mortally wounded on the banks of the Sutlej. A soldier from his childhood, he had passed more than half a century in assisting to uphold the sway of Britain over its Indian Empire. Amongst the "bravest of the brave," he has contributed as much as any man to cause the fame of the British soldier for daring valour and consummate strategy to resound through Asia. We cheered him as he left our shores for India, hoping that after attaining the hard-earned honours of his profession he would live to enjoy the honours and rewards a grateful nation has to bestow. But it was willed otherwise: and he died on the battle-field, amidst the shouts of victory, with a consciousness that the world would not willingly let die the fame of his heroic achievements.

#### From the *Morning Chronicle*.

Lines on the Death of Sir Robert Sale, who died 21st December 1845, from wounds received at the Battle of Moodkee, 18th December 1845:—

#### 1.

Far o'er the orient billows' flow  
The battle-cry is borne;  
One laurel more for England's brow  
From India's field is torn;  
And high above the trumpet's breath  
Our response rings of wail,  
For 't is no common note of death  
That tells the fall of Sale!

## 2.

Few, few of us his voice had heard,  
To few his aspect known,  
Yet was his name a household word—  
We loved him as our own.  
For he it was in hours of ill,  
'Mid rout and ruin's tale,  
Upheld old England's honour still,  
Our own unconquered Sale.

## 3.

It is a light and easy thing  
To head the warrior throng,  
When victory waves a favouring wing,  
And friends are staunch and strong ;  
But he who stems the adverse tide  
While all around him fail,  
He shows the true heroic pride,  
And such a chief was Sale.

## 4.

Long, long shall wild Afghanistan  
Tell of her leaguers vain,  
When flushed with blood her victor Khan  
Stormed round the scanty train ;  
Nor comrades' fall—nor crumbling wall—  
Could make our chieftain quail.  
The earthquake shock might move the rock,  
But not the soul of Sale.

## 5.

Thou, too, right valiant English heart,  
That 'mid the conquering foe,  
Tho' woman, played the hero's part,  
Still darker hours must know.  
If tears and prayers could purchase life,  
A nation's might avail,  
And give thee, glorious from the strife,  
Once more to welcome Sale.

## 6.

Yes, it is ours and thine to weep—  
Yet are they tears of pride ;  
He sleeps the conqueror's chosen sleep,  
The soldier's death he died.  
A fame is his no fame can dim,  
No time can ever pale—  
Who would not die and live like him,  
The brave Sir Robert Sale?

R. S. H.



# Naval Warfare:

ITS PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE HISTORICALLY TREATED.

By REAR-ADMIRAL P. H. COLOMB.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ATTEMPTS TO GAIN THE COMMAND OF THE SEA WITH DEFINITE ULTERIOR PURPOSE.—(*Continued.*)

The consequences of failure to gain command of the sea for an ulterior purpose.—The attempt of the French in 1695 to pass an army over to England, and its collapse.—The attempt of 1744 hardly to be classed under the subject of the chapter.—Its daring and rashness.—Its absurd ending.—Mistaken strategy of France in 1756–59.—Countries unable to protect their own seaboard can scarcely hope to attack those of other countries.—Narrative of the operations of 1759, and the destruction of every attempt at invasion.—Causes of French failure to be found in false strategical principles.



It is proper that we should glance for a moment, before passing on, at the consequences likely to arise from a complete failure to obtain the command of the sea for an ulterior purpose: the consequences, that is, of making naval warfare a means rather than an end. In 1690 the French attempt had been frustrated by the sound policy of the Earl of Torrington operating under very disadvantageous conditions, but governed by a profound conviction of the tremendous risks which would be run if the rash adoption of any other policy should land the allied fleets in a serious disaster. In 1692 the French may be said to have adopted the opposite view. They were prepared to stake their maritime life upon a cast, and to stand the hazard of the die. De Tourville's orders were, practically, to go through with it without regard to consequences. The naval war was made subordinate to the military war which was ready to be launched from La Hogue, and so overwhelmingly im-



portant did this military war seem, that any mere naval risk was not to stand for a moment in the way of it. So the die was cast, the battle of La Hogue was fought, and the French navy was destroyed, scattered, and dispersed, and the consequences had to be taken, which, however, as will be related in the proper place, the French, by a return to the principles of legitimate naval war, were able in some degree to discount in 1693.

The Anglo-Dutch fleets may be said to have been quite unprepared for the absolute collapse which French maritime enterprise suffered on the defeat of de Tourville. Practically, the rest of the year 1692 and the whole of 1693 were spent in considering what was to be done, without coming to any definite conclusions. But in 1694 the notorious powerlessness of the enemy at sea determined an attack upon Brest by land and sea. There was, however, no heart in it, nor were the land forces nearly sufficient for so considerable an enterprise. It was in no degree surprising that on the failure of an attack on a fort in Camaret Bay the whole thing should have been abandoned; yet the cool audacity of the attack was a direct consequence of the defeat of La Hogue, and the sense of Torrington's language in relation to a broken-up fleet—if it is beaten, all is exposed to the mercy of the enemy—came home to the mind of the English Government. They provided abundance of mortar boats—bombs, as they were then called—and laid in good store of shells.

This being done, Dieppe was heavily bombarded on the 13th July 1694. Havre was bombarded on the 16th, and burnt steadily for two days. An audacious endeavour was made to smoke the inhabitants out of Dunkirk with a certain inventor's "smoak-boats," in September.

The Allies quietly took up a permanent position in the Mediterranean, and wintering for the first time in these latitudes, lay across French trade, watched French ports, and hampered every effort of France by sea.

The year 1695 was but one series of bombardments. St. Malo, in July, was fired by "machines," and had 900 shells and carcasses thrown into it. Granville was destroyed. Dunkirk was attacked again, but again unsuccessfully, in August. Calais was bombarded with 600 shells, and next year with 300 shells again; while further down the coast, Belleisle, Houat, and Haedic were ravaged and harried. Palamos, captured by the French land-ways, was, in August 1695, bombarded by the Allies sea-ways; and, in fact, it was from 1692 to 1697 a mere question with the victorious powers

what sort of mischief might be most conveniently and economically carried out. The French navy was thrown into such a state of demoralization for those five years by the break-up off the coast of Normandy that most of what was done in the maritime war way was the work of private enterprise. These were the days of Jean Bart in the North Sea, as a private adventurer under Government control, and of the practice of hiring out as to contractors the ships, officers, and men of the Royal Navy of France.\* Practically, it may be said that the failure of de Tourville to gain the command of the sea for the temporary advantage of getting the army across the Channel, involved the close of the naval war and the leaving every spot of French coast open to the descents of the enemy.

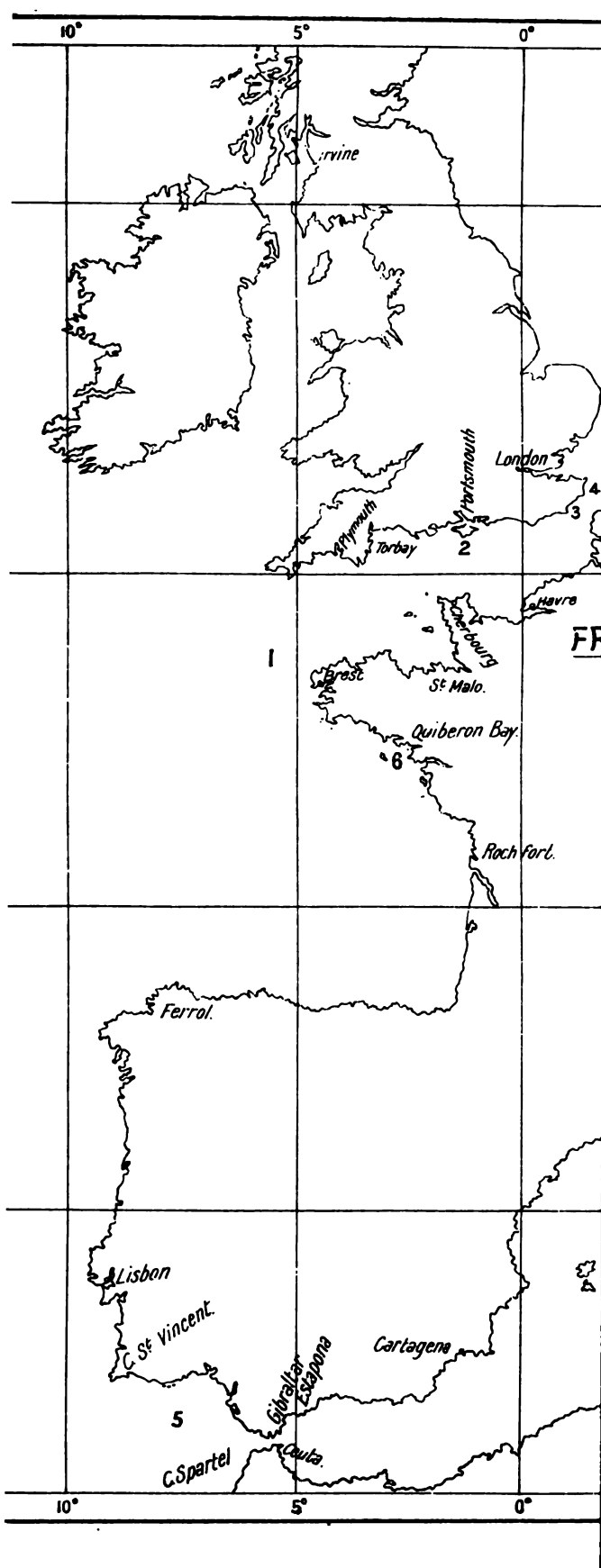
In the absence of any possible attempt to recover the naval position, France in 1695 was minded to try the possibility of rushing an army across, in the absence of the British fleet. The practice of laying up the great body of the fleet in the winter seemed to offer such an opportunity, and preparations were made for embarking an army at Dunkirk, Calais, and adjacent ports in the month of February. But intelligence to this effect having reached the English Government, orders were instantly given, on the 21st of that month, to mobilise the navy. So expeditiously was the business conducted that Russell found himself, on the 28th, off Grave-lines, at the head of 40 sail of the line of English ships, and 12 Dutch, beside fire-ships and small craft. The mere appearance of such a fleet put to flight all ideas of any descent.

The next attempt of the French was not made until 1744; and though it can hardly be classed as one where the command of the sea was sought, yet as the intention was to provide sufficient naval force to escort the army over, it cannot properly be passed by, the less so as the expedition was prepared in peace, and its discharge upon our shores was intended to form the declaration of war.

The preparations were made in the winter of 1743-44 with great secrecy; 15,000 troops in Flanders and Picardy were assembled at Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne, commanded by Count de Saxe, and accompanied by the Young Pretender and a body of his Scotch and Irish supporters. Transports for this force were col-

\* La guerre de détail, la guerre de course avait seule occupé la Marine de la France. Les bâtiments de l'état et les officiers de vaisseau étaient prêtés, sous certaines conditions, aux armateurs ou aux compagnies qui voulaient tenter ce genre d'entreprises auxquelles, du reste, les ministres eux-mêmes ne dédaignaient pas de s'associer.—O. Troude, vol. i., p. 235.





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lected at the ports, and a fleet of 18 sail of the line, under de Roquefeuille were fitted out at Brest and Rochefort, and entered the Channel on the 3rd of February.\* The British Government does not appear to have been early apprised of the designs of France. The general preparations for carrying on the war with Spain, and guarding against a coming war with France were considerable, but more perhaps in the way of attack than of defence against a particular form of it.

But the *Phoenix* 24, Captain T. Brodrick, was watching Brest, and saw the squadron on the same day that it put to sea. She at once made sail for Plymouth, arriving there on the 3rd of February, and sent off express to the Admiralty with the news. The whole of the ships available were at once whipped up. Admiral Sir John Norris was placed in command; he started at once for Spithead, picked up the ships there on the 6th of February, and sailed for the Downs, where the whole fleet was ordered to rendezvous. There he soon found himself at the head of 49 sail, of which 21 carried not less than 60 guns, and 11 not less than 44, a fleet therefore greatly superior to that which was approaching under de Roquefeuille.

This was seen at the entrance to the Channel by the *Bideford* and *Kinsale*, which were in charge of a convoy for Jamaica, on the 3rd of February, the day on which the *Phoenix* had arrived at Plymouth. Captain Young, who commanded the latter ship, judged that a higher duty was before him; he quitted the convoy, and made all speed to Plymouth with the news. The Admiralty were thus kept well informed of the progress and strength of the enemy. At Dunkirk the embarkation of the troops was proceeded with, though it is said that the process could only be made tasteful to the remainder of the troops by the execution of a recalcitrant member of the body on the beach, and in presence of his comrades.

The French fleet met foul winds and weather, and did not reach the back of the Isle of Wight until the 17th. The Admiral sent forward a look-out ship to examine St. Helen's and Spithead, and on the report that nothing was there, conceived the remarkable idea that the British fleet had retired into Portsmouth harbour. He thereupon despatched Commodore Bareil with 5 sail to Dunkirk to hasten the embarkation, as if under the impression that the coast was clear. He himself fell into a three

\* According to Schomberg, 19 ships of 44 to 76 guns, and 4 of 26 guns. Vol. v., p. 207. O. Troude says simply 26 vessels. Vol. i., p. 296.

days' furious gale off the Isle of Wight, and suffered much damage; but on the 22nd of February the wind changed to the westward and the weather cleared. The French Admiral took advantage of the change and anchored that evening off Dungeness.

It is easy at this point to take notice of the daring, as well as of the rashness of such proceedings as these. They can hardly be counted as naval warfare, and more clearly represent naval gambling. To assume, as de Roquefeuille had done, that because there were no ships at Spithead, therefore Great Britain at an hour of peculiar danger and anxiety would leave her coasts so unguarded that a force of a score of line-of-battle ships might become master of the British seas, was to place an abnormal faith in the stupidity of the islanders. He was about to conduct an attack which had been long in preparation, and which was vital to Great Britain, and yet his force was relatively small, however looked at. It was true that the British had a great fleet detached to the Mediterranean, and a considerable force in the West Indies at the time, but it was hardly to be supposed that she would have denuded her own shores to such an extent as not to be able to match de Roquefeuille's force. But unless she had done so, his position was perilous in the extreme. The method was not really an advance on that adopted in 1695, and which was so easily and so completely made absurd. The present attempt might just as easily turn out to be absurd, and something else, unless the very unlikely contingency of the absence of the British fleet could be calculated on.

And some such ideas were very forcibly impressed on de Roquefeuille's mind when he saw, the next day, the 23rd of February, the great fleet under Sir John Norris "tiding it round the South Foreland." At that moment, though the French were to windward, they were apparently embayed to the eastward of Dungeness, and powerless to escape from the superior fleet slowly approaching them. But fortune favoured the audacious squadron of the enemy. The tide failed Sir John Norris when he had got within six miles of the French, and the wind remaining foul and light, compelled him to drop his anchors. Upon ascertaining this respite, de Roquefeuille called a council of war, which determined that the sooner they got out of their critical position the better, and orders were accordingly given to weigh at sunset and to make sail with the tide at seven in the evening. This was done, and fortune still befriending them, a furious gale sprang up which drove them down Channel at the rate of 12 knots, and safely,



though in some disorder, into Brest. Sir John Norris finding, when day broke, that the French had disappeared, returned to the Downs so soon as the weather permitted, and arrived there once more on the 27th of February, though somewhat damaged by the heavy gale.\*

Thus absurdly ended an expedition in which the chances were so much against the attacking side that it could not be ranged under the head of legitimate naval warfare. The French were only fortunate in escaping intact; for any impartial judge acquainted with all the circumstances of the early days of February must have predicted certain ruin to the French fleet. The attempt was and was not one to gain command of the sea for the ulterior purpose of invasion. Undertaken while the two nations were as yet at peace, and prepared in secret, it was to operate by way of surprise, although it was all but impossible that surprise could be effective. The naval force was insufficient to completely break up and disorganize anything but a very small force of the British, and it had been shown in 1690 that anything short of complete demoralization of the defending forces would be of no avail to permit the invading army to cross. Therefore, if full thought had been given to the matter, it must have been considered that the English Government would prove so extraordinarily supine as to leave practically no force in defence of its shores. But it could not have been unknown to the French Government that there never was a time when the English Government could be less accused of supineness, for in the previous December it had carried a vote appropriating 40,000 men for the sea, and 52,000 for the army and marines. The whole idea of the expedition betrayed a want of comprehension of the naval problem which pointed to the sinister influence of the most ignorant.

War with France, being again formally declared in 1756, tended to put a stop to a sort of disgraceful panic fear of invasion which had possessed the country, and to turn attention towards direct measures for preventing such a thing. France on her part mistaking, with the instincts of a military nation, the true points of naval policy, was full of invasion projects, and notwithstanding the several lessons she had already received, was bent upon making the naval subordinate to the military view; bent upon attempts to

\* The chief authorities for my description are Entick's *Naval History*; Hervey's *Naval History*, 1779; Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*; *Batailles Navales de France*, O. Troude, 1867; Schomberg's *Naval Chronicles*, 1815.

gain the temporary command of the sea with the ulterior purpose of passing armies over it, if not going further, and supposing armies could be effectually guarded, and safely landed under the protection of a mere escort.

The success of a somewhat contrary policy resulting in the capture of Minorca, and the general ill success of every other operation, instead of turning the attention of men of influence wholly to the concentration of naval force in order to wrest the command of the sea from the English, seemed to have directed attention more closely than ever to the idea of a military invasion. It was the more strange that such ideas should have prevailed at a time when the impotence of the French navy to protect its own shores was so very marked. Rochefort had been in September 1757 the object of a cool attack, in the absence of any French naval force competent to prevent it. In the following April (1758) Hawke broke up, in the inner waters of the Basque Roads, the convoys destined for the protection and sustenance of the French North American Colonies; and in June Anson assisted at another rehearsal of a favourite naval play—the partial destruction of St. Malo. In August the whole of the public works of Cherbourg were demolished under the protecting wing of Commodore Howe.

So far as experience had gone, only one way of preventing this kind of thing had been discovered; this was the neighbourhood of a sufficient naval force. The establishment and maintenance of such forces, which it was understood were prepared to meet equal forces of the enemy face to face at sea, had hitherto been found sufficient to frustrate all intention of territorial attack. France had fallen into the belief that though she could not protect her own shores, she might attack those of her enemy with naval forces which were at least doubtful about their being able to obtain such a command of the sea as they might hold. There was, in effect, a doubt as to whether the forthcoming invasion was to be conducted by force or by stratagem; by open defiance or secret evasion. And when the time came for putting such of it as remained possible into action, there was a difference of opinion between the Minister of Marine and the naval commander on the fundamental principles which were to govern proceedings. Strangely and ominously, it was the naval commander who held the view which was opposed to the teaching of experience so far. I shall advert to this point a little further on.

In the beginning of 1759, the French had three main fleets in existence. There were twelve sail of the line at Toulon under



Rear-Admiral de la Clue.\* At Brest, under Vice-Admiral Marshal de Conflans, was a force which was counted up to 17 sail by the British scouts in June, and proved to be 20 or 21 sail of the line strong in November; and in the West Indies a squadron of 9 sail of the line under Rear-Admiral Bompard.†

This made up a total force of 38 sail of the line capable of being concentrated, had the command of the sea been aimed at, on the English force off Toulon, not exceeding 14 or 15 sail of the line; or on that off Brest, never exceeding 25 sail of the line, but seldom reaching that strength at any given moment.

Command of the sea as an end was not, however, thought of. Such concentration as was contemplated did not pass beyond the object of convoy or escort for the armies. One of these was collected with complete transport about Morbihan, a district comprising a group of estuaries opening into Quiberon Bay; it consisted of 19,000 men under the command of the Duke d'Aiguillon, and was originally intended to be convoyed to Irvine near Ardrrossan on the Firth of Clyde, by Captain de Morogues with 5 sail-of-the-line and frigates. Preparations were also made for the embarkation of another army at Havre, in flat boats and small craft, and a diversion was to be made by a third force sailing from Dunkirk under Thurot, acting against some point on the north-eastern coasts of England or Scotland, or possibly Ireland. Great differences of opinion existed in France on the methods to be pursued, and no doubt as the months went on, and the preparations became more and more complete changes in the programme took place.

The English Government animated by the genius of the elder Pitt, took a practical view of the situation. The Dunkirk invading squadron which consisted of 5 frigates, was watched by 12 sail of from 50 to 12 guns under Commodore Boys. Commodore Sir Piercy Brett lay in the Downs or Yarmouth Roads with another squadron of 8 sail, to guard against the chances of Thurot eluding Boys. An equal or superior fleet to that of de la Clue watched him in Toulon, and to Sir Edward Hawke was confided a fleet of 25 sail of the line and a powerful force of 50-gun ships and frigates‡ for the purpose of watching Conflans and guarding Morbihan, Rochefort and the Basque Roads, and preventing the unobserved escape of any French forces from these points.

This is not the place to discuss the causes of the advance which

\* I give the name as we generally hear it. M. Troude gives it as "de Laclue."

† This is the usual spelling, but Troude spells it "Bompard."

‡ Sixteen, according to Schomberg.

had been made in the powers of defence by naval force, as shown in this distribution of the British fleets. We have hitherto seen them, when the attack on our shores was imminent, concentrated close at home to await it. Now we see the points of resistance moved away from our own shores, and transferred to the immediate neighbourhood of the enemy's ports. The change was chiefly due, no doubt, to the improvements in naval architecture which had continually progressed, and also to the improved quality and quantity of the provisions carried, as well as to a better state of hygiene\* on board ship. But, undoubtedly, the change was also due to altered conceptions of the principles of naval war and to a more general acceptance of Lord Torrington's maxim that an intact defending fleet was an absolute bar to territorial attack. To the superficial strategist, the absence of great fleets in the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean was leaving the shores of England exposed. To the sound mind of Pitt and the instructed intellects of his naval supporters and advisers, the mere existence of these fleets was full protection to the coasts of the United Kingdom in the first instance, and afterwards cover for the more direct destruction of the enemy's invading material, and immediate prevention of even the issue of invading forces from the watched ports. Not, of course, that danger did not arise, but that it came more from the division of the naval force into several groups, which might be incapable of supporting one another, than from any removal of the bulk of the naval force to the immediate neighbourhood of the enemy.

As a direct employment of the cover gained by the masking of the French fleet at Brest, Rear-Admiral Rodney, with a squadron of 60- and 50-gun ships and bomb vessels, proceeded in July to bombard Havre and to destroy the invasion flotilla. Shells were poured into the place for fifty-two hours, and the flat boats endeavouring to escape out of it were pursued, driven on shore, and afterwards ordered by the victorious admiral to be burnt by their own crews under penalty that otherwise the town of Port Bassin, where they had sought shelter, should suffer the fate of Havre.

The main naval object of the French was the junction of the fleet of de la Clue with that of Conflans at Brest, and the pre-

\* Hawke was able to maintain a winter blockade of Brest, but still bitterly complained of the badness of provisions, especially bread and beer, and had men constantly "falling down with scurvy," but this was a wonderful improvement on 1695, when the mere fitting out of a winter fleet put 500 men on shore sick, and still left the fleet unhealthy. See Burrows' *Life of Hawke*, *passim*, and Burchett, p. 541.



vention of this was the special object of Admiral Boscawen off Toulon. The means employed were not at all the confining of de la Clue in his port, but rather the bringing him to action at sea. The underlying principle was plain enough. If the French fleet could be brought to battle, come what come would of it, all immediate idea of a concentration at Brest must be given up. Even were Boscawen thoroughly beaten, which was not at all likely considering the relative strength of the forces, a return to Toulon by the French to refit and repair would be imperative after the action. The success of the French plan, however, chiefly depended on de la Clue's avoidance of battle; he was not to be drawn out, and he trusted to time to force Boscawen to retire for a space.

The British Admiral kept watch till the beginning of July, and was then compelled by want of water and provisions, and by certain damage to some of his ships to fall back upon Gibraltar. The coast being so far clear, de la Clue weighed from Toulon on the 5th of August, with his fleet of 12 sail of the line and 3 frigates, in hopes of passing the Straits of Gibraltar unnoticed. But Boscawen had placed a look-out ship off Malaga, and another, the *Gibraltar*, between Estepona on the Spanish and Ceuta on the African shore. On the 17th of August, Boscawen's ships were still in the middle of refitting: their sails were unbent, and some of them had their topmasts down.\* Towards evening the French fleet drew near the straits, and running before a strong easterly breeze, found themselves off Cape Spartel at midnight, in a pitch dark atmosphere, and with no sign that they were in any way followed, perhaps with no belief that they had been even seen.

De la Clue was happy in the supposed success of his movements. No ship had shown a light, and the game was played and won. Boscawen was outwitted, the blockade of Brest and Morbihan would be raised, and the Scotch invasion at least would proceed. But there was a fatal flaw in his own conduct, of which he was far from perceiving the consequences. He had thought much of pushing on himself, and had been less careful of the order in which he maintained the fleet astern of him. He had made Cadiz the rendezvous of his ships, and when darkness fell and precluded the establishment of a fresh rendezvous, or even of any very definite communication of orders, by reason of the defective signal systems of those days, all the captains believed that Cadiz

\* Schomberg, vol. i., p. 232.

was the destination. Now at midnight, the course to Cadiz was, perhaps, N.N.W., while the course to pass Cape St. Vincent and proceed up the coast of Portugal was, perhaps, W.N.W. At midnight M. de la Clue began to think of pulling his fleet together, and began also to think that the rendezvous at Cadiz was a mistake. He would simply be blocked there, as he had been blocked at Toulon. He could never expect again such a chance as was now before him. He shortened sail to allow the fleet to close up; he exhibited his stern lights to show his position, and he made, or attempted to make, a night signal which would direct the fleet to continue to steer to the westward.\* Then, fearing that Boscawen's look-out ships might see the lights, and assuming that his ships had all seen and understood the intended signal, he complacently extinguished his lights and made sail for Cape St. Vincent. At daylight he had but six ships with him, and it was not until 8 o'clock that the report of 8 sail to the eastward gave him hopes that the stragglers were rejoining. He was then 30 or 40 miles to the E.S.E. of Cape St. Vincent, and he took steps to let this remainder of his fleet come up with him.

Now let us see what had been going on in the English fleet during this time. I do not think I can more clearly or forcibly tell the story than by quoting *verbatim* the language of the journal of the Captain of the *Namur*, Captain Buckle, Boscawen's flag-captain.†

Friday, 17th August 1759, moored in Gibraltar Bay. Wind E.S.E. to East. First part moderate and fair, middle and latter part a fresh gale, and hazy. P.M., received a long-boat load of water. At 8 heard the report of several guns, soon after saw a ship in the offing with several lights, then we sent our barge, who returned and informed us that the ship we saw was the *Gibraltar*, who had seen fifteen large ships at the back of the hill. At 9 made the signal to unmoor. Bent the sails and hove up the best bower anchor. At 10 made signal and slipped; the long-boat being made fast to the end of the cable, got athwart hawse, broke the slip-rope and went adrift. At 11 Cabritta Point bore west, three or four miles. Brought to, and hoisted in the boats. Employed clearing the ship. At midnight made sail. At 1 A.M. out all reefs and set top-gallant sails. Cape Spartel W. by S., seven or eight miles. At 6 saw seven sail to the westward. At 7 made the *Gibraltar's* signal to come within hail, and ordered him to make sail ahead and see what the strangers were. At 8 six Sweeds passed by to the southward. Made the signal for a general chase to the N.W. At 9 made the signal for the ships astern to make more sail, soon after repeated it. At noon all the fleet in chase.

\* Troude, vol. i., pp. 373-379. M. de Lapeyrouse, quoted by Troude, says the Admiral made the signal to steer to the westward. But even as late as 1832 there was no such night-signal in the French navy; the nearest signal was "sail large" on the starboard or port tack.

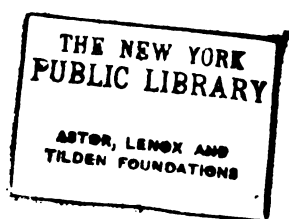
† The journal, with great numbers of others, is preserved in the Royal Victoria Yard Deptford. The day begins at noon.





RINGING THE NEW YEAR IN.—A SCENE IN NORTH RUSSIA.

(From the *Vsemirnaya Illustratsia*.)



Saturday 18th, at noon Cape St. Vincent N.W. by W., distant eight or nine leagues. Winds East, E.N.E., and E.S.E. First part moderate and fair, middle and latter little wind. At 1 p.m. the strangers hoisted French colours, then we showed ours. Twenty minutes after made the signal to engage. At 50 minutes past made the *America's* signal to make more sail. At 2 repeated it; the enemy began to fire, as did the *Culloden* at 25 minutes past 2. At three-quarters past 2, the *America* backed her mizzen topsail and topgallant-sail and hauled up her mainsail. Then made her signal to make more sail. At 10 minutes past 3, made the *Guernsey's* signal to make more sail, which she not observing we soon after repeated it. At a quarter-past changed the chasing signal from N.W. to N.E. At 4 ran alongside the *Ocean*,\* hoving a flag at the mizzen topmast head, and engaged her and two other ships of the enemy till quarter-past 7, when they made sail and shot ahead of us. The mizzen-stay being shot away the mast went overboard. The fore and main topsail yards likewise shot away, and all our sails and rigging much damaged; then the Admiral went on board the *Newark* and hoisted his flag there. Soon after one of the French ships struck, being the *Centaur*, of 74 guns and 750 men, whom the *Edgar* lay by. We had six men killed in the action and upwards of forty wounded. People employed repairing the damages. At 10 Thomas Quinnell, Thomas Cattness, and John Williams, seamen, died of their wounds. At 5 a.m. saw our fleet in the S.W. and made sail after them.

Sunday, August 19th, 1759. Noon, Cape St. Vincent N.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W. three or four leagues, winds West, N.W. by N., N.N.E., N.N.W., North, light airs and fair. At 2 p.m. saw three of the French ships at anchor to the eastward of Cape St. Vincent, and one on shore without any masts, being the *Ocean*, of 84 guns, who struck to the *St. Alban's*, as did one of the others to the *Warspite*. At 7 saw one of the remaining two on fire. The *Warspite* brought her prize into the fleet, being the *Temeraire* of 74 guns and 750 men. Unbent the foresail and fore-topsail and bent new ones. At half-past 9, the ship (that) was on fire blew up. At 10, saw the *Ocean* on fire. At midnight our ships brought in the other French ship, called the *Modeste* of 64 guns and 700 men. A.M. got up a new main topgallant mast and yard. Employed setting up a pair of sheers to raise the mizzen-mast. N.B.—The ship which blew up was the *Redoubtable*, of 74 guns.

Monday, August 20th, Cape St. Vincent distant twelve leagues. Winds N.W., N, N.E. Moderate and clear. At 4 p.m. Cape St. Vincent bore N.W. by N., eight or nine leagues. Admiral Boscawen returned from the *Newark* and hoisted his flag here. Raised the mizzen mast, and stepped it on the upper deck.

Such was the first battle of St. Vincent, as described in the cool and terse language of the official record. It is easy to understand what had happened in the French fleet. M. de la Clue, who paid with his life the forfeit of his error, small as it might have seemed at the time, had not been justified in assuming that his signals at midnight on the 17th had been seen and their purport understood. However he might have thought of it, his captains had no opportunity of looking into his mind and noting what was going on there. Five of the line-of-battle ships, and all the frigates, missing the rest of the fleet, had obeyed their orders and proceeded to Cadiz. The ships, which de la Clue did not see till 8 a.m. on the 18th, and which he for a time drew near to, supposing them to be

\* De la Clue's flag-ship.



friends, were in fact the leaders of Boscawen's fleet, which were even then preparing for a general chase. The danger of playing fast and loose with a rendezvous had even then been fully recognized in the English navy, and it is highly improbable that any English admiral would have acted as de la Clue did. The importance attached to the thing is well illustrated in this very journal of Captain Buckle, in which a new rendezvous being given out on the afternoon of the 20th, and a lieutenant from each ship summoned to receive it, the names of the officers thus made responsible are entered.

The result of the error was a loss to the French of two line-of-battle ships burnt, and three captured, out of the total of seven. Two made their escape on the night of the 18th, and one reached Rochefort and the other the Canaries in safety. Poor de la Clue was landed badly wounded, and died of his wounds soon afterwards. The conjunction of the Toulon and Brest fleets was entirely abandoned, and those French ships which had got into Cadiz, only thought themselves too happy in escaping to Toulon as late as the 17th of December.

There was still the combination of Admiral Bompard's squadron with that of de Conflans, and against this Hawke was taking all possible steps. He was primarily concerned in a close watch upon Brest, in order that the fleet there should not be able to put to sea unwatched and unfollowed. The secondary object was as close a watch on the invading force assembled at Morbihan. But the greater danger was the junction of the Toulon fleet with the Brest fleet, and even after he had heard from Boscawen of the result of the battle of the 18th and 19th of August, he saw no cause to relax his vigilance. Boscawen wrote on the 20th, and did not then know that the half of the French fleet was in Cadiz, and capable of being masked. So that when Hawke in the latter end of August heard that Bompard had actually sailed from America, there was a possible combination at or near Brest of an exceedingly serious character. Bompard might make for Rochefort, and the moiety of de la Clue's fleet also, as a preliminary, and if Brest were opened, by heavy weather driving Hawke off, a junction might prove to be easy. He had not force enough to watch Rochefort as well as Brest. "If," he wrote on the 28th of August, "M. Bompard's destination should be Brest, I shall do my utmost to interrupt him. But should he be bound to Rochefort I must not think of him"—for the reason that a detachment to Rochefort, though enough to meet Bompard's nine sail-of-the-line, would leave him



too weak even for Conflans, certainly too weak for the missing ships of de la Clue's fleet and that of Conflans' together.\*

But later on, when Hawke was probably relieved of all apprehension on the score of the ships shut up in Cadiz, he did despatch Admiral Geary with a squadron to bar Bompert's entry into Rochefort, while another squadron, under Captain Duff, lay in Quiberon Bay watching Morbihan. And then, on the 10th of October, the Admiralty having informed him that Bompert was not likely to sail for Europe at present, Geary was recalled.

Hawke's plans were thus very simple; he would watch Brest as long as the weather would let him, and when driven off he would invariably make for the then safe anchorage of Torbay, where the store-ships and victuallers could always meet him, and where the whole efforts of the fleet would be concentrated on getting ready to put to sea the instant the wind changed.

On the same 10th of October Hawke, being off Brest, wrote:—

Their lordships will pardon me for observing that from the present disposition of the squadron I think there is little cause for alarm while the weather continues tolerable. As to Brest, I may safely affirm that, except the few ships that took shelter in Conquet, hardly a vessel of any kind has been able to come out of that port these four months. We are as vigilant as ever, though we have not as much daylight. . . . It must be the fault of the weather, not ours, if any of them escape.†

The fault of the weather, however, showed itself immediately, for on the 11th so heavy a westerly gale sprang up that the fleet sought shelter in Plymouth, whence Hawke wrote on the 13th:—

Yesterday and this day, the gale rather increasing, I thought it better to bear up for Plymouth than run the risk of being scattered and driven to the eastward. While this wind shall continue, it is impossible for the enemy to stir. . . . The instant it shall be moderate, I shall sail again.‡

Then next day, he says:—

Their lordships may rest assured there is little foundation for the present alarms. While the wind is fair for the enemy's coming out, it is also favourable for our keeping them in; and while we are obliged to keep off, they cannot stir.§

The Admiral got back to his watch, now from the lateness of the season become one of desperate anxiety and hazard, by the 23rd of October, and the commanders of the inshore squadrons, breaking down in health as they were from the strain, are only warned that there must be less relaxation than ever. By the beginning of November, Hawke was informed that Conflans was under orders to put to sea and engage the English fleet at once; but probably the

\* Burrows' *Life of Hawke*, p. 380.

† *Life of Hawke*, p. 383.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Life of Hawke*, p. 384.

Admiral's wisdom doubted the fact, as there was no such superiority of numbers on the French side as would lead to hopes of victory. This, however, might be as it would, for on the 9th of November another westerly gale, which had been blowing three days, so increased that it drove the English fleet back into Torbay again, whence it was not possible to put to sea finally till the 13th.

It is necessary, as we now approach the *dénouement*, to look at the French part in this momentous drama. I have already said that there was a doubt over the whole of these invasion operations, as to whether they were to be carried out by force or stratagem. Indeed, considerable doubt has existed in my own mind as to whether I can properly class them as an attempt to gain the command of the sea with an ulterior object. The military preparations occupy so great a field, when I look across the Channel, that I cannot make up my mind whether there was anywhere in France such a real idea of gaining the command of the sea, as there had been in 1690 and 1692. The plans seem disjointed and mixed, without a consciousness running through them that the invading forces must pass unprotected through an enemy's country, unless that water-country was first conquered. The French idea of the whole matter departs from simplicity, and is difficult to realise. Neither de la Clue, Conflans, nor Bompert, seem to have been clear about what they were going to do—de la Clue, by his fixing a rendezvous at Cadiz, when he should have wanted to push on to Brest at all hazards and speed; Bompert by his delayed return; and both he and Conflans by their subsequent conduct. As far as Conflans was concerned, he certainly had no clear ideas of what was before him.

The timidity of our navy afflicts and humiliates me (wrote the Marshal de Belle-Isle to the Duke d'Aiguillon); above all, after the state in which I saw it at the beginning of the century. The King must give positive orders to M. de Conflans. He will not desire anything better, according to what I hear; but this is not enough. Many sad reflections arise upon it, but we may possibly hope that when things are once decided and ordered, they will stand on their honour.\*

Conflans distinctly proposed to escort the convoy with his whole fleet.

The Marshal (Berryer, the Minister of Marine, wrote to the Duke d'Aiguillon) is not a sufficiently good tactician to have any hopes of holding the enemy in check by his skill, and I regard a battle as inevitable; then it would be much better to fight it before the convoy puts to sea. If we gain the victory, we shall easily push it over; if it is doubtful, it will still facilitate the passage over; if our fleet is destroyed, the army will not be lost.†

\* Troude, quoting the Archives of the French Marine, vol. i., p. 381.    † *Ibid.*



But de Conflans was urgent with his own views, and the Minister of Marine at length submitted. Yet is the Marshal's conduct inexplicable, for between the 9th and the 14th of November, when the coast was clear by reason of Hawke's absence in Torbay, Bompart arrived with his squadron and passed into Brest without difficulty. Notwithstanding that, and apparently without seeing how much this reinforcement of nine sail of the line\* should have strengthened the views of the Minister of Marine and weakened his own, Conflans put to sea with his original 21 sail of the line on the 14th of November. His destination was Quiberon Bay, whatever he might have intended to do when he got there; but a strong easterly gale carried him 180 miles west of Belleisle.† Calms and light air then fell upon the fleet, so that when the wind changed to the westward at 11 P.M. on the 19th of November, de Conflans was still 70 miles S.W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  W. from the island. He then filled and stood on, intending to go to the southward of the island, and to pass up Quiberon Bay next day. The wind, however, began to blow so strong from the W.N.W., that it was necessary to shorten sail in order not to overrun the distance. At daybreak on the 20th, several sail were seen ahead, and the signals were made to close up and clear for action. As the light came, seven or eight of these ships were made out to be the squadron of Captain Duff, which had been lying in Quiberon Bay watching the armament, and were now making all speed to escape from the superior fleet of the French. De Conflans thereupon made the signal for a general chase.

The same easterly wind which had carried de Conflans out of Brest, on the same day took Hawke out of Torbay,‡ and on the 15th he learned from Captain McCleverty of the *Gibraltar*, the same officer who had had the honour of announcing de la Clue's approach to Boscawen, that the French fleet had been seen seventy miles to the N.W. of Belleisle, steering to the S.E.§ Hawke thereupon shaped his course for Quiberon Bay, but the wind beginning to blow hard from S. by E. and S., drove the English fleet, as it was driving the French, far to the westward. On the 18th and 19th wind and weather mended, and Hawke pushed on to pass Belleisle

\* The seamen of Bompart's squadron, as being more experienced, were substituted for those of de Conflans, but this only implied that the whole thing had been hopeless before. What was wanted was a superior fleet, and Bompart's ships would have made one.

† De Conflans to the Duke d'Aiguillon, quoted by Troude, vol. v., p. 402.

‡ Schomberg, vol. i., p. 327; Hervey, vol. v., p. 184; Hawke's despatch.

§ Schomberg, vol. i. p. 327.

on his left hand. The *Maidstone* and *Coventry* frigates were sent ahead to look out, but nothing was seen until half-past eight on the morning of the 20th when the *Maidstone* made the signal for seeing a fleet. Hawke at once made the signal to form line abreast.

This was the moment when de Conflans, full of his chase of Duff, and hailing the *Tonnant*, "that he was resolved to attack the enemy smartly and without any order,"\* found himself perfectly satisfied that no superior force could be present, and yet counting 23 ships of the line, clearly British, which had just hove in sight to windward "in very good order."

Marshal de Conflans had issued, before he left Brest, a curiously verbose order as to how he proposed to meet the enemy, and especially how he would be satisfied with nothing short of engaging at musket range. The plans were very elaborate, but they all seemed to hinge on the point that the meeting of the fleets would take place in a particular way. Nothing was provided for the case now before him. So little had such a meeting been contemplated that there were no look-outs astern, although it was from the northward and westward alone that any hostile force could be expected to make its appearance. Yet there was but one thing before the French admiral; that was to turn and give the British battle in the open sea. To do anything else was to give up bodily the whole plan of invasion, and to leave it open to the enemy to shell the expedition to pieces in Quiberon Bay, as another branch of it had already been shelled to pieces in the Roads of Havre. The very best that could happen if de Conflans did not give battle at sea, was that the whole of the French would henceforth be blockaded in Quiberon Bay, a much easier task than their blockade in Brest.

But the whole plan from beginning to end was confused and without definite principle, and it was not possible to turn round full of principle at a moment's notice. Quiberon Bay is studded with rocks and shoals; the thought uppermost in de Conflans' mind was that if he could only get his ships into the Bay before those of the British, these rocks and shoals would prove in some sort a protection to the French; at any rate their danger would be less to the latter than to the former. Out of it all came the short story as told by Sir Edward Hawke:—

All the day we had very fresh gales at N.W. and W.N.W. with heavy squalls. M. Conflans kept going off under such sail as all his squadron could carry and at the

\* De Conflans' despatch, quoted by Troude.



same time keep together; while we crowded after him with every sail our ships could bear. At half-past 2 p.m., the fire beginning ahead, I made the signal for engaging. We were then to the southward of Belleisle; and the French Admiral headmost, soon after led round the Cardinals,\* while his rear was in action. About 4 o'clock the *Formidable* struck, and a little after, the *Thésée* and *Superbe* were sunk. About 5, the *Héros* struck, and came to an anchor; but, it blowing hard, no boat could be sent on board her. Night was now come, and being on a part of the coast among islands and shoals, of which we were totally ignorant, without a pilot, as was the greatest part of the squadron, and blowing hard on a lee shore, I made the signal to anchor, and came to in 15 fathoms of water. . . .

The French fleet, in short, was totally broken up and destroyed. Of the 21 sail of the line that had left Brest a week before, 2 were driven ashore and burnt; 2 were sunk; 1 was wrecked off the Loire; 1 was taken; 11 saved themselves by throwing all their guns and stores overboard and escaping into the shallow waters of the river Vilaine; while 8 only made good their retreat to Rochefort.

This terrible but decisive battle necessarily put the finishing stroke to the collapse of the French plans, which had indeed set in as soon as they came to be formulated. It is only necessary to add to the narrative the statement that M. Thurot's expedition proved itself the most successful of all, inasmuch as on the 12th of October he escaped to sea with his squadron, taking advantage of a gale which drove Commodore Boys off his station. His good fortune followed him so far as to permit him to gain the neutral port of Gottenburg in Sweden, and afterwards that of Bergen in Norway, where the squadron lay till next year.†

When from the singularly abortive character of all these plans on the part of the French in the year 1759, we turn to the question of whether they failed through bad management, faulty principles, or want of enterprise, I think we can say that while the first and last elements were present, they could hardly be absent when

\* A peninsula and then a group of islands surrounded by rocks—of which Houat and Haedick are the chief—run down from the N.W. to the S.E. and form the Bay of Quiberon; the Cardinals are the rocks at the extreme S.E. point.

† Naval history has hitherto been so written that simple as the story of the operations of 1759 is respecting the invasions proposed, it is hardly to be drawn from any single narrative. My sketch leaves much unexplained which it would be of the highest interest to enlarge upon and to seek for in those MS. authorities where alone the answers are to be found. But such things are altogether beyond the scope of my present purpose. I have drawn my narrative from comparisons of Schomberg's *Naval Chronology* 1815; Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals* 1813; Hervey's excellent but little known *History of the Navy* 1779; O. Troude's *Batailles Navales de la France* 1867, and above all, for what relates to Hawke, Burrows' *Life of Lord Hawke*, beyond measure the most interesting naval work of our time.

attempts to set up and enforce such faulty principles were also present.

I think it becomes more and more clear as we proceed, that the sea is not, and cannot be made, neutral ground. For the purposes of passage it is always in the hands of one side or the other in war, and if undisputed passage across it is desired by one side, it must be obtained by conquest of the water territory.

France in the year 1759, was, it seems to me, entirely mistaken on this fundamental principle. The only chance she could ever have had of successful invasion must have come after, and not side by side with, conquest at sea. With squadrons at Toulon, Brest, Rochefort, and the West Indies, which were all possible to her, she had so magnificent a strategic position that, barring mismanagement and the chapter of accidents, there was a possibility of her beating the British fleets in detail as it was a necessity of the position that their naval forces should be divided.

This being so, it should have been her sole object to make such combinations as would have enabled her to fall on British detached fleets with superior force. If she were able to effect this purpose, and to gradually weaken her opponent thereby, there would be no possible difficulties in the way of invasion on any scale thereafter. But her attention, which should have been thus simply directed, was split up into two parts, one in preparing to invade, and the other in preparing fleets of which the employment was doubtful. Had she concentrated her mind wholly on the defeat of the British by sea, who is now to say that she might not have affected her purpose supposing her enterprise to correspond with her resolution? If her enterprise was unequal to the task, surely it must have been much more unequal to conveying armies across, and landing them in the face of naval forces admittedly superior. Or if it be said that it was hoped to escape the notice of these superior forces at sea, where was the advantage of adding great naval forces to accompany the transports? So that in whatever way the French plans be regarded, we see a want of clear comprehension of the strategical problem, and cease to wonder at the want of principle which governed every detail of the proceedings.

It was manifestly weak to prepare the transport, as in the case of Havre, in so exposed a position as to leave them open to destruction by shells and carcasses.\* No less clear was de la Clue's

\* The bombardment lasted 52 hours, during which 1,900 shells, and 1,100 carcasses were thrown into the place.



mistake in making Cadiz the rendezvous when everything depended on his evading Boscawen, and making all speed to join de Conflans. Out of this primary error arose the others, which led directly to the catastrophe of Lagos Bay.

Why de Conflans should ever have made for Quiberon Bay is at present to me an unfathomed mystery. His clear plan was to have engaged Hawke as far as possible from the army transports, which were already in possession of a stout convoy under de Morogues. Had he followed Hawke up into Torbay and there engaged his attention, de Morogues would have had a clear field up the St. George's Channel. But drawing Hawke down upon the transports was an effective means of preventing their sailing, and as already observed, to withdraw from the security of Brest to the open position of Quiberon Bay, was to court the destruction which came upon him. And, then, the final error of not proceeding to meet Hawke with the 9 sail of Bompert's squadron incorporated with his own, is but the key-stone of the series. If anything would have given the project success, it would have been the display of 30 sail of the line east of Ushant, and even the defeat of such a force might have crippled Hawke for the time so as to compel him to let the army pass.

No doubt this history, like so much other naval history, requires re-writing. Explanations of steps in themselves inexplicable might then be forthcoming, but it is hardly possible that we should not still pronounce that the plain principles of naval warfare were everywhere disregarded by the French nation in the year 1759.

*(To be continued.)*





## Great Commanders of Modern Times.

By WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

### II.

#### MARLBOROUGH.



THOROUGH estimate of Marlborough would fill a volume, and I must confine myself to the military career of one described by a great historian as "a prodigy of turpitude," who "combined the genius of Richelieu with the genius of a Turenne." John Churchill was born in 1650, the offspring of parents who ranked among the landed gentry of Devon and Dorset, and who, without apparent gifts of their own, transmitted supreme ability to two descendants. Little is known about the first years of the boy; but the attachment he felt through life for the Church of England was probably more due to his Cavalier birth than to the assiduous care of a clerical tutor; and, unlike the Great Condé, Turenne, and Villars, he was not trained to arms by constant practice and study. It is, perhaps, mere gossip that he owed his first commission to the shame of a sister, Arabella Churchill, the mother of Berwick by James II.; and we might pass over his amour with Barbara Palmer, if it did not bring out, at an early age, proof of the love of money, which was a master vice of his richly endowed but most complex nature. He first saw war in an admirable school, having been placed on the staff of Turenne; he served under that great commander in the memorable campaigns of 1672 and 1674; soon attracted the special notice of his chief as an officer of extraordinary promise, and was publicly thanked by him on the field of Entzheim for the cool intrepidity which was one of his distinctive qualities. It is impossible to doubt that this experience was of the greatest advantage to the future warrior; and though there is a difference in the genius of



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the men, we may, I think, trace the example of Turenne in more than one of the great feats of Marlborough. The young, but already distinguished, soldier in 1678 married Sarah Jennings, then a beauty of Grammont, but long afterwards to become the Atossa of Pope's vengeance, and the marriage, which led to a domestic history of a most strange and eventful kind, had a decisive effect on the fortunes alike of Churchill, of England, and even of Europe. The pair flourished at the little Court of the Duke of York, held in his provincial capital; and it is unnecessary to tell how the wife became Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Anne, and acquired an ascendancy over the future Queen which was to be followed by the most momentous results. During these years, Churchill first gave proof of the diplomatic skill which, at a later time, was to make him the master of the Grand Alliance. He negotiated some of the underhand bargains of Charles II. with Louis XIV., designed to make England a vassal of France, and for this and other services he obtained the reward of a Scotch, then akin to an Irish, peerage. At the accession of James II. to the throne, Lord Churchill was made again an agent to obtain a bribe from the great Bourbon Sovereign; but though he was raised to the English Peerage, and he really crushed the rising of Monmouth by his direction of the Royal troops at Sedgemoor, he was left rather in the shade during the trying time when the King was carrying out his fatal policy against the laws, the liberties, and the Church of England. I do not justify his desertion of James, when at the head of his men, at a critical moment, but his guilt was shared by the first men of the time; and if self-interest, perhaps, was his ruling motive, the strong sympathy he certainly felt for the Church in part, I believe, determined his conduct. He participated in the Revolution and its spoils, was made Earl of Marlborough, and was given a seat at the Council of Nine, which ruled England, under Mary, in the absence of William; and he again gave proof of his military gifts in a sharp combat in the Low Countries, in his admirable conduct of the war in Ireland, and in his always able and successful advice. He was already the foremost of English soldiers, and his genius and promise had been recognized by more than one of the King's veterans; but he was never really liked by William III., and the great captain who, had he been in command, would have changed the fortunes of Steenkirk and Landen, was usually kept at home in a subordinate place. Marlborough betrayed and abandoned William in turn. I shall not attempt to excuse the act; but soaring ambition, wounded to the quick, and



the scorn of inferior men raised over his head, had probably more to do with his conduct than alarm at the prospect of the return of James, or a desire to place the Princess Anne on the throne; and in judging these things, we must never forget that many of his peers and colleagues were no less to blame, and that Revolution had destroyed loyalty, divided allegiance, and blighted good faith in the hearts of three-fourths of our leading statesmen. At this conjuncture, however, one act of Marlborough stands out marked as a foul deed of shame; he treacherously disclosed the descent on Brest, caused the death of an honoured companion-in-arms, and involved a large British force in destruction; and, corrupt and bad as the age was, had the crime and its author become known, the head of the criminal would, no doubt, have justly fallen on the block at Tower Hill. Marlborough, in fact, could not endure his late disgrace; he feared for his life, and made up his mind to come to terms at St. Germain, at any risk, and he sacrificed Talmash, without scruple, in order to weaken a detested Government, and to promote his own selfish ends.

The treason of Marlborough, in the affair of Brest, was unsuspected by the men of his time; but it is characteristic of a revolutionary age that William ere long turned to him again, though in merited disgrace for other offences. His ability, in fact, was necessary to the State, and politicians had few scruples; and the diplomatist who had shown skill and tact in the negotiations of the Stuarts with Louis XIV. was employed, and with marked success, by the King in cementing the Grand Alliance against the Bourbon Monarchy. On the death of William, Marlborough received the command of the English forces destined for the contest with France, and through the influence of Heinsius, the great Dutch Minister, he was placed at the head of the armies of the States. His reputation, already eminent, entitled him to this high position; but almost from the first he gained an ascendancy in the direction of the military affairs of England which no other British general has possessed. This, as is well known, was due to the complete control his wife exercised over the Queen; Mrs. Freeman governed Mrs. Morley, and practically nearly guided the State; and Marlborough enjoyed more real authority than belonged to William, in England at least, until near the end of the war of the Spanish Succession. On the other hand, the English commander was by this time in his fifty-second year; he had never conducted war on a great scale, though he had proved himself to be a most able soldier, and it seemed scarcely probable that he could cope, with



success, with the trained and experienced generals of France, brought up amidst the traditions of Turenne and Condé. No one dreamed, when Marlborough assumed his command, that Blenheim and Ramillies were not distant; and though the Allies had some advantages which they did not possess in previous contests, France had hitherto confronted Europe with success; and, as Spain and Bavaria were now on her side, the chances seemed to be in the main in her favour. I must glance at the state of the military art at the beginning of the war of the Spanish Succession. Since the invasion of Holland in 1672, war had assumed ample and even vast dimensions; very large armies had appeared in the field, and the contest which had closed at the Peace of Ryswick had extended from the Shannon to the far wilds of Hungary. The obstacles, to the march of troops, which had existed in the preceding age, had been, to a certain extent, lessened; roads and agriculture had slightly improved; and owing to the great development of the efficacy of the attack, due to the engineering genius of Vauban, the power of fortresses had much declined, and they could scarcely ever offer a prolonged resistance, or permanently shield an endangered frontier. Strategy ought, therefore, to have made distinct progress; but exactly the contrary had been the case. No genius had appeared to turn to account the advantages offered by the new conditions, and the art had retrograded; for while all that belongs to what is material in it conduced to its advance, the intelligence which it requires to give it grandeur, and to rule matter, had been largely wanting. The operations of war during the thirty years before Marlborough emerged on the scene had been comparatively timid and slow; vast as were the masses arrayed in the field, we see scarcely a single great combination, a remarkable march, or a decisive battle, except in the case of the Turkish hordes; campaigns were feebly directed and had few results; and though sieges took much less time than formerly, armies seldom ventured to pass fortresses, or to make daring attempts at invasion. The reason simply was, there were no consummate chiefs; William III., Catinat, Louis of Baden, Luxemburg, each with special and real merits of his own, were all generals of the second order, and the "sublime part of the art," in Napoleon's language, had had no masters to bring out its splendours since the grave had closed on Turenne and Condé. One peculiarity of the strategy of the time deserves the attention of the careful student, and it exhibits a marked backward tendency. The generals of the first half of the seventeenth century had made considerable use of great defensive



lines; but Turenne had nearly exploded this system, and his triumphs were mainly due to his masterly movements. During the period that followed, inferior men went back to the routine of the past; as fortresses became of less importance, huge barriers were raised to cover frontiers, and whole campaigns were spent in manœuvres to turn or to force these artificial obstacles. This indicates a decline in the art, though the value of these lines was often great, and\* it has, perhaps, been underrated in our time.

While strategy had thus, for a moment, declined, a change had passed over the art of tactics. Armies had continued to grow in numbers, and infantry—its importance becoming recognized—was now the arm of greatest force on a field of battle. The bayonet, too, had been invented, and this invention, almost a revolution in itself, by degrees largely modified the old formations of the age of Gustavus, Turenne, and Condé. The masses of pikemen and musketeers arrayed in dense squares and close columns, were gradually replaced by extended lines of infantry, whose weapon combined the powers of the musket and pike; and though these lines were still deep and serried, foot, owing to the change, covered far more ground on a given field than had been the case formerly. The general result of these two circumstances was that, in almost all instances, the front of battles was enlarged to an immense extent; instead of occupying a few hundred yards, armies about to engage filled vast spaces, and as these could scarcely ever be open plains, and usually presented local features, such as woods, streams, hills, and folds of the ground, it became of increased importance to turn to account these peculiarities in any impending conflict. Skill in tactics, accordingly, began to consist less in seizing an opportunity to throw cavalry upon infantry exposed or broken than in so arranging the three arms, and employing them as to derive advantage from the special characteristics of the field; and the old order of battle, horse on either wing, foot in the centre, and guns in front, as a fixed system, became obsolete; and each arm began to be so disposed as to be made most effective, having regard to the actual situation and its accidents of place. This change, though slow, had become manifest; it had been conspicuously seen on the great day of Zenta, where the powers of Eugene were first displayed; and battles, though very different from what they are now, had

\* Napoleon never made use of lines of this kind, but nothing escaped him, and he had the example of Torres Vedras; at St. Helena he made admirable observations on this system of defence.

assumed an essentially modern aspect, troops acting in concert, by no method of routine, but so as always best to support each other, and to make use of the ground with this object in view. The tactics, however, of this age, in what may be called their subordinate parts, had little in common with those of a later period. Cavalry was still considered the most active arm, and far the most efficient in the shock of battle; the proportion of horsemen to foot was still much larger than it has become in the present century, and a general still mainly relied on cavalry for the decisive movements that assured victory. Though infantry, too, had greatly increased in numbers, and its power in action had been largely multiplied, it was still deemed rather an arm to support, to defend, and to cover the ground, than to strike; the old traditions still clung to it; its lines, four deep at least, were clumsy and heavy, and did not furnish sufficient fire; it often was formed in dense columns, and it had never yet decided a battle by its own special and unaided efforts. As for artillery, guns were still few, and the days of horse artillery had not come; and though the power of the arm had been much augmented, and its true uses had been partly ascertained, it was still in an undeveloped state. The tactics of the day, therefore, so far as regards the handling of the three arms, were still immature; and one of the methods of these, the blending together in single or in successive lines of horsemen and footmen, in an offensive movement, though often witnessed, is now obsolete. For the rest, armies were still loosely formed; they were still arrays of battalions and squadrons, and they were as yet without that complete unity which has made them more perfect instruments of war. As for discipline and equipment, little had been changed since the grand reforms of Louvois and Turenne; armies had become bodies of regular troops with officers, as a rule, of a noble class; and the system of magazines, of depôts of supplies, and of trains remained what it had been, strategic science having made no progress. The organization of the French army was still decidedly the best in Europe; but it had been imitated with more or less success by more than one of the Continental armies; and the difference in this respect was probably less than it had been thirty years previously. As for the British army, it already possessed fine regiments, of unsurpassed worth; but, as has always happened, it was badly organized, and its organization, such as it was, owed much to the care of William III.

I must pass rapidly over the two first campaigns, in which



Marlborough held supreme command. The theatre of the war was the Low Countries as, indeed, was usually the case with him; and, as Spain was now in alliance with France, the French armies occupied the Belgian provinces from the mouths of the Scheldt to the Lower Meuse. Either from over-confidence, however, or perhaps, because the incapable Chamillart had become his minister, Louis XIV., at the beginning of the war, paid little attention to this frontier; and Marlborough was largely superior in force when the campaign of 1702 opened. The object of the British commander was to master the course of the Meuse, with a view to gain a base for more decisive efforts; though hampered already by the Dutch deputies, and the many impediments of a coalition, his march was a series of easy triumphs; Venloo, Liège, and other places fell, with Kaiserwerth on the Middle Rhine; and, if Boufflers made a gallant resistance, he was compelled to fall back to the Upper Meuse. Marlborough received a dukedom for these services. The recompense now appears extravagant, and was, doubtless, largely due to the favour of the Queen; but we must recollect that the arms of France had scarcely ever been checked before, and for half a century had been deemed invincible. The operations of the campaign of 1703 first distinctly brought out the powers of Marlborough in designing great combinations of war, and should be studied by those who deny that he possessed the gift of strategic genius. The French had been forced back to the Upper Meuse, but they still held most of the Belgian strongholds, and they occupied a vast system of defensive lines, formed by the rivers and forests of an intricate country, and extending from the Meuse, not far from Namur, to the verge of Antwerp, and thence to Ostend. Marlborough aiming, as he always did, at a vital point, and seeking to carry the war to the frontier of France, but knowing the difficulties of a direct attack, resolved to turn and pass this great obstacle, and thence to advance to the French seaboard; and the measures he took to accomplish his "great design," as he called it, in perfectly true language, were in the highest degree admirable. The French, largely reinforced, held the lines and the fortresses with probably\*

\* Every real student of the wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries knows the difficulty of forming anything like a just estimate of the numbers of the armies in conflict. This is mainly due to the systematic practice of enumeration by battalions and squadrons, bodies always in a state of change; and besides, national pride and interest have obscured the truth. I have taken some pains to collate the authorities, and to arrive at an estimate approximately correct.

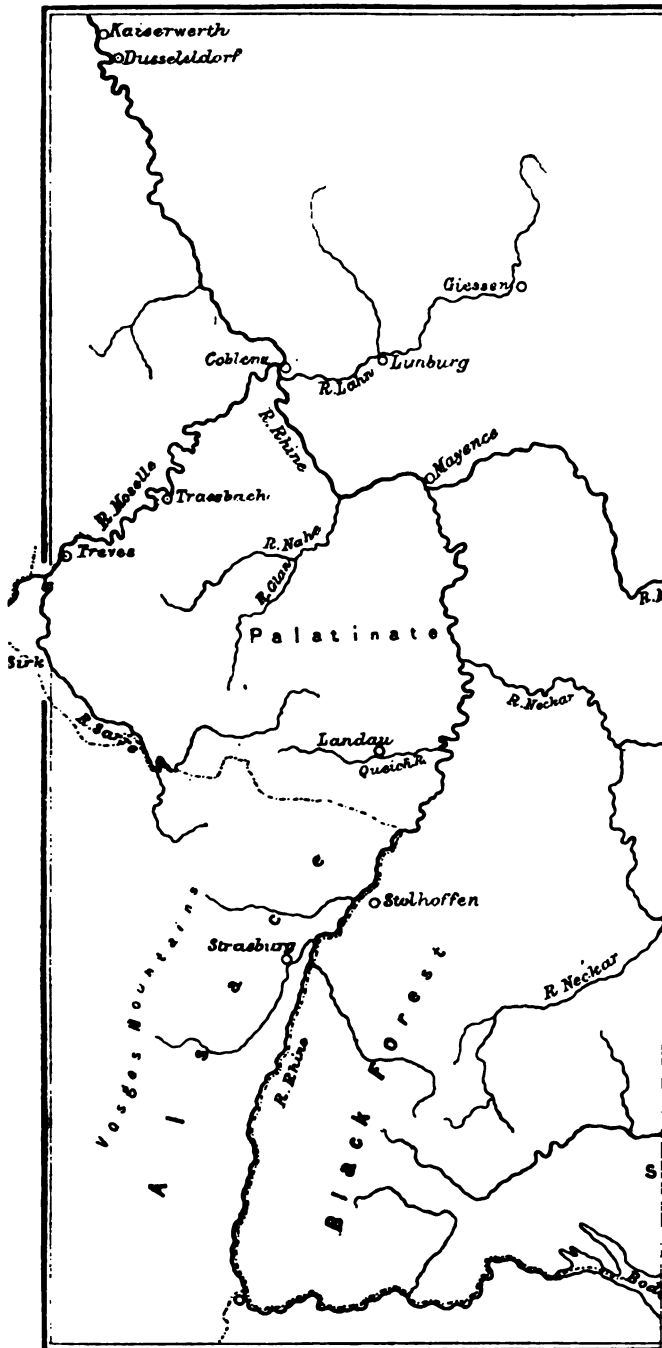


130,000 men; the strength of the allies was not 100,000, but Marlborough possessed the immense advantage, ever to be borne in mind by an English chief, of the mastery of the movable base of the sea, and he clearly saw how to turn this to account. His plan, simple alike and excellent, was to hold Boufflers, now supported by Villeroy, in check himself with the bulk of his forces; in the meantime the lines were to be assailed by Cohorn and Opdam with the Dutch army, and this attack was to be combined with a descent on the coast, to be made to the south by an English fleet, in order to harass and perplex the enemy. This grand project which, in its conception, reveals the genius of a great captain, and which ought to have sent the allied armies past the French lines to the Upper Lys, was frustrated by the errors of the Dutch commanders, and by the jealousies and intrigues too common in a league. Cohorn neglected his mission to ravage a province; Opdam made a false and premature movement, and before Marlborough had his grasp on his enemy, Boufflers, leaving Villeroy in Marlborough's front, and making a forced march with conspicuous skill, anticipated Opdam as he approached Antwerp, and defeated him with heavy loss at Ekeren. The "great design" had thus been revealed and baffled; but Marlborough believed it could yet be accomplished, and moving on Antwerp with the mass of his army, he proposed to force the French to fight a great battle, hoping, if successful, to get across their lines. Timid and divided counsels, however, prevailed; the Dutch commanders refused to second their colleague, and Marlborough, bitterly vexed, returned to the Meuse. The capture of the small place of Huy was the only fruit of the campaign of 1703, and Marlborough was so indignant at the conduct of the Dutch that he was on the point of throwing up his command.

Happily for the Grand Alliance, ambition and interest diverted Marlborough from this hasty purpose; and the memorable campaign of 1704 was to be the most renowned of his triumphs. Bavaria had joined France in 1703; a real chief, the illustrious Villars, had overcome Louis of Baden on the Rhine, had marched into the Swabian lowlands, and had defeated a German force on the Danube; and had the Elector of Bavaria followed his counsels, and his colleagues in Italy given him aid, he would have anticipated the campaign of 1805, and have ended the war by a march on Vienna. Villars, however, was disliked at Munich and Versailles, and, unlike Marlborough, had an unhappy temper; he was recalled for a squabble with the Elector; and his place was

filled by the incompetent Marsin, who could not even comprehend his strategy. Yet the situation of the Empire remained most critical; a combined French and Bavarian army threatened the capital from the Iller and the Inn; the insurrection of Hungary raged in the East; and Austria might be overrun and even subdued if the grand project of Villars were ably carried out. Eugene, the first of the Imperialist chiefs, perceived the danger and sought to avert it; he addressed himself, not in vain, to Marlborough; and a plan of operations was agreed between them, which, it was hoped, would detach Bavaria from France, and at least prevent an advance on Vienna. The situation of the belligerent armies on the theatre of war, shows that it was difficult in the extreme to give effect to any combination of the kind. Marlborough commanded the principal force of the allies; but he was on the Meuse far away from the Danube, and was held in check, as it appeared, by Villeroy, with an army that ought to have sufficed for the purpose; Tallard, at the head of a powerful army, was on the Rhine, confronting a much weaker enemy—the contingent, in fact, defeated by Villars—drawn within the well-known lines of Stollhoffen, formed to prevent an attack from Alsace; and the Elector and Marsin were in Swabia, greatly superior in force to Louis of Baden, who held the approaches from the Black Forest. For Marlborough to attain the heart of the Empire, through these masses of surrounding enemies, seemed to be almost an impossible task; but he encountered the risk, and adopted a project which, I am convinced, was a thought of Eugene's, for it bears the mark of his peculiar genius, in which grandeur was combined with rashness. Breaking up from the Lower Meuse, on the 19th of May, at the head of, perhaps, 70,000 men, increased as he advanced, by German contingents, he crossed the Rhine and made for Mentz; he then pressed forward to the Main and the Neckar, and having traversed the Franconian plains, he reached the Danube near Ulm on the 22nd of June, and joined hands with Louis of Baden, a movement resembling the best of Turenne's as regards its admirable speed and decision. His despatches prove that he was fully aware of the peril of this audacious march, with Villeroy in his rear and Tallard on his flank; but possibly no other course was open; and, as always happened with him, he did not hesitate, and he executed his task with consummate skill. Marlborough and Baden were now immensely superior in force to the Elector and Marsin, who, on being informed of the approach of Marlborough, had advanced from the Iller, and attained the



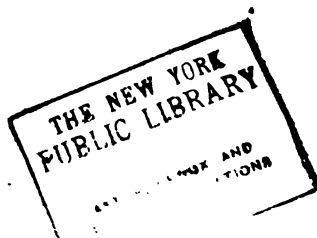


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Danube; and the allied chiefs did not lose an instant in turning their present advantage to account. Leaving a considerable force to restrain the enemy, they moved down the Danube quickly to Donauwörth; and after a fierce and well-contested struggle stormed the heights of the Schellenberg covering the town, and became masters of the course of the river. Within a few days, the victorious army was overrunning the Bavarian plains and harrying them, after the fashion of the age, in order to force the Elector to yield; Marlborough having completely transformed the situation for a time by operations which had astounded Europe.

While Marlborough had thus attained and overcome the Danube, what had been the conduct of the French commanders he had left behind on the Meuse and the Rhine? Villeroy had nearly 40,000 men in hand; the army of Tallard, even allowing for a detachment sent in the spring to Marsin, must have been about 45,000 strong; and had these chiefs been capable men, they ought to have prevented Marlborough's movement, though, it is fair to remark, they were bound and hampered by injudicious orders from Versailles. Had they combined their armies and crossed the Rhine, they ought easily to have carried the lines of Stolhoffen—these did not stop Villars a few years afterwards—and crushed the feeble army of defence; and they then ought to have been able to have forestalled Marlborough, in what was a strategic flank march of extreme risk, to have at least fallen on his communications between the Neckar, the Main, and the Danube, and to have perhaps compelled him to fight in positions where the loss of a battle would have been ruinous. Villeroy and Tallard, however, were not great chiefs; they marched and countermarched, lost many weeks, and allowed their enemy to pass them by; and it was only in July, when Marlborough and Baden were, we have seen, in the heart of Bavaria, that they took anything like a decided course. Their armies, before united, were now again divided; Villeroy crossed the Rhine to observe the lines of Stolhoffen, occupied now by Eugene, at the head of, perhaps, 30,000 men; and Tallard made for the Black Forest, with a force probably 35,000 strong, in order to join hands with the Elector and Marsin. The junction was effected on the 4th of August, not far from the central town of Augsburg, and the collected armies must have formed a mass of nearly 70,000 men at least, for the most part troops of the best quality. Meanwhile, Villeroy had altogether failed to hold Eugene along the Rhine in check; that great captain, when aware of the movement of Tallard, resolved to give



support to Marlborough and Baden, already menaced by the combined enemies; and he broke up from his lines and flew to the Danube, with a force of about 15,000 men, having left a detachment to keep back Villeroy, and having baffled that most worthless commander. He was at Höchstädt on the 8th of August—the scene of the victory gained by Villars—and, leaving his small force on the northern bank, he crossed the Danube to confer with Marlborough, at the time at Aichach, to the north-east of Augsburg. A grand opportunity was offered again to the French, who, in this campaign, seemed always to miss the occasion. The combined Bavarian and French armies were, at this moment, quite near Höchstädt; and had they made a rapid and decisive movement, they might have crushed the isolated wing of Eugene, and have placed Marlborough, who had been left by Baden, in order to make the siege of Ingoldstadt, in a position of the most critical kind, in a hostile country, with an enemy on his flank, and separated from his base on the Danube. Tallard, Marsin, and the Elector, however, paused; they crossed the Danube, indeed, at Lauingen; but they did not attempt to fall on Eugene; and Marlborough, meanwhile—he clearly saw his danger—marched with extraordinary speed from Aichach, and came into line with his daring colleague, west of Donauwörth on the 11th of August. The allied chiefs decided to attack the enemy, who, by this time, was in a strong position, in a region of marsh and forest, where the stream of the Nebel falls into the Danube through a plain bounded by the villages of Lützingen and Blenheim. Less confident men would hardly have run the risk, for the hostile army already threatened the line of their communications northwards; and a serious defeat might have been destruction.

I can only describe in faint outline the great and decisive battle that followed. By the early dawn of the 13th of August, the allied army had passed the defiles which lead through Dapfheim into the plain of the Nebel, and began to take up its positions for attack. Marlborough and Eugene had hoped to surprise the enemy, and Tallard and Marsin were really unprepared; in fact, with the Elector, they thought that the allies were falling back on Nördlingen, on the line of their communications with the Main. The French and Bavarians, however, were soon ready; but some hours passed before the hostile armies had joined in the actual shock of battle. Each was from 55,000 to 60,000 strong; but the French and Bavarian army, a veteran force, was probably a better instrument of war than the composite masses of many races



collected under the allied standards. The dispositions, however, of the French marshals were essentially bad, and gave the great commanders opposed to them a distinct advantage. Tallard and Marsin seem to have been convinced that the Nebel, which ran across their front, was impassable or could be passed only by an enemy with extreme difficulty; and that if Lützingen and Blenheim, with the neighbouring village of Oberglau, were held in strong force, the allies, should they advance on the Nebel, would be stopped at the centre by a powerful obstacle, and on either wing could be easily repelled. They divided their army accordingly into two masses, each, it would seem, of nearly equal force; and while they crowded their right wing at Blenheim, and placed large bodies of men at Oberglau, and at Lützingen on their left wing, their extended centre was weakly occupied by a long line of cavalry only, supported by an insignificant body of footmen. This conception was altogether ill-founded; the obstacle of the Nebel was not very great, and were it once forced it would fare ill with the thin and ill-guarded French centre, and even with the wings—with the right especially, cooped up in Blenheim and close to the Danube. The vice of the arrangement, there is reason to believe, was perceived by Marlborough almost at once; the masses of the allied army were so arrayed as to be ready to assail the hostile centre; and Tallard, who commanded the French right, when he saw this, it is said, asked Marsin, who was in command of the French left, to send reinforcements to the threatened point, but only received an angry refusal. The battle began at about 9 A.M., Marlborough attacking Blenheim from the allied left, while Eugene made a circuitous march on the right; and the attack on Blenheim—which, I conceive, was a feint only to deceive the enemy—was repulsed with no inconsiderable loss. At about noon, when he had been made aware that Eugene was engaged with Marsin, Marlborough made a first great effort against the French centre; and a mass of cavalry, formed in two lines, with a mass of infantry in their front and their rear, was launched forward to cross the Nebel. The French horsemen, however, were not wanting to themselves; they fell with terrible effect on the hostile array as it was entangled and confused in the passage; and though part of Marlborough's troops succeeded in the attempt, they were held to the spot and made no progress. Meanwhile, a secondary allied attack on Oberglau had altogether failed; and though Marlborough's presence restored the contest, it has been thought that had Tallard and Marsin co-operated at this moment

in a counter-attack, the French and Bavarian army might have won a victory. Eugene, however, who, with an inferior force, had held Marsin in check by prodigious efforts, sent a detachment to the aid of his colleague, and about 4 P.M. Marlborough was once more free to strike what he had seen from the first was the vulnerable point in the hostile position. Massing footmen and horsemen once more together, he hurled them against the French centre; and though the French cavalry fought to the last, their weak support of infantry gave way, and the centre yielded to the overwhelming pressure. The victorious army, with Marlborough at its head, was now master of the whole position of its foes; and turning in full force against the French right, shut up in Blenheim and pressed against the Danube, it compelled it, almost at once, to surrender. Marsin and the Elector, who, unlike Eugene, had done nothing to aid a companion in arms, contrived to effect their retreat in safety; but an accident only averted their ruin. The loss of the victors was, probably, from 11,000 to 12,000 men; that of the French and Bavarians was 40,000; and the routed army was, in fact, destroyed.

This splendid campaign, decisive as it was, cannot be deemed a strategic masterpiece. The project of the march from the Meuse to the Danube, with Villeroy in the rear and Tallard on the Rhine, was too hazardous to deserve high praise; and\* Eugene, I repeat, was, I think, its author, though Marlborough is, of course, responsible for it. Had Condé been in the place of Villeroy, and Turenne held the staff of Tallard, Marlborough, I believe, would not have attained Donauwörth, and the great campaign of 1704 would have probably had a different issue. Remarkable, too, as was the skill of Eugene in eluding Villeroy, and pushing on to the Danube, in order to join his colleague, he ought not to have left an isolated detachment in little force within reach of an enemy fourfold in strength; and had Tallard and Marsin been real chiefs, they would have crushed Eugene and have placed Marlborough in extreme peril, when he stood alone and inferior in force in his camp at† Aichach. Apart, however, from these risks and mistakes, Eugene

\* This march, in fact, strongly resembles Eugene's famous march up the Po in 1706, described by Napoleon as "a marvellous piece of audacity," but it was far more perilous.

† Coxe, though a dull and conscientious writer, and occasionally he had good military assistance. Alone, as far as I know, of commentators on the campaigns of 1704, he points out the risk to which, at this juncture, Eugene and Marlborough were exposed. Napoleon wrote on Marlborough, but his observations have never been published; it would be most interesting to know his judgment on this passage in the campaign.



and Marlborough, especially the last, carried out their plans with consummate ability. The march from the Meuse, by the Main, to the Danube, was a prodigy of execution for the age; the advance to the Schellenberg was rapid and brilliant; and the forced march from Aichach to join Eugene was admirable for its quickness and boldness. The decision, too, to give battle at Blenheim was characteristic of great captains; it was hazardous, but a retreat would have lost the whole fruits of a successful campaign, and very probably would have been fatal. Nevertheless, it is upon the field of Blenheim that Marlborough's genius becomes most manifest. With that perfect insight which never failed him, he at once perceived what was false and defective in the disposition of the hostile army. He concentrated his forces against the one weak point; and though he was beaten back and even placed in danger, he never relaxed his efforts, carrying out his purpose with inflexible constancy and calm firmness until he had pierced the enemy's centre, and made a decisive victory certain. Here we see the development of what we may call the new tactics in full perfection. Tallard and Marsin did not comprehend the ground, and unskilfully arrayed their troops upon it. Marlborough took in the situation at a glance, and so conducted the battle that an overwhelming mass was brought to bear on the decisive spot. Nothing, too, could have been more admirable than the loyalty of Eugene to his colleague; but for his support Marlborough might have lost the battle; and the result of Blenheim was, in fact, due to the unrivalled tactics of the one chief and the chivalrous and unselfish zeal of the other. As for the French Marshals, the arrangements they made might have succeeded against inferior men; but, if formidable in appearance they were radically bad; though Tallard of the two is the least to blame, for he understood the mistake that was made; and Marsin deserves the severest censure for disregarding Tallard's advice, and for neglecting all through to send him assistance—a too characteristic fault of the warriors of France. The conduct of the allied army was such as great chiefs almost always obtain from the troops they lead. English, Austrians, and Prussians fought like heroes; but the French and Bavarians had perhaps the better army—and the French cavalry made magnificent efforts, if the surrender at Blenheim betrays the weakness of the French soldier in the hour of defeat. Blenheim, in truth, was a general's not a soldier's battle; the triumph of genius in command, not of mere valour.

Blenheim saved the Empire, and set Germany free; and the



defeated army, a shattered wreck, reaching the Rhine in fragments, fled into Alsace. Having cleared the German bank of the river, the Allies sat down before the great place of Landau, which covered the approaches to the French frontier; but, though the fortress made an heroic resistance, Marlborough had entered the Palatinate by the close of autumn, had seized the important points of Traerbach and Trèves, and had secured a base for the invasion of France. Everything, he hoped, would be ready by the early spring—armies still seldom held the field in winter—and his purpose was to advance into Lorraine by the valleys of the Moselle and the Sarre, with an army of 100,000 men formed of contingents of many nations, the line long afterwards marked out by Clansewitz, and followed by Moltke in 1870. This indicates a true strategic eye; and, in fact, in strategy as well as in tactics Marlborough always detected the fault in the cuirass, and seized the vulnerable point on the scene before him. The great Englishman, however, had not the good fortune of the renowned Dane many years afterwards. Marlborough was not seconded as Moltke was. Louis of Baden, who on the field of manoeuvre held the place of the Crown Prince of Prussia in August 1870, refused to move even a man from the Rhine; and though Marlborough advanced to the Moselle, in the early summer of 1705, in order to force the hand of his colleague, he had not sufficient force to make a decisive movement. Marlborough, too, had a very different man to cope with from Napoleon III.; his antagonist was Villars, already proved to be incomparably the greatest of living French chiefs, and destined to justify the proud title of "Invincible," given by a grateful Sovereign. The operations of Villars were able in the extreme; assailing the heads of Marlborough's columns, but taking care to cover his own flanks, he retreated to the well known position of Sierk, resting on the Moselle and a chain of heights, and he calmly awaited the victor of Blenheim. The hostile armies were each about 50,000 strong—the Memoirs of Villars are incorrect in making out that his foe had 80,000 men; but Marlborough, deprived of the support of Baden, did not venture to risk an attack, and, after waiting some days, he recoiled, baffled, and fell back to the country round Trèves. He was so angry that he sent a message to Villars to explain the cause of his retreat; but though his colleague was wholly to blame, Villars had gained his object and had saved France from an invasion which might have ended the war. Marlborough was ere long recalled to the theatre which had been the scene of his first exploits. Villeroy by this time had

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THE  
CAMPAIGNS  
in  
Belgium and North of France.

Scale of Miles  
0 10 20 30 40 50 60

North Sea

The map illustrates the geographical context of military campaigns in Belgium and northern France. Key features include:

- Coastal Features:** The North Sea to the west, the Zuider Zee (North Sea) to the north, and the English Channel to the northwest.
- Major Rivers:** The Scheldt, Meuse, Rhine, Somme, and Aisne.
- Major Cities and Towns:** Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Utrecht, Antwerp, Brussels, Liège, Namur, and Paris.
- Geographical Labels:** "Mouths of the Scheldt, Meuse & Rhine" and "Luxembourg".
- Scale:** A scale of miles from 0 to 60 is provided at the top left.

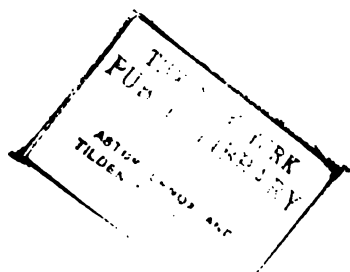
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returned to the Meuse with an army greatly strengthened since the year before, and, at the head of about 70,000 men, he had retaken Huy, advanced down the Meuse, and seized the important town of Liège. Terror now prevailed in the councils of the States; their chief commander, Auverquerque, had been defeated; and Marlborough was compelled to break up from Trêves, to abandon the hope of invading France, and to try to restore the war in the Low Countries. He had joined Auverquerque by the first week of July, and he instantly assumed a bold offensive at the head of about 60,000 men. Villeroy, a noisy braggart and an incapable chief, was out-manœuvred and lost Huy; and he had soon fallen back to the great French lines extending across Belgium from the Meuse to the sea, which had been the scene of operations in 1703. Marlborough, despite a protest of the Dutch deputies—they hampered him in all his great movements—resolved, to master and pass the obstacle; he marched across the well-known field of Landen, which had witnessed Luxemburg's brilliant triumph, and deceiving Villeroy by well-designed feints, he forced the lines near Tirlemont on the Gheete, winning a bloody combat, and taking many prisoners. The beaten army fell back to the Dyle, in the hope of covering Louvain and Brussels, but Marlborough crossed the stream at Genappe; and on the 18th of August he was about to assail the French in position not far from Waterloo—a village then wholly unknown to fame—when once more Dutch fears and jealousies prevented his fighting a decisive battle. He was again so indignant that he wrote to England, declaring that he would leave his command; and his operations, in truth, had been shamefully thwarted. Deserted by Baden in the beginning of the year, he had failed in his project of invading France; crossed by the Generals and Commissioners of the States, he had not been able to bring Villeroy to bay, and the only result of the campaign of 1705, which might have seen the Allies on the Marne and the Seine, was the capture of the French lines in Belgium, a result important indeed, but not very remarkable.

Marlborough spent the winter of 1705-6 in visiting crowned heads of the Grand Alliance; a master of diplomacy as well as of war, he threw the spell of commanding genius over the King of Denmark and the King of Prussia, and secured pledges of support for the ensuing campaign. He had been so ill-treated by the States that he wished to invade the South of France in 1706, in concert with his loyal colleague, Eugene; and it would be a curious speculation whether this effort, which failed in his absence in 1706-7,

and has never yet been attended with success, would have succeeded had Marlborough been in command. He was, however, induced to return to the Low Countries, and he advanced towards the Meuse to threaten Namur, a great strategic point for a march into France, with an army of about 60,000 men. With the infatuation that befalls despots, Louis XIV. still had faith in Villeroy, and though deprived of the protection of the lines, the Marshal was ordered to take the offensive. Villeroy was advancing towards Leuwe with an army equal in numbers, at least, to that of his foe, when he met Marlborough on his march southwards, in a country of marsh, woodland, and low hills, between the Mehaigne and the lesser Gheete, crowned by the insignificant village of Ramillies. A few words must suffice to trace the incidents of the great battle that followed. On the 23rd of May 1706, the French army, with a Bavarian wing—the Elector still clung to the fortunes of France—was seen arrayed on a range of upland, extending from near the course of the Mehaigne to beyond the little Gheete, on the hill of St. André, the villages of Ramillies and Autre Eglise, and a morass formed by the Gheete and its feeders, covering the position across three-fourths of its front. Villeroy had formed his army into two masses, his right nearly upon the Mehaigne, but strongly occupying an old Roman road which led across the plain in a line with the river, his centre and left along the marshes of the Gheete; and he held Ramillies and Autre Eglise as fortified outposts. The position seemed formidable, as at Blenheim, but the eagle eye of Marlborough saw at a glance that his enemy's arrangements had two marked defects, and that able manœuvring would assure him victory. Villeroy's centre and left, especially the left, covered by an impassable swamp, was not assailable; but neither could he attack that side; and Marlborough held the chord of the arc in front of the French Marshal's position. Marlborough prepared his battle with that unerring judgment which scarcely ever forsook him in war; and the result was a splendid and complete triumph. The English chief began by a feint against the French left, which, of course, was repelled without difficulty; but it had the effect which Marlborough hoped for; Villeroy detached from his right to support his left, weakening thus his army at the real point of attack. Marlborough fell once more on the French left, in order to distract the attention of his foe; and then, turning his shorter line to account, and moving rapidly a great body of troops unseen by Villeroy, behind a hill and a wood, he struck the French right in overwhelming force, his men three-fold in numbers, at the



critical point, pressing forward along the Roman causeway into the very heart of the hostile position. The French centre and left, held bound to the spot, and scarcely able to move, saw the battle lost, and made few efforts to avert defeat; and though the French right fought well for a time, the resistance was not like that at Blenheim, for the French soldier had lost the moral power of success. The villages of Ramillies and Autre Eglise were quickly stormed, without heavy loss; and the French right was ere long overpowered, and fled from the field in despair and rout. Villeroy's centre and left, being not assailable, drew off for a time in fair order; but the contagion of defeat soon affected the men, and his whole army became a horde of fugitives, abandoning guns and standards, and were captured by thousands. Marlborough followed up his victory with the strokes of a master; he was free to act and he achieved wonders; and in a few days at most the whole of Belgium and its fortresses had become his spoils. Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and even Ostend fell with a rapidity for that age surprising; the French, hopelessly demoralized, made no stand, and, before the autumn had closed, the allied standards had been carried to the Lys and the Scheldt, and waved ominously near the frontier of France.

I would select Ramillies as the most distinctive and characteristic of Marlborough's battles. Eugene shares the honours of Blenheim with him, and the issue hung in suspense at Blenheim; but Ramillies was a masterpiece all his own, and the victory was never for a moment doubtful. The day was won by a single stroke of tactics; and here again we see the peculiar excellence of Marlborough in the highest perfection, his genius in taking advantage of the ground, and in turning to account the faults of his enemy. France seemed fallen after the campaign of 1706, marked, not only by this immense disaster, but by Eugene's grand campaign on the Po, through which the French were expelled from Italy; yet the exhausted nation suddenly made one of those prodigious and heroic efforts which have so often astounded Europe. Berwick, a nephew of Marlborough, and in war a Churchill, reconquered Spain in the great fight of Almanza; and an attempt to invade Provence and to besiege Toulon, though conducted by Eugene, completely failed. Meanwhile Louis XIV., taught at last by misfortune, had replaced Villeroy in his command by Vendôme, a man of many gifts and many evil qualities; and the King strained the resources of his realm to the utmost to make head against his foes in the Low Countries. Vendôme took the field with about 100,000 men; Marl-



borough certainly was inferior in force; and the campaign of 1707 was spent in manœuvres between the Lys, the Scheldt, and the Sambre, with little results. I shall only glance at the campaign of 1708, for though Marlborough gained a succession of triumphs, it was less marked, perhaps, by his peculiar genius than by the fatal dissensions of the French chiefs, and the profound demoralization of the French army. Vendôme recovered Ghent, and the line of the Lys; he even passed the Scheldt, and advanced to the Dender, and though he failed to capture Oudenarde, he held a favourable position when he confronted Marlborough on the Dender, in the first days of July. He was embarrassed, however, by a fatal burden; the Duke of Burgundy, rather a monk than a soldier, shared with him an ill-defined command; and the Duke insisted on falling back to the Scheldt, renouncing the initiative with timid weakness. Marlborough by this time had been joined by Eugene, who had moved from the Moselle into Belgium; and the two chiefs advanced to the relief of Oudenarde, resolved, if possible, to fight a great battle. The march of the French had been extremely slow, owing to the bickerings of the Duke and Vendôme; but they were collected upon the Scheldt near Gaveren; and they ought to have made the Allies rue an audacious attempt to cross the river. The divided chiefs, however, sent forward only a weak detachment to dispute the passage. This was cut to pieces after a short struggle; and Marlborough and his colleague bridged the Scheldt under the beard, so to speak, of the ill-directed enemy. The hostile armies met, on the 11th of July, in a region of plain and forest outside Oudenarde. Each was probably about 70,000 strong; and the fortunes of France were once more marred by timidity and divided counsels. Marlborough had gained ground on the French right, when Vendôme wished to attack from his left, but the Duke of Burgundy had resolved to fall back; and though the retreat began in good order, the French troops, hard pressed and wretchedly led, broke up by degrees in ignominious flight. The defeated army was unable to rally until it had found a refuge near Ghent; and Marlborough and Eugene, pressing boldly forward, overran the country between the Lys and the Scheldt, and sate down before the vast stronghold of Lille. I cannot dwell on the great siege that followed, the most remarkable of the whole contest. Lille was a place of extraordinary strength. It was defended by Boufflers with a large garrison; it was surrounded by neighbouring friendly fortresses, and it had the support of the army that had fought at Oudenarde, and of another army of relief which, under Berwick,

had followed the steps of Eugene from the Moselle. To capture such a stronghold appeared impossible—Vendôme ridiculed the very notion, and yet Marlborough and Eugene accomplished the task, though Boufflers made an heroic resistance. This undoubtedly was in a great measure due to the ability and daring of the allied chiefs. Eugene clung to the fortress with tenacious constancy, and Marlborough gave proof of extraordinary resource in covering the siege and in maintaining his communications open through all kinds of obstacles. Yet Lille would probably not have fallen but for the animosities of the French commanders. Vendôme openly quarrelled with the Duke of Burgundy, and Berwick sullenly stood aloof from both; and the two armies of relief did almost nothing. The moral power, too, of the French soldiery was fatally injured by these disputes and failures; and when Lille fell, the war seemed about to close in a triumphant march of the Allies on Paris.

At this crisis, indeed, the condition of France was such as might have made even men like Richelieu and Turenne begin to despair. The convulsive effort of 1708 had failed; the Allies were on the verge of Artois; and the Monarchy in decline, and the exhausted nation seemed unable to confront the mass of their enemies. Yet Louis XIV. did not lose heart; he refused the constant proposals of the Dutch to take up arms against his own grandson, and he appealed, not in vain, to an heroic people. Recruits flocked in thousands to defend the lilies; the misery, in truth, and the prostration of France, increased the numbers that joined her armies; but everything that constitutes organized force—supplies, depôts, and magazines, were wanting. The King, however, throwing prejudice aside, at last confided the army on his northern frontier to the one commander who had never failed in the calamitous war of the Spanish Succession. History and gossip have alike been unjust to Villars; he was ridiculed in England and hated at Versailles, but he was a general of extraordinary powers, for he combined almost in the highest degree the great faculties of Turenne and Condé. Yet when Villars, in the spring of 1709, assumed the command of his master's army, he was almost appalled at the prospect before him; he was at the head of perhaps 100,000 men, but he was so ill supplied that he could make no movement. It is on occasions like these that French soldiers, when ably directed, show at their best. Villars in a few weeks had obtained the means of operating with some hope of success, and he had breathed into his troops that extreme self-confidence which was one of his most distinctive qualities. By the



early summer he was in positions of formidable strength, in the space between the heads of the Lys and the Scheldt, and covering the low ranges overlooking Artois; and he had protected himself with defensive lines that extended almost from the feeders of the Scheldt to the sea. Marlborough and Eugene were now at the head of from 110,000 to 120,000 men, and Marlborough, with true strategic insight, proposed to turn the French lines by the coast, combining the attack with a descent on Boulogne, supported by British troops and a fleet, and then, passing the Somme and masking its fortresses, to press forward boldly to the capital of France. This was a recurrence to the "great design" of 1703, and worthy of a chief of supreme genius; and it is an additional proof that Marlborough perceived, with perfect clearness, the immense importance to an English army of the command of the sea. The Dutch deputies, however, refused to sanction a movement they doubtless could not understand; and Eugene, I believe, agreed with them, for, as we shall see, he had formed a plan of quite a different kind to invade France. The Allies had now "to take the bull by the horns," and to enter France through the network of fortresses, of rivers, canals, and intricate woodland, which still covers her northern frontier; and issuing from Lille in great strength, they proceeded to invest the stronghold of Tournay, in order to secure and widen their base. The place fell after a weak resistance, and Marlborough and Eugene now turned against Mons, still pursuing the same methodical warfare, and hoping to master the line of the Sambre. This was too much for Villars, who would have been placed in extreme difficulty had the Allies gained the heads of the Sambre without a contest. He issued from his lines in the first week of September, and by the 10th he had taken a strong position in a wide opening between two masses of woodland, not far from the beleaguered fortress, which overlook the heathy plain and the hamlet of Malplaquet, ever since a great name. He fortified ground, naturally perilous to attack, with all the resources of the art of the engineer; and he boldly awaited the advance of the enemy.

The allied chiefs had meant to attack Villars before he had made these formidable lines; but, as usual, they were crossed by the deputies of the States, and the result proved how disastrous had been their meddling. In the early dawn of the 11th of September, Marlborough and Eugene put their army in motion, and the French army was soon descried holding a position which has been aptly described as "an infernal gulf surrounded by fire."



The French right and left were respectively covered by the woods of Lanière and of Taisnière, which crescent-like converged towards each other; the wood of Sart spread beyond that of Taisnière; and the French centre holding the space between, in the opening that leads to the plain of Malplaquet, was massed behind a triple line of entrenchments, with apertures to allow the free use of cavalry. The position, in short, was of extraordinary strength, and it was held by troops who, under the spell of Villars, ably seconded by the gallant Boufflers, who had volunteered to assist his colleague, were animated by heroic ardour. Yet Marlborough and Eugene did not hesitate; and they marshalled their forces for the most desperate and best contested struggle of the war, in which princely soldiers from all the lands of Europe took part, like knights in a tournament, to the death. The numbers on each side were not far from equal,\* the Allies having a slight advantage—about 100,000 to 90,000 men; but, prodigiously strong as its position was, the French army, crowded with rude levies, could not be compared as an efficient force with the victorious legions of many campaigns, and the allied chiefs possibly trusted too much to an inferiority repeatedly proved. The plan of Eugene and Marlborough seems to have been to turn the French left and to force the left centre, making only a secondary effort against the right; and Eugene, after a prolonged contest, fairly expelled the enemy from the wood of Sart. The Prince, supported by Marlborough in force, now advanced upon the wood of Taisnière, and a murderous struggle kept fortune in suspense, until Villars, drawing a body of troops from his centre, drove back Eugene in a furious onslaught, conspicuous for the valour of the Irish exiles,† “ever and everywhere, true” to the Bourbon lilies. The situation of the Allies was now critical, when a wound deprived the French of the genius of their chief; and as the detachment made by Villars had weakened their line to a considerable extent—he was hurrying to the endangered point when he fell—Marlborough, seizing the occasion with his wonted judgment, made a tremendous attack on the enemy’s centre. The first range of entrenchments was ere long carried, but the obstacles presented by the lines behind, and the heroism of the defence, kept the issue doubtful. A magnificent

\* It is more difficult to arrive at an estimate of the strength of the contending armies in the case of Malplaquet than in that of any other great battle of the war. I think my calculation is fairly accurate.

† “*Semper et ubique fideles*” was the proud and well-merited device on the flag of the Irish brigade.



effort made by the household troops of France for a time forced the assailants back; and even when the inner entrenchments were won the French centre prolonged the still undecided battle. Meanwhile the false attack on the French right had been turned into an attack in full force. The Prince of Orange, carried away by excitement, advanced along the wood of Lanière, and tried to storm the hostile entrenchments in front, and his troops were literally mown down in thousands by enemies who suffered little loss. The battle was raging until 3 p.m., when a flank movement, most skilfully made by Eugene, outside the verge of the wood of Taisnière, began to endanger the French left, and threatened the only line of retreat; and this caused Boufflers, now in supreme command, to draw gradually off from the scene of carnage. The Allies, utterly worn out, and cruelly stricken, made no attempt to molest the enemy, and the French fell back a few miles only, in perfect order, and not the least disheartened. Villars, it is said, exclaimed from his litter, that "he expected his army to fight again, as soon as it had had a moment of repose."

Marlborough and Eugene won this terrible battle, the greatest by far of the eighteenth century, in what may be called a military sense; for the French army retired from the field, and Mons fell a few weeks afterwards. But it was not an inconsiderate boast of Villars that Malplaquet was truly a Pyrrhic victory; the Allies lost fully 20,000 men, the French probably not half that number; the Dutch contingent never recovered from the fight; and the frightful slaughter of the allied soldiery provoked angry discontent in England, and sent a thrill of alarm through the enemies of France. Eugene and Marlborough, in the actual battle, displayed as usual their great powers; but the whole enterprise was, perhaps, too hazardous; and if, as has been alleged, Marlborough chose to fight in order to keep up the war party at home, he was justly punished for an unprincipled act, for Malplaquet shook the Grand Alliance to its base. Villars showed admirable skill in choosing his ground, and strengthening a naturally strong position, and in arranging his troops upon it; he, too, was a master of the new tactics, and he would not improbably have repulsed his foes had he not been disabled at a critical moment. As it is, Malplaquet does him the highest honour; it is a proof of his extraordinary gifts, that, with an army inferior in every respect, he should have inflicted losses on the allied army at least two-fold greater than that of his own, and that he successfully stemmed the tide of misfortune which had for years set in against



France. I shall merely refer to the two campaigns of 1710 and 1711, for Marlborough is not their real hero, and his great qualities, though seen in them, do not appear in their accustomed splendour, owing to adverse circumstances which combined against him. He was supported by Eugene in the first of these years; and the allied chiefs, in the absence of Villars, forced the lines he had made the year before, and invested and took the place of Douay, on the second line of the French fortresses of the north. Villars, however, though still suffering from his wound, was in command by the end of May, and he constructed a new great defensive barrier, extending from the Scarpe to the neighbourhood of Boulogne, and adding enormously to the many obstacles of a region already protected by nature and art. The Allies reached the lines, and Eugene, as was his wont, for a daring exploit, gave his voice for an attack in force; but the Dutch, remembering Malplaquet, held back; Marlborough, it is believed, agreed with them, and the two great captains had to content themselves with taking Bethune, St. Vénant, and Aire, little places around the head of the Lys, which cost them thousands of their best soldiers. Villars, meanwhile, showed little sign of life; but he kept on extending his lines until they formed an immense position of defence, spreading from the coast to the heads of the Sambre; and he boasted, not, we shall see, in vain, that the enemy should advance no further. In 1711 Marlborough had not Eugene with him, but he was at the head of a very large army; and the campaign was spent in a game of manœuvres, in which Villars and he were fairly matched. The Englishman succeeded at last in forcing the lines, which were too long to be covered at all points; but the capture of the insignificant place of Bouchain was the only prize of immense efforts; and though the wits of Versailles and St. James's cried scorn at the *ne plus ultra* of Villars, that great chief had really attained his object, and had successfully shielded the French frontier. These campaigns, in fact, have been misdescribed by English partisans in Marlborough's interest. The true victor was, beyond dispute, Villars; he had compelled the Allies to waste their strength in sieges, which simply had no results; he had proved himself to be a master in defence, as remarkable as he had been in attack; and, combining genius in politics and war, he had gained for France what she needed, time to dissolve the Grand Alliance already weakened. It would be unfair, however, to say that Marlborough was wanting to himself in this contest; as a military exploit, his forcing the lines of



Villars was an admirable feat ; but, in truth, he was circumscribed and baffled by the turn which affairs had for some time been taking in England and upon the Continent. He had for years been almost supreme in England, and had had full control over her resources for war ; but Sarah Jennings and Anne Stuart had quarrelled ; Mrs. Masham had crept to the ear of the Queen ; Malplaquet had aroused a storm in England ; the Ministers in power sought means to destroy him ; he received no real support from the Whigs ; and he had become the object of grave charges, partly the clamours of faction, but, in part, well founded. On the other hand, France had triumphed in Spain ; the success of Villars had saved her in the north ; the Dutch and the English had had enough of war ; and the Grand Alliance was being broken up largely owing to the rapacity of the House of Austria. In 1710 and 1711, Marlborough had no scope for his commanding genius ; he was no longer able to make great efforts ; he knew that his splendid career was drawing to a close.

Before the beginning of 1712, Marlborough had been deprived of all his military commands, dismissed from office amidst shouts of obloquy, and threatened with impeachment for crimes against the State. He was not brought to a public trial ; and some of the accusations heaped upon him were certainly false, and now seem ridiculous. But he wisely left England with his disgraced wife ; and though he was not convicted of malversation and fraud, the unscrupulous ambition and avaricious greed which were perhaps his most distinctive vices were dragged into light by a great deal of evidence. It is remarkable, too, though no commander has ever been more beloved by his troops, that he was distrusted by some of his best officers ; and if his treason at Brest remained unknown, he was disliked and suspected by both Whigs and Tories. The value, however, of his genius in war, was conspicuously proved, in an indirect way, in the memorable campaign of 1712. England had now withdrawn from the Grand Alliance, but the Emperor still maintained the struggle ; and Eugene, who hated Louis XIV., and had confirmed his master in his warlike purpose, was placed at the head of a great army intended to invade and to subdue France. He was now in possession of most of the fortresses which cover the northern French frontier, and his position was so formidable that Louis XIV., when he gave Villars once more the army of the North, and bade the warrior farewell at Versailles, exclaimed that, should fortune prove adverse, " the King and the Marshal would perish together." The plan of Eugene, his base

now secure, was to capture the strongholds near the heads of the Oise, and then marching down the open valley of the stream, the path followed for ages by the House of Austria and its generals in assailing France, to pass by the fortified lines of the Somme, and to finish the war by an advance on the capital. He sate down to invest Landrecies, now almost the only obstacle in his way, and his army was so confident in itself and its chief that it called its lines "the approaches to Paris." This resembled, in some respects, the daring march on Turin in 1706; but Eugene had made a strategic mistake; arguing from what he thought was the timid attitude of Villars, in the campaign of 1710, he believed that the Marshal would never attack, and he spread his army, in ill-connected posts, from Landrecies to near Marchiennes on the frontier, leaving a detachment to guard a weak point at Denain. The Prince had to deal with a different foe from the chiefs he had routed in 1706; his adversary was a man of genius, full of resource and thought, in execution admirable. Villars by this time was in his lines near Cambray; he quickly detected Eugene's error, and he took advantage of it with consummate skill. Breaking up from his camps, he made a forced march as though he was trying to relieve Landrecies; he ostentatiously gave out that this was his purpose, and then, screening the movement with perfect art, and countermarching with extreme rapidity, he fell in full force on the communications of his foe, and attacked Denain in largely superior numbers. The results of this fine strategy were almost marvellous; the detachment guarding Denain was destroyed; a large body of troops, hurried up by Eugene to join in the defence, was utterly routed, and the whole army of invasion, smitten in the flank, and losing its communications, was compelled to retreat, and to fall back, baffled, behind the frontier. Villars made the very most of this splendid success; the siege of Landrecies was instantly raised; the French fortresses, which had been the prizes of many campaigns, were soon retaken, and the standards of France were ere long seen waving in triumph along the course of the Sambre. France was finally saved by this grand feat of arms, and before a year had passed, Villars was in the heart of Germany, had driven Eugene beyond the Rhine, and had compelled the Emperor to sue for peace. France had never such an awakening again until, rescuing her from defeat and anarchy, Napoleon won the great fight of Marengo.

In the Revolution which followed the death of Queen Anne, Marlborough was placed again in command of the army; but he was



disliked by George I. and his ministers ; and it is significant that he never regained anything like his old authority in the State. The last years of his life were somewhat obscure ; he gradually survived his splendid faculties, and he died, little regretted, in 1722. I cannot notice his diplomatic career ; enough to say that he was the master spirit of the Grand Alliance during many years ; he kept its ill-connected structure together, and three-fourths of the Princes of Christendom inclined before the genius of an English subject. As a statesman, Marlborough was less successful ; he misinterpreted the spirit of the time during the later years of the great war he directed ; but his errors and fall were largely due to the faults and the temper of his imperious wife, whom he loved with a fondness not unmingled with terror. As to his achievements in the noble art of which he was one of the greatest masters. Marlborough was endowed with the choicest gifts of a warrior ; it was his special characteristic that daring, constancy, imagination, and prudence were blended in him in proportions of the happiest kind ; and it is a peculiarity of his career that he attained supreme command, for the first time, at a period of life when most great captains have done their work, and that he was never defeated in a pitched battle. It has been said that he had little strategic genius ; but a study of his campaigns confutes this error ; he was capable of great combinations in war ; and if, as a strategist, he accomplished less than other commanders of the first order, this is partly to be ascribed to the contracted theatre which usually was the scene of his exploits, and partly to the interference of the Dutch and their deputies, and to the jealousies and discords of a divided League. Two strategic gifts he certainly possessed in a measure accorded to few commanders ; he always perceived the weak point of an enemy on a field of manoeuvre as well as of battle, and he was pre-eminent in making the most of success, and in drawing decisive results from victory. In pure strategy, however, he was, I think, inferior in originality to Turenne, and he achieved less than Villars and Eugene, two great names in this sphere of the art ; but as a strategist he is second alone to those illustrious chiefs of his era ; and he contributed largely to the grand revival of strategy, after a season of decline, which was seen in the War of the Spanish Succession. We must go to the field of battle to behold the genius of Marlborough in its highest perfection. He may have been equalled as a tactician, but he has never been surpassed ; his judgment in placing an army on the ground and in detecting the vulnerable points of an enemy ;

his constancy in pressing an attack home at the spot where success would be most complete, and his wonderful resource and calmness in peril, were unrivalled among the men of his time ; and neither Eugene nor Villars can show a Ramillies, a masterpiece of purely tactical skill. For the rest, Marlborough was a great leader of men, like all generals of the first order ; and " Corporal John " was as adored by his troops as was the " Little Corporal " of another age. It is melancholy to observe that deep scars of guilt mar the beauty of this magnificent figure ; and that we must see in it the dimmed brightness and the ruined glory of the fallen archangel, as well as his majesty and commanding power. Every allowance ought in justice to be made for Marlborough ; his crimes were those of a revolutionary age ; and few of the leading Englishmen of his day were free from the stain of disloyal, bad faith ; but the treason of Brest was a foul deed of wickedness. A singular vein of baseness and meanness ran through, like alloy, this grand nature ; and whatever excuses may be made for him, these are " damned spots " upon Marlborough's fame.





## Men, Manners, and Manners:

OR, THE IMPRESSIONS OF A COLONIAL VISITOR IN LONDON.



ARRIVED at Plymouth a month ago, and immediately pushed on to London. On my arrival there I went to the \* \* \* Hotel, which had been recommended to me by a fellow-passenger as occupying a central and convenient position. After a good deal of preliminary conversation, and a consultation between a very haughty young lady in a little glass-covered office and sundry smart chambermaids, a bed-room was assigned to me. "The way was long, the stairs were steep. The trav'ler was annoyed and cold." Remember, that this being in the beginning of the month of June, we were exposed to almost all the severity of an English summer, which I take to be equivalent to the winter of most other countries.

My bed-room, the principal ornament of which was a framed notice pointing my attention to the fines and penalties incident on my not taking my meals in the hotel, was somewhat dark and, as far as I could see, of dubious cleanliness, but commanded a fine view over the neighbouring roofs and chimney-pots.

After making some slight change in my dress, I inquired of several servants my way to the coffee-room, who were apparently too importantly engaged to have time to answer me; at last I found one more communicative, who directed me.

There were a considerable number of persons in the room when I entered; but after the lapse of some time I found a small table, sat down and called a waiter, who answered "Yessir," with great readiness and promptitude, and immediately retired to the farther end of the room.

I tried two or three others, but with even less success, for they contented themselves with staring; but at last a young Teuton,

with affable manners and a dirty shirt front, came up, asked what I would have, whisked a crumb from the table-cloth into my left eye, and retired to order me a fried sole and a cutlet.

At this time a young man entered, walked with a pleasing swagger through the room, and seated himself opposite to me with his hat on his head and his hands in his pockets. He put one of his feet down on mine and, no doubt, finding that it made but an uncomfortable footstool, took it off again, not going through the empty formality of apologizing; but that would scarcely have been expected by the most rigid formalist, as it would have necessitated the interruption of a soft low whistle with which he was good enough to oblige us.



I ate my sole and cutlet, and washed it down with half a bottle of vinegar, which was designated *St. Estèphe* in the wine-list, and strolled out into the broad and long thoroughfare fronting the hotel.

I had not walked far, however, before my hat was knocked off by the corner of a portmanteau which a boy was carrying on his shoulder. I observed with pleasure that this slight incident afforded him much amusement, and also caused a smile to steal across the manly and intelligent countenance of a policeman who was standing near.

I found my way to various places of which we have heard much—



as Trafalgar Square, Regent Street, Bond Street, &c. I was much pleased with the affable manners of several ladies, apparently of foreign extraction, whom I saw in Regent Street; indeed, I may say that I was sometimes almost embarrassed by the cordiality of their advances, especially as they generally addressed me in some foreign language, and I am but a poor linguist.

One thing struck me very much: it was the constant repetition of the word "sherry," which led me to believe that these ladies desired to press upon me that form of refreshment. I declined as politely as I could, for I have an objection to drinking between meals. I have since discovered that the word referred to has nothing to do with the produce of Andalusian vines, but is a French word equivalent to dear, or cherished one; now, nothing can be more delightful than this.

But what caused me the sincerest gratification was to see the air of almost paternal benevolence with which the police regarded these graceful manœuvres; and I felt sure that the ingenuous sprightliness of these engaging sylphs was due not only to their innate trust in the kindness and courtesy of the stronger sex, but to their confidence that any display of rude impatience on the part of those fortunate enough to be addressed by them would be sternly repressed by the incorruptible guardians of public order.

From what I have since heard, this official attitude is the more to be admired, contrasted as it is with a just severity and evidently stern sense of duty in their dealings with young women of their own nationality, who are not permitted to meet the youth of their choice unless they are properly chaperoned; the police in this case having orders to withdraw them from temptation by taking them to the nearest police station.

After some consideration, I have discovered the reason for any apparent discrepancy here. It is evident that in the one case the British Government, through its Home Secretary, stands directly *in loco parentis*, and is bound to exercise the strictest guardianship over the morals of young ladies of British birth and parentage, whilst, in the other case, all that can be required is an attitude of courteous hospitality.

I will not weary you with a detailed account of such minor matters as the occasional intrusion of the ferule of a lady's parasol, or a gentleman's umbrella, into one or other of my eyes. This is a necessary consequence of the manner of carrying these indispensable adjuncts to a fashionable toilet.

I do not know whether there exist any police orders on the

subject, or whether it is simply a matter of social etiquette, but every lady, young or old, is bound to carry her sunshade, when not open, in such a position that it shall slope across the body in a diagonal line from the hand to the shoulder, and sunshades being now little inferior in size of stick to carriage umbrellas, of course the point sticks out a little awkwardly.

As regards the young men, they are all evidently bound to carry their sticks held firmly under the arm-pit, with point to rear, in



a horizontal position in the case of tall men, while obviously in the case of shorter men the point must be sloped slightly upwards, the desideratum being that it should be on a level with the eyes of the average foot passenger. Without a stick held in this manner, and a cigarette in the mouth, no young man who respects himself can be seen out of doors; you might as well ask him to discard the peculiar badge of his tribe—the shirt collar.

The shirt collar! I scarcely dare to attempt its description, but fully intend to bring back a few specimens for the admiration and imitation of our colonial youth. It is large, it is white, it is shiny; it is beautiful, but above all, it is stiff, and I feel certain



that to it is due a good deal, if not the greater part, of that admirable demeanour which some malicious people have described as wooden, and which I will take leave to describe as statuesque.

When I was a young man, the soldier was provided with a stiff leather stock, which when tightly buckled round his neck, especially in hot weather, used to produce a beautifully rubicund effect on his physigonomy by preventing the too hasty descent of blood from the vessels of the head and face. It used also to prevent any unsightly movements of the neck, and if its wearer had any occasion to look to the right or the left, he had to turn either on his heels or from the waist.



Now these evidently desirable and graceful results are fully attained by the masher collar. If this feeble description has sufficed to give you the slightest idea of this graceful innovation, you will be pleased to hear that its advantages are not monopolized by the stronger and plainer sex, but that the female masher, who surpasses her male compeer in the use of the point (at the end of her sunshade), equals him in the matter of collars.

Let him look to it; his only distinct point of superiority is his cigarette, and who knows how long this may last? We have already heard of cigarette smoking by young ladies on lawns and on the river; let them but boldly throw away a prejudice that still exists against their smoking in the streets, and female emancipation is complete; the last barrier between the sexes is thrown



A. M. HORTON



down, divided garments make their triumphal entry, and it will be impossible to distinguish between a young woman and a young man!

But is this necessary or desirable? Evidently it is, for the struggle, I am assured, has been incessant of late years in this direction, and no one has ventured to protest against it.

We in our benighted ignorance (pardon my plain speaking), have thought that a great part of the charm of society came from the very fact of the contrast between the two sexes, and considered that there was something restful and soothing about the gentler manners of the weaker sex. It shall be my business to show that we must hasten to abandon these ideas.

As regards these matters, we are not and cannot be in a position to judge. The conditions of the little township which we inhabit, the peculiar circumstances which have made the little colony—founded by a few gentlemen and their families some hundred years since—retain to a great extent the manners of that time, and have imbued our minds with prejudices which, believe me, nothing but travel in centres of civilization and refinement can remove.

As an instance, I will mention our ridiculous and antiquated notions on the subject of courtesy to women. Trust me, these are as far behind the present modes as the fashions of little MacSnip, our only tailor, are behind those of a Bond Street artist in clothes.

I cannot afford the time to write a lengthened dissertation upon the new code of social observances; let it suffice to say that your manner to what we have been accustomed to call the softer sex must now exclude all idea of deference, but may be tinged with a slight air of disdainful patronage towards those who possess a certain share of youth and beauty. All others one must treat with the same utter contempt which every well-bred man shows towards all members of his own sex, whatever their age or condition.

Your own importance will be enormously enhanced by your seizing every opportunity that may present itself of making yourself a little disagreeable to your neighbour. You will always, when you enter any public carriage, or any room—public or private—take care to ignore the fact of its having any occupants besides yourself and your immediate friends; you will talk with as loud a voice as you can conveniently command, and in the intervals of talking, it will have a very good effect if you can learn to whistle; it does not matter about the tune, the thing is to accentuate your presence.

A very important point is this: should you be seated in a railway carriage, for instance, stretch your legs out well before you, and take care not to move them to let anyone pass until the last extremity.

Of course you will never neglect, should you think it necessary to shut a door behind you (which, of course, you will not do unless you should think that a draught might incommode you personally), to bang it heavily. This is equivalent to an introduction. Pardon my insisting upon these points, but it is these minutiae which show that ease of manner only to be acquired in the most aristocratic circles.

A very pleasing little trick can be performed in places where swing doors are to be found, in this way: you know that someone is following you at a short distance, you will push the door and hold it open just sufficiently long to make the unhappy mortal behind you think that you mean to hold it till he can come up. Then, just in the very nick of time, let it swing. If you have any luck, you may have the satisfaction of finding that it has come into collision with this inferior being, for it cannot be too often repeated that you are called upon to treat all those you do not know as inferior beings.

Another very pleasing practice is of easy accomplishment in the streets. You are walking at a tolerably brisk rate in a crowded street; stop dead in the middle of the pavement—your walking stick being, of course, in the regulation position, with ferule to rear, and good elevation—you are almost sure to catch somebody. But any man of the slightest ingenuity can invent hundreds of these little innocent and amusing manœuvres for himself.

Should you belong to or be invited to any club, you should always, when it is practicable, sit on one of the tables—those with newspapers spread on them are softer and more comfortable than the others. Should you not be able to secure a table, then sit on the arm of a chair; to sit down in the ordinary way is not considered good form. There is, if you come to consider it, something plebeian in it.

Whenever and in any place a person but slightly known to you ventures upon anything in the way of a joke, you are to meet him with a blank stare; you may, perhaps, move your eyebrows slightly upwards, but for the sake of everything you hold precious, do not smile. Should it seem to you risible, you can retain it; and, on some future occasion use it yourself, when you can laugh as loudly as you please.



When engaged in conversation with anyone, talk as much as you can yourself; and, if forced by want of breath to remain silent for a short time, carefully assume an air of listless indifference to your interlocutor's remarks or arguments. When you have recovered your breath, go on, regardless of the fact that he may be still speaking. Try to talk louder than he.

There is a mode of talk which has come into vogue of late years, utterly without inflexion or expression, and pitched in a



somewhat high and piercing key, which is of very serviceable application in these cases.

When discussing a question, do not cudgel your brains to find new arguments or adduce authorities; one or two firmly enunciated assertions made at slight intervals, and in a scale of increasing loudness, will answer every purpose.

At a theatre, having first taken care to secure a seat in the middle of one of the rows of stalls, you will come in about the middle of the first act (certainly not before); and should a tragedy, romantic drama, or comedy, be acted, your best plan will be to assume the attitude of a man utterly wearied and half asleep. Above all, *never* applaud, and be careful when going out to tell your friend in a loud voice that it is without exception the stupidest and dullest piece you ever sat out.

An exception may be made in the case of a burlesque, when you





may somewhat relax the stolidity of your demeanour ; and should you discover a pair of ankles of any merit, it is not quite certain that you may not express some approbation ; but this must be in a guarded form—"not bad" being about the strongest praise that can well be bestowed by a person of critical mind and proper refinement.

You will probably visit some of the numerous exhibitions which are now every season opened in London ; they all possess, as their chiefest attraction, gardens in which you may sit and not listen to music. I say *not* listen, for you must never, at all events, seem to listen to anything or anybody.

You will smoke, of course—nay, even should it make you ill, you *must* smoke, and should smoke small cigarettes. This will necessitate frequent lighting. After lighting, throw your match down on the ground without blowing it out ; on a fine night it will burn for some time, and assist in the illumination of the grounds. This plan is sometimes fraught with inconvenience. I remember to have heard that a young lady was burnt to death last year through the catching fire of her dress from this cause ; but you cannot be expected to allow these misadventures to interfere with your convenience.

You will be invited to dinner parties : all that can be demanded of you on such occasions is that your dress-suit shall fit irreproachably, and that your linen shall be as stiff as your manners. Above all, look well to your collar ; entrench yourself behind it, and sternly repress all attempts at familiarity.

Should you find that your neighbours do not take a proper interest in, or show a sufficient familiarity with, matters appertaining to the burlesque stage and turf matters, you will do well to devote your attention exclusively to the dinner, and to get away as soon as you can afterwards.

It may, however, happen that you have the good luck to escort to the dinner-table a lady masher, when you will find yourself quite in your element, and can treat with her on terms of familiar good fellowship. Still, I would recommend that you should not clap her on the back, unless you have met her at least once before. She cannot but take it in good part if you offer her a cigarette before the ladies rise : should she think it necessary to decline, she cannot but feel grateful for the attention.

It is still considered necessary to take off your hat when a lady bows to you in the street ; this is done in a peculiarly jerky way, which must be seen to be understood. It is also still demanded of

you that you should remain bareheaded in a drawing-room and in a church, but with these exceptions you must be careful to look upon your hat as a fixture. Be sure that it is properly shiny, and it must be a delightful subject of contemplation in its normal position, which, as Hamlet says, "is for the head"; not that I desire to bring forward Shakespeare as an authority, for you will do well, should you have any tincture of knowledge of him, to carefully hide it and never to quote him.

We are also forced to give up another of the favourites of our youth, Charles Dickens, as it has been discovered by a modern novelist that he was incapable of depicting the character of a gentleman. This verdict, however, requires confirmation, and the talented son of this hitherto-considered great novelist has ventured to question its justice, and to adduce instances to the contrary, which would seem satisfactory to me were I not determined to be on the side of the masher. Any reference, with the slight exceptions before mentioned, to the written works of any person is not only pedantic and low, but would tend to impair that fine sense of the dignity of your own conceptions which you must be careful to impress upon all comers.

Should you be called upon to give an opinion upon any works of art, ancient or modern, be careful not to heed the opinion of any so-called authority, but pronounce with swiftness and decision your own judgment; what is the use of the criticism in the daily journals, except to provide you with that?

A good rule in all artistic matters, as well as in matters dramatic, at which we have already glanced, is, when in doubt, to find fault. Of course, some exception will be made in the case of distinctly fashionable and favourite painters, whom you should speak of patronisingly; but even here you will show a superior acumen by pointing out that their last performances are inferior to their former ones; still, be indulgent, be indulgent!

This has been called an athletic age, and you will think it right to be seen at boat races, cricket matches, lawn tennis meetings, &c., &c. Here you must be careful to put your foot down firmly and assert a superior knowledge. Should you think it necessary to award some meed of praise to any competitor, it must be firmly impressed upon all bystanders that a reservation is made for the wide gap that separates his performance from your potentialities.

One rule admits of no exception, notwithstanding the weight of proverbial authority; you are to condemn with unmeasured scorn the capacities of all horsemen you may see as you walk through



the parks. It is not necessary that you should be a horseman yourself for this; it is perhaps better that you should be on foot. Were it otherwise, we should find ourselves landed in the absurd position that it is necessary for a man to be a painter himself in order to criticise paintings, and so on, which is evidently absurd.

I have now to venture upon what is, for one of the uglier sex, a delicate task—a notice of the new rules for dress and demeanour as they affect ladies.

The poets and novelists of a past era used to depict their heroines as endowed with many soft and seductive graces of appearance and manner; a certain soft ductility of mind contrasting with the rougher and stronger attributes of the other sex.

Milton, one of these obsolete authorities, speaking of “our grandparents in their happy state,” describes Adam and Eve as

For contemplation he and valour formed,  
For softness she and sweet seductive grace;

and all the writers of a bygone time have worked upon these lines. But we have changed all that.

The grace of appearance is inalienable; and as the fact interferes with the success of their evident aspirations, one is almost tempted to regret, for their sakes, that the women of the present day seem to be just as pretty as their mothers and grandmothers were, especially in this country, where fine forms and cheeks, “whose red and white Nature’s own sweet and cunning hand laid on,” are met with at every turn. But the graces of manner, where are they?

One of those foolish old persons has said that “a low voice is an admirable thing in woman.” Foolish and deceptive old man, avault! The maiden of these latter days speaks loud and stridently. We read of downcast eyes and drooping lids and mantling blushes; we never see them now. What we do see is either a pretty, pink-cheeked tom-boy (a pleasing sight enough, by-the-by), or a grandly self-contained young woman of imperturbable demeanour, with self-assertive elbows and a self-assertive smile.

She never blushes. We confess that we have surreptitiously watched her at the play, when certain too faithful translations from the sprightly dialogues of our lively neighbours made us expect to see her blush; but she did not. She never casts down her eyes, but looks at everybody and everything with straight, unflinching stare. Of course, she could not droop her head when equipped with an imitation of her brother’s stupendous collar; but, fortunately, she does not always wear this.

We are willing to believe—and, thank Heaven, we do believe—that she is still, in most cases, good and pure at the core, and ready to be full of soft and kindly ministrations at a time of need—to be a very “ministering angel”; but why assume these gentlemanly airs? Why should not the difference between a young gentlewoman and an officer of light cavalry be very strongly marked?

Why, when I make way for her in the street, will she obtrude upon my unoffending eyes the rigid point of her five-foot parasol? Why, when I open a carriage door for her, will she not say “Thank you”? If it is on the underground railway, I black and grease my fingers and deserve thanks, and wherefore will she not pronounce “Thank you”? Why, if in a crowded place I give her up my hardly earned chair, should she flop down upon it without look or word of acknowledgment? Why—why—I am driven, in the words of an American philosopher, to ask—“Why this thusness?”

Why will they pursue with so much perseverance and such unflagging industry so false an object? They will never be really like us; let them be content to be much better. Instead of striving to be bad imitations of a model which is susceptible of considerable improvement—for, after all, with all his charms, the modern young man of fashion is not absolutely perfect—let them consent to be natural, and to let well alone. By all means let them develop their figures and brace their muscles by such exercises as lawn tennis, boating, fencing; let them even play cricket, if they like. All these things are good for them if not pushed to excess, and if the dress worn be properly fitted for the occasion; but there is not, and cannot be, the slightest necessity for proficiency in these or other exercises to induce a bold and masculine tone in look and manner.

We are not, we are happy to say, without the pleasure of knowing girls who, while they possess a degree of graceful strength and agility that would make many men look small, have yet retained all the charm of their girlhood, who look with coldness upon four-inch collars and deer-stalking hats, who would be astonished if offered a cigarette, and alarmed if slapped upon the shoulder.

Let the masculine-minded ones remember that without gentlewomen there can be no gentlemen; that no man's manners can be formed to any agreeable pattern without female influence; first and chiefly the mother's; and then that of other women to whom he is bound to show deference, and who gradually and insensibly



lead him into those habits of consideration for the feelings of others which used to be considered essential.

Some Frenchman has been reported, upon hearing of an unexplained catastrophe, to have said "*Cherchez la femme*"—and one can scarcely deny that a woman is often at the bottom of mischief; but she is more often the cause of good, and her social influence has hitherto been immense, and generally beneficial: but how shall we hope to be happily inspired by a haughty young woman, whom we can with difficulty distinguish from an impertinent young man?

I find that I have allowed myself to be carried away by old prejudices, and to animadvert upon matters which I only proposed to describe; but it can easily, if thought worth while, be gathered from the above what are the prevailing fashions of the day, which may be commended to the imitation of our friends.

*(To be continued.)*



## Some Notes on Military Topography.

By CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

### PART III.—THE MAGNETIC COMPASS FOR NIGHT OPERATIONS.



WITH regard to the occasions when the magnetic bearing of an object may be required, there can be little doubt that the most important of all is when an officer is engaged in a reconnaissance of an enemy's position. In such a case, it may become a matter of the utmost moment to observe and record with all necessary accuracy the magnetic bearings of certain points, with a view to arranging for a night attack on them. A reconnoitrer who has succeeded in approaching unseen any position or locality held by the enemy, would under such circumstances first select the most favourable lines of advance from his position to that of the enemy, and then observe the magnetic bearings of the same, in the manner described in the last chapter.

It is an enormous advantage if the ranges of the various "objectives," and also that of any conspicuous landmarks on the lines of advance can be also observed. This, of course, would very frequently be an impossibility, since the movements of the observer along the base used for ascertaining the range might be detected by a vigilant enemy, and the whole object of the reconnaissance perhaps frustrated. Still, it would often occur that the ranges might be taken with sufficient accuracy from some point considerably in rear, where there would be no fear of attracting attention. These ranges, less the distance from the point where they were taken to the advanced point reached by the reconnoitrer, would obviously give the data required.

The magnetic bearing and distance also, when possible, of an objective having been thus ascertained, it remains to be shown by



what means the fullest advantage can be derived from the information gained.

We have seen how the Drill Book expects every officer to have a magnetic compass when on outpost duty. In the part dealing with "operations by night," it is further enunciated that "a good magnetic compass is an indispensable part of every officer's field equipment. With a view to night attacks, it is desirable that in future these compasses be prepared with luminous paint."

Now it is pretty obvious that it is out of the question for an officer to have an assortment of compasses of various patterns suitable for orthodox field sketching, rough outpost sketches, and night operations, and that if he is ever to have a compass with him when he wants it, he must have some *small* instrument that will fulfil the triple duty required. An exactly similar remark applies to a range-finder, which, to be on the spot when wanted, must be small enough to be carried without its presence being felt.

There is no getting over the fact that men have more than enough to strap on them in the way of sword, revolver, field-glasses, water-bottle, haversack, &c. to be bothered with such articles as a prismatic compass or range-finder as big as a clock.

It was with a view to meet this difficulty that the compass as described in this and the last chapter was designed for all sketching purposes as well as for night operations.\*

I have already explained how *any* magnetic compass can be used for field-sketching, and how, further, by the addition of a friction ring and a slit in the lid, the process is rendered much simpler, and a great deal of time saved.

The principle upon which this compass is constructed is simply that of the pattern of the "Cavalry sketching case," described in "Rapid Field Sketching."

In the "Cavalry sketching case" there is a "working meridian" line across the glass, which is capable of being set at any required angle, with the "line of direction" (or general line of advance of the sketcher), by revolving the compass in the graduated ring encircling it. The direction of this line is indicated by the edge of the board along the head-piece or foot-piece, or, in later patterns, by an arrow.

The meridian being thus adjusted, all that is required is to turn the board until the magnetic needle coincides with it, when the "line of direction" on the board will indicate the line of advance

\* Manufactured by Mr. J. H. Steward, 406, Strand, London.

to be followed (*vide* Fig. 1). If the compass in the "Cavalry sketching case," as shown in Fig. 1, be compared with the magnetic compass in Fig. 3, it will be seen that this principle is carried out.

The "meridian line" of the sketching case is replaced by an index-bar in the compass, whilst the "line of direction" is shown by the slit in the lid by day and by the white luminous line in the lid by night.

In Figures 1 and 3, both instruments are "set" for an advance on a bearing of  $45^\circ$  or N.E.

In order to provide a simple and effective method of adjusting the index-bar of the compass to any required bearing, a ring, graduated into degrees and into points, is attached to the outside

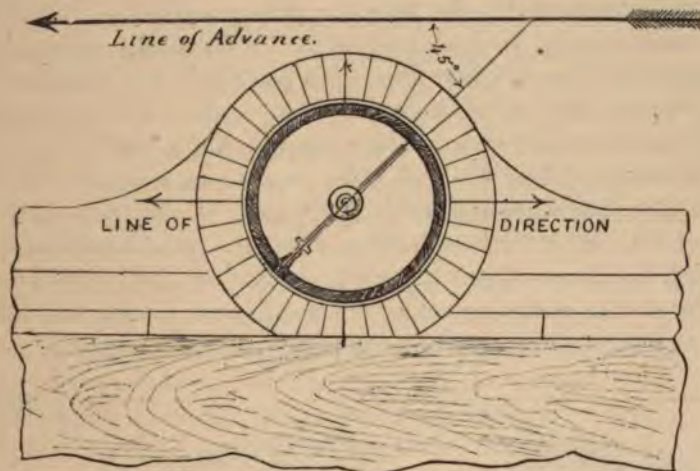


FIG. 1.

of the compass. The compass is "set" to any particular bearing by turning the index-bar until the end of it is exactly above the graduation shown on the ring.

It may be mentioned here that the graduation of the ring is necessarily made in a reverse direction to the ordinary manner. Thus North is marked S. or  $180^\circ$ ; East, W. or  $270^\circ$ ; South, N. or  $360^\circ$ ; and West, E. or  $90^\circ$ . This sounds a little confusing, but in practice is not in the least so, for the mechanical process whereby the index is set to the required bearing engraved outside the compass-box does not in any way interfere with the general working or utility of the compass. Since it is of the most vital importance that the index should on no account be liable to be shifted, a



clamping arrangement is provided which enables the index-bar to be rigidly set at any required bearing.

For the sake of obtaining larger and clearer figures on the external graduated ring, a similar arrangement to that employed

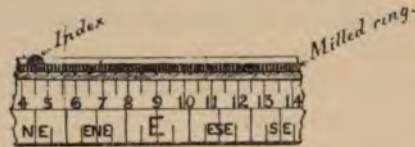


FIG. 2.

on the compass card (as already described) has been adopted, and the graduations of  $10^\circ$ ,  $20^\circ$ ,  $30^\circ$ , &c., simply marked as 1, 2, 3, &c. The external ring is graduated to  $5^\circ$  on its upper edge, and to "half points" on its lower edge; the points are indicated by long graduations, and the half points by short ones. Let us suppose, now, that it is required to set the compass for a night march in a north-easterly direction; in other words, on a bearing of  $45^\circ$ . To do this, the milled ring holding the glass is revolved until the end of the index line coincides with the graduation midway between the figures 4 and 5, that is, at  $45^\circ$  or N.E. (*vide* Fig. 2). A turn of the clamping-screw causes a tooth to bite the milled edge of the ring, and thus ensures it from slipping round.

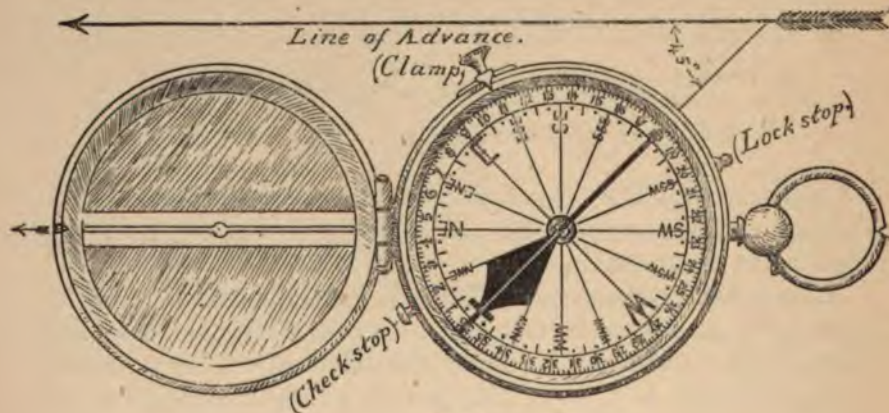


FIG. 3.

The compass is now ready for use (*vide* Fig. 3). To ascertain the direction of the line of advance (N.E.), place the compass on the palm of the left hand with the lid opened wide and laid flat

back; hold the left hand in front of the centre of the body, and release the lock-stop so as to allow the card to drop upon its pivot and oscillate. Now check the oscillation, if too rapid, by a gentle pressure on the "check-stop"; or, better still, by simply tilting the compass in the hand. As the card steadies down, note the position of the index-bar, and gently turn the whole body, with the hand held steadily in front of it, until the North point on the card coincides with the index-bar. When it does, *the luminous white line in the lid will point like a finger in front of the observer in a direction bearing 45° or N.E.*

The essence of the whole system is that, by an infallible mechanical process, the direction of any particular point of the compass can be ascertained on the darkest night *without reading the compass card*, since as long as the index-bar remains where it has been set and clamped, and the magnetic north-point be made to coincide with it, the line in the lid *must* point in the required direction.

To verify the correctness of this operation of setting the index-bar, any point—such as, for example, E. by S.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S., or about 107°—can be selected, and the index clamped at that graduation on the external ring. If now the compass be laid on a table and "set," and the graduation on the edge of the card coinciding with the "lubbers' point" inside the compass-box be noted, it will be found to tally with the external graduation indicated by the index-line. It need hardly be added that the "lubbers' point" and centre of the luminous line in the lid are in the same alignment.

This movable index-bar, combined with the facility of clamping it in any desired position, comes in exceedingly useful in many ways. Thus, when any careful study of an existing map, such as the 6-inch Ordnance Survey, has to be made on the ground, it can be at once truly "set" as follows:—Clamp the index-bar at the known local variation, and lay the compass with the notch in the handle and slit in the lid, along the true North and South edge of the map. The latter is then turned until the magnetic north-point is seen to coincide with the index-bar, when it is plain that the map will be correctly placed for identifying any required points. Those who have had much to do with the study of maps in the field, will appreciate the advantage of not having to protract a line to indicate the position of magnetic North before it is possible to set their map.

Another use for the index-bar, and one which may at times prove of considerable advantage to military men and also to travel-



lers or explorers in wild countries, is the facility which it affords for roughly ascertaining the local magnetic variation of the compass. This can be done with very fair accuracy; that is to say, within a degree, by observing the bearing of the Pole-Star, either when the star  $\zeta$  (the middle star in the tail of the Great Bear) is vertically above or below the former. To do this the compass is laid on some steady point such as a post or wall, and the white line in the lid directed towards  $\zeta$  or the Pole Star, the observation being carefully checked by stepping back a pace or two and aligning a pencil or ruler on the compass and star. The index-bar is then turned until it is seen to be exactly above the magnetic north-point on the compass-card; and, after taking the observation over again, so as to guard against the compass having been shifted during the operation, the index-bar is clamped, and the local variation thus registered. The luminous face of the compass-card enables the black index-bar to be readily brought into coincidence with the magnetic north-point without the necessity of having recourse to a candle to illuminate it, as has to be done with the prismatic compass. If this observation be made when the star  $\zeta$  is exactly above or below the Pole Star, the variation is found without further calculation, since at that time the North Pole is vertically above or below the Pole Star. In making this observation, due attention must naturally be paid to the latitude of the observer. Thus, for example, in the latitude of London (about  $52^{\circ}$  N.), the Great Bear is practically overhead at its superior transit, and hence the observation is not possible, or, at any rate, most inconvenient. In this case the inferior transit would afford a good opportunity for taking the variation.

The variation of the compass can also be ascertained when the Pole Star is at its greatest elongation east or west of the North Pole. By "greatest elongation" is meant when the line joining the Pole Star to the star  $\zeta$  is horizontal; this, of course, occurs in two cases, when  $\zeta$  is to the east, or when  $\zeta$  is to the west of the Pole Star. Under these circumstances, the correction that would have to be applied to the observed bearing would depend on the latitude, but unless the latitude exceeds  $40^{\circ}$  N. (or, roughly, that of Madrid, Constantinople, Samarcand, Pekin, San Francisco, New York), it may be taken, without any sensible error, to be  $1^{\circ} 30'$ .\*

\* The correction on the Equator would be  $1^{\circ} 17'$ ; in latitude  $20^{\circ}$  N., it would be  $1^{\circ} 22'$ ; in latitude  $40^{\circ}$  N.,  $1^{\circ} 41'$ ; and in latitude  $50^{\circ}$  N. (south-west of England), it would be about  $2^{\circ} 0'$ . North of this it would increase rapidly. Thus, in latitude  $70^{\circ}$  N., the correction would be  $3^{\circ} 45'$ .

With regard to the use of this correction, except in the case when the azimuth of the magnetic north is less than the azimuth of the Pole Star, the following rule is generally applicable :

If the magnetic north and the star  $\zeta$  (Great Bear) are on the *same* side of the Pole Star, that is to say, both on the east or both on the west side of it ; the variation of the compass is the observed bearing of the Pole Star (reckoned east or west of magnetic north), *minus* the local correction.

If, however, the magnetic north and the star  $\zeta$  are on *opposite* sides of the Pole Star, that is to say, one to the east (or west) and the other to the west (or east) of the Pole Star, the variation of the compass is the bearing of the Pole Star reckoned east or west of magnetic north, *plus* the local correction. Thus, for example, if the observed magnetic bearing of the Pole Star is found to be

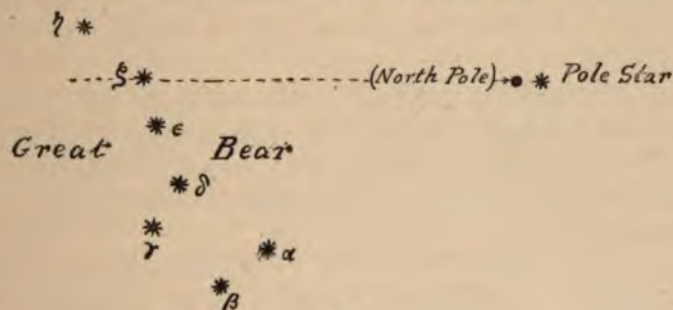


FIG. 4.

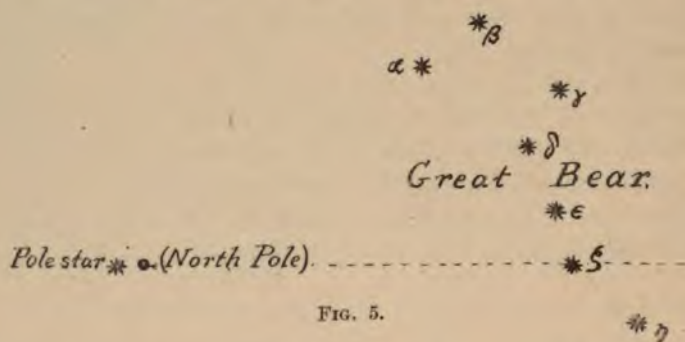
$18^\circ$  (in which case of course the magnetic north lies to the *west* of the Pole Star), and if the star  $\zeta$  is also on the west side at the time of the observation ; the variation of the compass is  $18^\circ - 1^\circ 30'$ , that is,  $16^\circ 30'$  *west* (*vide* Fig. 4). On the other hand, if the observed magnetic bearing of the Pole Star is  $15^\circ$  when  $\zeta$  is to the *east* of it, the variation is the same, namely,  $15^\circ + 1^\circ 30' = 16^\circ 30'$  *west* (*vide* Fig. 5).

The amount of accuracy attainable in marching by night on a compass-bearing is somewhat hard to define, since so much depends on the individual charged with the duty of leading, also on the amount of care taken and the consequent time occupied in covering any given distance. Again, the nature of the country is an important factor, since a broken or even sparsely wooded one that constantly necessitates small divergences from the "line of advance," is bound to introduce some degree of error. It is hardly necessary to add that besides all these points there is the question



of weather, since it is a vastly different thing to march on a fine, starlight night or on a dark, rainy one.

One thing, however, is very certain, namely, that the process of marching on a compass-bearing is a great deal more accurate than anyone would suppose who has never given it a trial. For this



reason, I strongly recommend all those who, from their position, may reasonably expect to have to do such a thing some day, to make a few experimental marches, and I am certain that they will be repaid for their trouble by the confidence which their success will naturally beget.

The direction of any march on a compass-bearing is either ascertained from a good map (if such is to be obtained), or by taking the bearing of the line of advance by day. The latter process is, of course, the best, when the objective of the march is visible—such, for example, as a village or locality which has to be approached and attacked by night; the former is more suited for a march of some distance, and where the objective is out of sight.

In taking the bearing from a map, there are two methods; the ordinary one is to rule a line from the point of departure to the objective, and a second one through the former point to indicate the direction of the magnetic north. The bearing can then be ascertained by means of a protractor laid along the magnetic north line.

In ruling the latter, great care must be exercised to ensure that the correct magnetic variation for the particular locality is properly marked off. This is a simple matter, but a fertile source of error all the same.

The second method of taking a bearing from a map is to lay the compass along the line of advance on the map, and then turn the

index-bar until it coincides with the magnetic north line on it, and clamping it there. This plan obviates the risk of a wrong bearing of the line of advance being taken with the protractor.

Again, the exact variation of the compass with which the march is to be guided is a matter of paramount importance. Even the best of instrument makers constantly turn out compasses with as much as  $2^{\circ}$  deviation from the correct reading. Hence the particular variation of each compass should be carefully ascertained and recorded, and, of course, allowed for in all calculations. Thus, if a line ruled on a map to mark off a line of advance was found, after carefully protracting it, to bear  $140^{\circ}$  from magnetic north, and if it were required to march on this bearing with a compass which had  $2^{\circ}$  westerly deviation, it is evident that this latter would have to be set at  $142^{\circ}$ .

When the same compass is used for observing the bearing of an object by day, and for guiding an advance on it by night, it is very clear that the question of compass error does not affect the operation, but when taking the bearing from a line ruled on a map it is another matter, and due care must be employed to see that no error is thus introduced.

When a thoroughly reliable map is available, any compass can be correctly adjusted for any required line of advance on it by setting the map truly to the ground by means of recognizable objects, and then drawing a line on the map in the desired direction and laying the compass along it. As soon as the latter has settled, the index-bar is turned till it coincides with the magnetic north, and the compass is, of course, ready for use. In this case the compass error is eliminated without any calculation.

It will be seen from the foregoing that if reasonable care be used, the index-bar affords a ready and effective means of setting the compass for an advance in any required direction.

To set a compass by observing a bearing by day, all that is necessary is to take the magnetic bearing by the process already described when the compass is used after the fashion of a prismatic compass. The index-bar is then adjusted and clamped at the required graduation on the outer ring.

An alternative plan is to lay the compass on some steady platform, such as a bank or wooden post, and raising the lid until it is inclined at about an angle of  $20^{\circ}$  or so with the horizontal plane, take an aim by means of the notch in the handle and the one on the far side of the lid at the objective point; then holding the compass firmly down, turn the index-line till it exactly coincides



with the north point, and clamp it there. Having done so, check the observation by means of a second shot, so as to guard against the compass having moved during the operation. It is as well in every case to make a note of the bearing as indicated by the index on the external graduated ring, so as to check any accidental shifting of the index-line, a most extremely unlikely contingency, by the way, if the compass be fitted with a good clamp.

I trust that enough has been said to explain the various methods of setting a compass for a night march. I will now endeavour to describe how a compass can be used when thus set. It is a very common belief that to march on a compass-bearing by night is a most difficult business, requiring a knowledge of astronomy and other matters beyond the general scope of an officer's education. I need hardly say that this is an entire misapprehension, and that good work at guiding an advance by the aid of a compass can be performed by any man who chooses to devote a little care and attention to the subject.

First, I would remark that no ordinary pocket compass will remain steady whilst a man is advancing, hence all bearings must be taken at the halt.

To observe the direction of any required bearing with accuracy, the compass should be held in the left hand in front of the body, with the white line in the lid directed straight to the front. It is an excellent plan to prolong this line by means of a walking-stick held in the right hand, and which should be raised and lowered on the required alignment until some distant point can be taken to march upon. What this point should be depends entirely on the nature of the country, and on the sort of night—moonlight, starlight, dark or foggy. Dealing first with terrestrial objects, the most favourable point for marching on is some clearly defined object against the skyline, such as a sharp notch in a hill top. If the night be clear, and things can be seen at some distance, a tree or bush, or other definite point can be taken, and as it is approached, some other point beyond it, and in prolongation of the line of advance, used. From time to time the course must be carefully checked by compass, as it is very easy to persuade oneself on such occasions that some distant object as it first looms into view is "near enough" to the alignment. In the extreme case of a careful advance being required across a piece of ground devoid of all landmarks, the safest plan is for *two* men to lead, one following the other at about twenty or thirty paces, each provided with a compass. The leading man, No. 1, having observed

the direction of the line of advance, marches on what he believes to be the correct bearing for 20 yards or so and then halts. During his advance, No. 2 holds his compass as already described, and notes carefully whether No. 1 adheres to the true line; he then marches up to him, or to his right or left, as may be required. No. 1 then corrects his position, and again advances, No. 2 noting the line he takes as before.

This, of course, is tedious work, but can be accelerated a little by causing No. 1 to carry a disc of paper prepared with luminous paint on his back. A piece about 6 inches square, if properly prepared, can be seen for about 30 to 40 yards, and one 12 inches square for about 60 to 80 yards; and the advance is carried out in a similar manner. Experience with this style of work soon teaches a man that there is no need to be alarmed that an enemy will see the luminous paint, since it becomes totally invisible a few yards beyond the point where it can be effectively used; thus differing from any ordinary sort of light.

It will be seen from the foregoing that except under very favourable circumstances a march on a compass-bearing when it is too dark to use distant terrestrial objects to advance upon is very slow work in most instances, and not to be compared with a march in which celestial objects are used for directing a line of advance.

On a bright star-light night, any man with the most elementary notions of the movement of the heavens ought to be able to direct his advance with very fair accuracy. I am not talking of a man steering his course by the stars alone—that is altogether a different matter—but of marching on a compass-bearing by night with those stars which happen to be in the required direction at any moment considered simply as “points” to march on. In order to enable a man to readily identify the particular star he is marching on for the time being, it is of course a vast assistance to know a few of the easily recognizable fixed stars, so that the required star can be picked out.

In northern latitudes (such as in England), in marching in a northerly direction, it must be borne in mind that the general motion of the stars which are of a suitable altitude to take as points is from *left to right*, viz. during their inferior transit, hence there will be a constant tendency to work off to the right.

When marching in the same direction in lower latitudes, the most convenient stars may be of a higher altitude than the Pole Star, in which case they will of course during their superior transit be moving from right to left.



When marching in a southerly direction the stars follow the apparent motion of the sun from *left to right*, and there is in consequence a tendency to work off to the right.

The most convenient stars to select as points to march on are those with an altitude between  $15^{\circ}$  and  $30^{\circ}$ ; above  $30^{\circ}$  a man has to throw his head back too much to use the star with comfort. To keep a star easily in sight for so long as it is above the horizon, its meridian altitude should be about  $30^{\circ}$ ; this will be the case when the latitude and declination, being of different names, their sum is  $60^{\circ}$ . Thus, for example, a star in  $40^{\circ}$  north latitude, with a declination of  $20^{\circ}$  south, would be suitable for the purpose.

The declinations of some of the principal stars are given in the *Nautical Almanack*, but for our purposes the declination of any star may be roughly ascertained by observing its meridian altitude approximately with a clinometer. Thus, in the instance just given, if the meridian altitude of the star was observed to be about  $30^{\circ}$  and the latitude of the station was known to be  $40^{\circ}$  N., the declination of the star would be obviously  $20^{\circ}$  south for  $40^{\circ} + 20^{\circ} + 30^{\circ} = 90^{\circ}$ , that is, the distance from the zenith to the horizon.

The azimuth of a star, or its magnetic bearing from the south (or north) point of the horizon, depends on the latitude of the station and the declination and hour angle of the star. It is unnecessary to go into the relationship between these four quantities, as it involves the introduction of very complicated formulæ. It may be remarked, however, that although the change in the hour angle is constant, viz. at the rate of about  $15^{\circ}$  per hour, the common belief that a star moves  $15^{\circ}$  per hour in azimuth is erroneous.

Coming to the practical question as to *how long* a man engaged in marching on a compass-bearing can safely keep his course on any particular star, the answer is that it entirely depends on the latitude of the station where the march is being made, and the declination of the star used.

Putting out of the case stations in very high latitudes, and speaking only of stars whose altitudes are less than  $30^{\circ}$  (whether their meridional altitudes exceed  $30^{\circ}$  or not), the following conclusions would hold good in most, if not in all cases:—

1. The change in azimuth would seldom or never exceed  $5^{\circ}$  in twenty minutes.
2. In many cases, as where the star has a high meridian alti-

tude, its motion in azimuth may be less than  $5^{\circ}$  in twenty minutes, so long as its altitude is less than  $30^{\circ}$ .

3. The motion of a star in azimuth becomes faster as it approaches the meridian.

When time permits and circumstances are favourable, the best way to ascertain the changes in azimuth of a given star or stars is to observe their actual change of position with the magnetic compass. A man could thus ascertain how the stars by which he proposed to guide his course actually moved, and he could easily satisfy himself, during one or two nights, whether the above general statements applied at his station to the stars that were to be seen in the part of the heavens towards which he proposed to direct his course.

The foregoing general instructions are, of course, on the very broadest lines, and only intended as an aid to those who have hitherto not studied the subject. I should mention that the Rev. J. F. Twisden, late Professor of Mathematics at the Staff College, has very kindly gone through all I have written, and it is entirely owing to him that I have been able to put the matter in its present shape.

I trust, at least, that what has been said may tend to warn those who are uninitiated not to look upon a star either as "fixed," for the purposes of a march, or as having an even movement in azimuth in successive hours. The best and safest mode of working is to halt and take constant bearings of the line followed—that is, when the stars appear to be working off the bearing quicker than was anticipated.

Above all things, it is of the utmost importance that all those who desire to become habituated to using the stars in this manner, should make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the look of the sky, also with the diurnal motion of the heavens and the proper motion of the sun; and lastly, as has been already mentioned, they should know a few of the principal stars and where to look for them on any night, and at any time of night.

It would not be fair to leave this subject of marching by aid of the stars without repeating the tale of the officer who, during our operations in Egypt, objected to be led on a particular star, on the grounds that "if *everybody* marched on it, they would find themselves all crowding round the same point before morning!"



## Polo in India.

BY CAPTAIN G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, QUEEN'S OWN CORPS OF GUIDES.

### I.



THE game of polo was originally adopted, I believe, from the Manipuris; and though in its present phase it is as unlike the original game as anything well can be, yet the main features still remain—a man on a pony, hitting a ball with a stick, and striving to attain a certain object. I hardly dare say who actually introduced polo into India—indeed I do not rightly know—for many claim the honour, and all on apparently undisputable grounds. The fact most probably is that the game cropped up at several places in India at much about the same time, hence the differences of opinion. The first polo club formed in India of which I can find any record was started by the late Colonel R. Stewart, then Superintendent of Cachar, in the year 1862. This club was composed chiefly of Manipuris and Planters. By the kind permission of Major-General G. Stewart, C.B., late of the Guides, a copy of the original rules of this club are given later on. The following interesting note is also furnished by General Stewart:—

I visited my brother in September 1862, and saw the game played at Cachar, and returning with sticks and balls in October of that year to Barrackpore where I was stationed, I formed a club there, where we practised for some months, when the game was taken up by some Calcutta men, who also got up a club there. The first match was played between the Barrackpore Club and the Calcutta Club, on the Calcutta Maidan early in 1863. The only members of the Barrackpore Club whose names I remember were, besides myself, Colonel Arthur Broome, Bengal Cavalry; the late Colonel J. Broome, 2nd Punjab Cavalry; the Hon. R. Napier (Lord Napier's eldest son); Colonel Apperly, late 15th Bengal Cavalry; a veterinary surgeon of the name of Farrell, and a Captain King, since deceased. The Calcutta players were chiefly merchants, one of whom went by the name of "Bobbie Hills," a little fellow, I think a relation of the General Hills who was in Kabul with Roberts. On my way up to Peshawur in May 1863, I stayed a few days with my brothers at Cawnpore and Mian Mir, and at each of those places I started the game, having brought up sticks and balls for the purpose. Again, in Peshawur, during 1863-64, polo or "kangai," as it was then called, was played regularly after I had started it. . . . "Polo" is the Tibetan name of the game. I have played at Skardo with the Tibetans; they use a different stick or club. The stick now used in India is the original "kangai" stick. Bamboo balls were always used. As many as seven played on a side, two generally keeping goal. The ponies were 12-2, and the game was by no means a fast one."

From that time forth the game of polo has flourished and increased in popularity with every succeeding year, and a debt of gratitude is certainly due to the Stewart family for having con-

tributed so largely to the introduction and incubation of this magnificent game. In northern India there is scarcely a station, however small, which is without its polo ground; and many regiments, both British and native, have a sufficient number of good players amongst their officers to make up their own game, however isolated their position may be. In Southern India, owing chiefly, I believe, to the dearness and scarcity of ponies, the game does not flourish quite so well; but still it is everywhere most popular, and wherever possible it is played with great vigour.

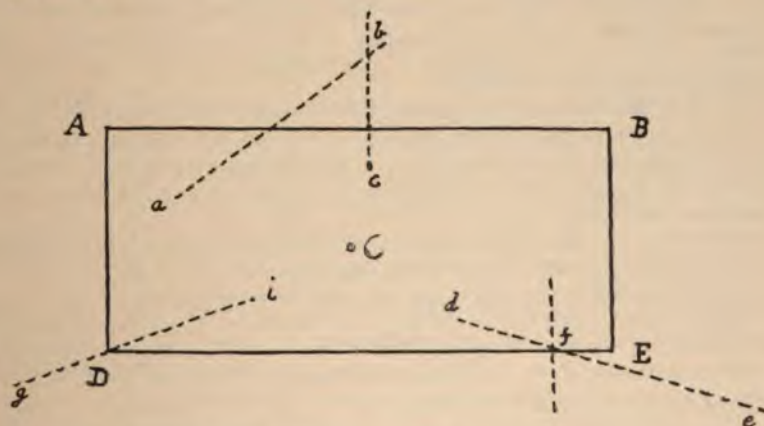
From its earliest days, up to the institution of tournaments in 1876, I believe, polo as a game of skill gradually improved, and at the same time gradually changed its character. It is barely ten years ago since we used to play on small handy ponies, and make elaborate gallery strokes, while the other seven players stood around or tittuped about waiting for their turn. This game, of course, died before the galloping game, and is now entirely obsolete in most parts of the world.

## II.

The first club rules of which we can find any reliable record are those of the Cachar Club. They are given below *in toto*, as likely some day to prove of historic interest.

Rules of the game of "Kangjai,"\* as determined at a meeting of the Cachar Kanjai Club held at Silchar, 1st January 1863 :—

I.—The limits of the ground should be marked off with a small ditch a few inches in depth, thus—



A B should be 200 yards long, and A D 120 yards.

\* The Manipuri name for polo.



II.—The ball should be placed at C, and one of each side endeavour simultaneously to strike it.

III.—When the ball is struck off the ground, either across the line A B or D E, as shown by the dotted line *ab*, umpires, or a bystander, should throw it on again in a direction perpendicular to A B, as marked by the dotted line *bc*.

IV.—When the ball is struck off the ground, either across the line A B or D E, as shown by the dotted line *de*, and is beyond the goal, it is to be brought back to the point *f*, and thrown on the ground perpendicular to the side line.

V.—When the ball is struck over at any of the corners, as shown by the dotted line *i*, it is to be brought to the corner, and struck thence towards *c* by one of the side whose goal was so nearly invaded, as shown in the line *i D g*.

VI.—No player is willingly to strike either his antagonist or his antagonist's horse.

VII.—No player is to lay his hand on his antagonist or his antagonist's rein.

VIII.—Any player, when his antagonist is about to strike the ball, may strike at his antagonist's stick or hook it, but only when the ball is about to be struck or in the neighbourhood of the ball when there is a rush.

IX.—Any player may interpose his horse before his antagonist's so as to prevent his antagonist from reaching the ball, whether in full career or at the slow pace; and this despite the immediate neighbourhood of the ball.

X.—When a stick is broken, its owner is to ride out of the ground to replace it, and on no account is anyone to run in with a stick to him.

XI.—When a stick is dropped, the rider is to dismount and pick it up himself, or one of his side may do it for him, but no outsider is to run in to do so.

XII.—When any derangement occurs in a player's horse-gear, he is likewise to ride out and have it repaired, unless he chooses to play on with it as it is, but on no account is anyone to come on to the ground to repair it.

XIII.—When any player is dismounted he is likewise to catch his own horse, to mount again, or one of his own side may catch it for him; as long as the horse runs off the ground, it may be caught by any outsider.

XIV.—In regular matches, if a player is disabled by a fall or by a hurt, or if his horse is disabled by a fall or by a hurt, so long as that fall or hurt is not occasioned by foul play of the opposite party, neither the player nor his horse are to be replaced by a fresh player or fresh horse. But if the disablement is occasioned by a blow of the adversaries' stick or otherwise, against these rules, a fresh player or a fresh horse may be substituted.

XV.—As a general rule, therefore, in regular matches no player can use fresh horses, or no horse have fresh riders.

XV.—The game is to be commenced under a state of full preparation of both parties, so to be declared by the umpire; or, on both agreeing. All dismounted players' horses being caught and mounted, or horses and players replaced as above provided for, but no dismounting or disablement is to interfere with the course of the game when once begun.

XVII.—When the ball goes off the ground it is not immediately to be flung on again at the feet of any particular player's horse, but, after a time, on to the middle of the ground, when a sufficient number of both sides are there to receive it.

XVIII.—When a player catches the ball in his hands, he can strike it towards his adversaries' goal by tossing it up and hitting it with his stick, and to give him room to do this, he can ride away to clear himself of his enemies; but he can carry the ball no nearer to his adversaries' goal than the place where he first caught it.

XIX.—No dismounted player can strike the ball while he is on foot.

XX.—Spurs and whips may be freely used, but only on the rider's own horse; to beat an adversary's horse is foul play.

XXI.—No man on foot (save dismounted riders), or dogs, or cattle, to be allowed on the ground.

XXII.—It is to be understood that no player shall be under the influence of Bhang-gouja or spirituous liquors.

XXIII.—Any direct or willing act of foul play, when it shall have been so declared by the umpire or umpires, shall at once be declared to have lost the game in a regular match.

It will be seen from a comparison of the above rules with those now in vogue, that the main elements of the game were much the same then as they are now. Rule IX. could not, of course, stand in the present galloping game without giving an undue amount of business to the undertaker. Rule XV. infers that it was usual for a player to use only one pony during a game; a task physically impossible for any pony in the present game. Rule XX. enacts that a rider shall use neither whip nor spurs (!) on his *neighbour's* pony. We should like to see a rule introduced in India forbidding the use of anything but dummy spurs in a tournament or match. Few men know how to use spurs, and fewer still are cool enough to use them with profit, either to themselves or their mounts, in the excitement of a tournament. Rule XXII. is a quaint old rule, for which there is no necessity in these days, in which, according to Mr. Corney Grain, a new-pattern subaltern drinks nothing but lemon-squashes, and those weak.

In comparing the old game with its modern development, the main elements which will be noticed are: (1) the increase of pace; (2) the increase of the size of the ponies, and of the size of the ground; (3) and the subordination of individual play to the combined operations of a team. The old game died before the new game directly it came to a question of which was the most effective in a tournament. And though we are quite ready to acknowledge that the present system is the most paying, in fact, the only paying one in a closely-contested match, yet we cannot help thinking that polo has lost many of its former charms as a game of skill. Formerly every man in a team was a skilled player, using his stick with the freedom and ease of a racquet-bat: his pony was small, and his stick long, and he could take his time over every stroke. I will not say it was unheard of to hustle a man, and the crooking of sticks was sometimes resorted to, but only as a last resource to save a goal, or at some such critical moment. There was a sort of unwritten law that though hustling and bustling were permissible, yet it was not the correct thing to habitually employ them as part of the game. When we come to



look back, there certainly was a considerable amount of common sense and justice in the old view; for we have only to apply hustling and the crooking of sticks to any other game to be at once struck with its absurdity. Suppose, for instance, at cricket, the wicket-keeper were allowed to hustle the batsman—to push him over, we will say, just as he is going to hit the ball; or, suppose that, in a four game of racquets, one of the partners was told off throughout the game to crook the adversaries' racquets, or to hem one of them in the corner of the court, and prevent his hitting the ball at all, it is manifest that the character of that game is quite altered, and, according to present lights, entirely spoilt. In the same way, and for the same reason, polo appears spoilt to one of the old class of players. We certainly sympathize with them a good deal, and should be glad to see, at any rate, a partial return to the old game. At present, out of a team of four men, one is told off to confine himself entirely to the suppression of the enemy's "back"; and another is told off to look after and annoy the enemy's "No. 2"; so that it comes to this, that every member of a team is either engaged in annoying someone else, or being annoyed himself, in hustling or in being hustled. It would not be fair to point out an evil, if evil it is considered, without suggesting a remedy for it. Our remedy is so sweeping that we are afraid most people will stand aghast at its radical nature. It is, in fact, to abolish hustling altogether. Of course, such a measure would entirely alter the present nature of the game, and it would take some little time to get accustomed to the change, but we feel sure that the change would be for the better, besides eliminating one of the great dangers of the game, and which is the cause directly or indirectly of many of the fatal accidents that occur.

### III.

Where money is no object the problem of mounting a polo team is very much simplified; and it is advisable under these circumstances to buy the best "trained" ponies that are to be obtained. The most favourable time to do so would be after the polo tournaments, in March of each year. The purchaser can watch the tournaments all through, and, fixing on the best ponies, buy them regardless of cost, for it will as a rule be found that, though not advertised for sale, nearly every pony has his price, although it may be almost a prohibitive one. Soundness, age, size, appearance, sink into the background as almost secondary considerations when thus purchasing, for as long as the pony is very

fast, handy, and true, and can play perfectly for five minutes during a tournament, we have got all we want. That is where the long purse comes in; a poor man cannot, or certainly ought not, to be able to afford to buy a "screw," whereas a rich man can. In cases where money is a matter of considerable importance, and the regimental team aims at being mounted well at a moderate cost, the problem is much more complicated. There are two classes of pony in the market: one is the raw pony, bought either from a horse-dealer or the native breeder in the horse-breeding districts; and the other is the "trained" polo pony, which has been bought and trained by other hands, and which is usually purchased from a European. In price, if the buyer buys with discrimination, there should be a good deal of difference between the prices of the former and the latter. But before trusting to one's own unaided judgment in purchasing, in either case, it is most necessary to have a fairly clear understanding regarding a few preliminary matters. It is, in the first place, necessary to be an accurate judge of soundness and unsoundness, and the ageing of a horse. Next, a certain amount of experience in purchasing is required; and most men have had to pay pretty heavily to gain this experience; further, a knowledge of the best points to be looked for in a pony, and also of the general shape and look of a model polo pony, are required. Judges of horse-flesh are, I might almost say, born; though even a born judge requires practice and experience. There are men who, if they live to be a hundred, will never know a good horse from a bad one; whilst others, even in the whirl and confusion of an Indian fair, will "spot" the likely ones with almost unerring accuracy. The latter are what may be called born judges; for both they and their less fortunate brethren who have a happy knack of *always* buying the wrong horses and ponies may have had exactly the same practice and experience, and yet one knows a good horse when he sees it and the other does not. This former class of judge is, I am afraid, in danger of becoming a relic of the past, in these days of remount committees. Formerly each regiment bought for itself, through one of its officers: these officers, being in a state of competition with one another, had to exercise their faculties for distinguishing a good horse from a bad one almost at a glance; and the man who could do so best, mounted his regiment on the best horses. Further, the purchaser could year by year watch the working of his purchases, seeing where his errors in judgment came in, and learning to avoid them in future. For the only way to become a first-class



judge is to have experience on a very large scale, your judgment being tempered and corrected by having your failures and successes, working side by side, constantly before your eyes. In pony buying alone it is difficult for anyone, except a horse-dealer, to get experience on this same large scale; and it is therefore all the more important that the would-be purchaser should be well up in the veterinary part of a judge's education before attempting to buy.

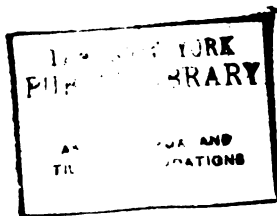
Taking, first, the raw pony. There are raw ponies, and raw ponies: there is the pony which, coming straight from the fields, will go into a game of polo and play "like a book" without any training whatever; and there is, on the other hand, and this is the pony most frequently met with, the animal which requires very careful training and handling before it is fit to take its place in the game. The former class will generally be found to consist of coarse-bred stallions or geldings which have led a virtuous and sober life, their sole occupation having been to transport fat bunniahs or zemindars sedately and securely from village to village. The latter class will consist generally of highly mettled, well-bred mares or stallions which have been bred for the market, and allowed to run wild all their lives, and which have been seldom or ever ridden in the days of their youth. Now there is not one man in fifty who can train one of this latter class successfully, whereas the most inexperienced of youngsters can train one of the former. These two very facts open the door to many failures. A young fellow, either by luck or aided by a friend's judgment, buys one of the former class, and finds after a few weeks' education that it plays beautifully; he thereupon, certainly with some excuse, concludes that he is a heaven-born horse-breaker, and determines to make his fortune without further delay by buying raw ponies for a song, and selling them for vast sums when trained to polo. And it is only when he comes across a highly-mettled animal, as described in our second category, that he sees how much he himself has to learn before he is competent to teach his mount. Therefore my advice is to all, except to that one man in a hundred above mentioned, not to buy raw ponies, and, above all, not to begin to learn polo on a raw pony; for in this latter combination most assuredly will both pony and rider sink into the pit of failure. That one man who can train *any* pony to polo must be a man with perfect hands, seat, and, above all, temper; under his tuition raw ponies do indeed turn into gold. There is only one hint I can give him, as coming from one of the finest riders of the day:



CLIVE AT KÁVÉRIPÁK, 23RD FEBRUARY 1752.

*Vide Malleon's Decisive Battles of India, chap. ii.*





"When you feel that you are getting the least angry with a troublesome youngster, get off and walk home; in a moment of anger or impatience, you may do something which it will take you weeks of patient teaching to undo."

Believe me, there are more men who drop money on raw ponies than those who make a profit on them: their successes are few, their failures many. These being my sentiments, it is perhaps rather inconsistent to attempt to give any hints regarding the training of polo ponies; for I shall thereby feel partially guilty in aiding and abetting the following of a course which seems to me to be an unwise one for the majority of men to follow. However, as nothing I may say will probably deter the majority of men who do so now from buying in the rough in the future, I may as well do my best, with the aid of more experienced horsemen than myself, to give a few hints which may be useful to them.

In buying from dealers, it is necessary to be careful that you do not get an old "sahib's" pony, for ten to one it is a pony that has already proved a failure in some way. At the same time, if you know the pony and its history, and think it will suit you, you may very well use your superior knowledge in bargaining the dealer down to a reasonable figure, for there is no accusation a dealer will more stoutly deny than that his pony is a "sahib's" caster. "No, Sahib" (string of Mohammedan pious invocations), "I swear he came from a Zemindar of Shahpur only four days ago." It is necessary to be well up to dealers' tricks too; and, as a safeguard against fraud, it is wise to insist on keeping his pony in your stables for a few days on trial. It is quite marvellous how, in the course of a single night, a dealer will transform a decrepit old creak into a sprightly youngster. Firstly, by doctoring his teeth, and, secondly, by putting a thick coating of wet clay on his legs. This latter device is especially ingenious, for during the bitterly cold night of a Punjab winter, the clay becomes as cold as death, and as it dries binds to the leg like a strait-waistcoat of ice; the result, from the close cold pressure, is that in the morning the pony's legs are as clean as a colt's. In buying from a dealer, never get a crowd of your friends to help you; nothing makes a dealer more angry and unapproachable than having his animals criticized by a lot of amateurs. Take him and his pony away quietly, and either alone or with the aid of one friend talk the matter over with the owner. It is always wiser to gently argue rather than to get angry or insulting. When a dealer asks Rs. 300 for a pony, instead of saying "Pooh! he is not worth



Rs. 150," it is more effective to mildly disparage the pony, and pick it to pieces—to the dealer alone, of course, and not to a crowd of bystanders.

At a fair, I have known a zemindar take his mare away altogether because a would-be purchaser got angry with him and applied abusive epithets to him, because he would not sell at a reasonable price. A few days afterwards we met the man, and bought the mare at a much lower figure than the other gentleman had offered. I then asked him why he had not sold before at the fair, and his answer was—"That man, Sahib, was a devil; I am fond of the mare, and would not have let her pass into his hands for twice that money." Though we do not certainly find these soft traits in the dealer's character, yet, at the same time, it will always be found that a bargain courteously struck with him also will cost the purchaser less than buying from a wrathful and insulted owner. In buying straight from the zemindar, it is generally customary to use a go-between, who conducts the bargaining part of the business; either with the zemindar himself, or with one of his myrmidons, the two principals meanwhile chatting about indifferent matters.

I was much amused once, out in a village on the Yusufzai plain, when I was purchasing ponies from the villagers. The owner and I sat on charpoys and talked high politics, about the Amir of Kabul, the Russians, and what not: whilst our two "go-betweens" were bargaining together, and constantly referring to their principals in low whispers. The general conversation therefore ran much as follows:—

*The Khan (loq.).*—"Yes, your honour, I have heard that the Cossacks are not to be compared to our sowars, and [*in a low whisper to his 'go-between'*—"Say the mare cost me Rs. 200 only six months ago, and that I cannot let her go for less"] that they ride mere ponies instead of horses."

*I (loq.).*—"So I have heard [*a side whisper to my 'go-between'*—"Say I got a much better pony than that at the last village for Rs. 100; the same that Zafta Khan of Zeydah always rode"], but still they are great scouts, and have a great name in Europe."

And so on, both of us seeming to utterly ignore the matter on hand; which was finally settled to our mutual satisfaction by the "go-betweens," and the rupees paid by my man to the khan's.

In buying a raw pony, we can only be assured of three things—getting a sound animal, well shaped, and likely to turn out well. For the rest we have to trust to luck and the skill exhibited in

training him. To judge of soundness, a man should be well up in the scientific part of the veterinary art; the rudiments of which can be gained by anyone of ordinary intelligence by a careful study of such clearly expressed and thoroughly professional books as Captain Hayes'. This book knowledge should be supplemented by applying his reading to practice, and by picking up wrinkles from old hands. For shape and make, beyond following the general rules to be found in veterinary books, it seems a good practical idea to get the likeness of the best pony of your acquaintance indelibly engraved on your memory, and with that likeness before you always to endeavour to buy an animal as nearly as possible shaped on those lines. Such ponies as Major G. Richardson's "Coquette," Hon. H. A. Lawrence's "Spark," Captain Bligh's "Victory," and Lieutenant C. Rich's "Voltigeur," are pattern ponies of different types. It was intended to give engravings of these ponies, but as it was found that photographs did not do justice to the animals, whereas drawings rather tended to idealize them, they have therefore been omitted.

Next, we come to "made" polo ponies. In buying these, the ordinary purchaser is recommended to make soundness a first and indispensable condition. As before mentioned, where money is no object, it is open to the purchaser to make soundness entirely a secondary consideration to pace and play; for he can afford to pay for a luxury; and no luxury is more costly than a screw. The general purchaser, on the contrary, wants something that will last him some time, and which he can hope to sell without much loss when he goes on furlough. To these men, soundness in a pony is an all important factor; for without soundness, no animal can stand for long the severe strain required of it in playing the game of polo as at present played. It would be well, therefore, unless the purchaser is a practical judge of soundness, to call in the aid of a professional veterinary surgeon before buying a valuable pony. As regards shape and make, the purchaser has not the same difficulties to contend with, as in buying ponies in the rough, for with a "made" pony, we can almost afford to ignore make and shape; and after assuring ourselves of his soundness, we can proceed at once to examine him in the main requisites of a tournament pony—fastness, handiness, and knowledge of and aptitude for the game. Indian ponies, more than most breeds, run to all shapes and sizes; and it is never safe to condemn even the most miserable looking objects without actually trying them. We have known the most abject looking baggage pony rise to the dignity of playing in



a tournament, and its price rise gradually from Rs. 50 to Rs. 500.

In buying a made pony, it is wise to take into consideration the man you are buying from, and his proficiency, or otherwise, at polo, his riding and weight. Under some men's hands, a pony steadily improves till it reaches a point as near perfection as its nature will allow: under others', on the contrary, it will steadily degenerate. It would be admissible to buy a pony from some men without ever even seeing it, in the assurance that their mounts are undoubtedly good; from others, it would be unwise to buy without trial. As to size, it is certainly not advisable to buy anything under a big 13-2 for tournament work, unless a perfectly phenomenal pony of smaller size is obtainable. Small ponies not only cannot, as a rule, hold their own in pace with large ones, but also in hustling weight must tell against them; added to this, there is the danger of being ridden down. Nothing is more appalling to a small pony and his rider than to see one of the modern leviathan ponies bearing down on him at full gallop; and nothing sickens a man more than to feel "out of it," owing to the smallness of his mount. Finally, never, if it can be avoided, buy from an advertisement, without first seeing the pony yourself; the advertiser writes in perfect good faith, no doubt, but he may see his own pony with partial eyes, and on purchasing him you may find that he is not at all that you expected.

Rather an instructive, and, for outsiders, an amusing incident, regarding a pony bought from an advertisement, occurred the other day.

A young civilian down country, falling desperately in love with the advertised description of a pony in the *Pioneer*, telegraphed to the owner that he would take first refusal of the animal, and asked for further particulars by letter. In due course the letter arrived. The pony was a "Bay; perfect polo pony and hack: played in several tournaments; carries a lady; broken to harness; perfectly sound; age 7 years; price, Rs. 500." A stiffish figure, but evidently worth the money, and he is telegraphed for accordingly.

About a week after, a syce (native groom) turns up with a bay pony, but as it has on a blanket and head-piece, its form and shape are not visible.

"A real clipper though, I can see," says Jones, the happy purchaser.

Next morning, he orders the pony to be brought round for a short canter on the polo ground.

"Ha! hum! that's rum; I had a sort of idea that the pony was a 'he,' but 'he' is evidently a 'she'—curious how one gets ideas into one's head without any rhyme or reason," remarks Jones to himself as he prepares to mount. "Walks remarkably well, and holds herself well. Here, syce, give me my polo stick. Whoa! There, old gal, don't be frightened. Never seen a polo stick in your life before, you old humbug—and you a veteran, who has played in several tournaments? Ha, ha! Excellent joke."

But joke or no joke, it took Jones half an hour to get hold of his stick, and when he had got it, the mare put her head down and went straight off into the country, regardless of every impediment which stood in her way, till a herd of cows crossing a bridge brought her up in a heap, but only because she failed to jump the crowd.

"A bit fresh after her railway journey, no doubt; must be rather hard to turn, though, at polo."

Next day, Mrs. Jones was to take the new pony for a short canter in the morning; and, in the afternoon, Jones proposed electrifying the station on his new polo pony. He did; but of that more anon.

Mrs. Jones came back very hot and cross, and ready to bet her best bonnet that the pony had never seen a lady's habit in its life before, much less carried one. At first it spun round like a teetotum, in mortal fear of the onesided-looking black skirt, and then proceeded to try and rub it off against every tree and wall in the station. No wonder Mrs. Jones was cross and angry, for the pony had finally laid itself down in the dust, with a view to rolling, whereupon Mrs. Jones hopped off, and had to walk home with the pony.

In the afternoon Jones took the pony down to polo.

"She will be all right with other ponies. Not accustomed to go about alone, my dear."

She certainly was fond of other ponies, and having got well amongst them, proceeded to dispense a few good-natured kicks indiscriminately around. When the game first began she seemed quite to like it, and frolicked about with the rest of the ponies; a joyous, playful little thing. After about three minutes, though, she had had enough of it, and fond thoughts of home and gram floated through her brain. No sooner thought of than acted upon, and absolutely regardless of the crowd that lined the touch-line, she dashed through it; knocked one man senseless, stampeded a



pony-trap with a lady sitting in it, and nearly decapitating Jones in a low door-way, dashed into her stable.

On the spur of the moment, and fired with an excusable feeling of wrath, Jones sat down and wrote a few warm words to the former owner of the pony, and requested back his money and also to be relieved of the pony.

By return of post he received a quiet and dignified refusal; the character of the pony, as before given, was reiterated, and backed up by the testimony of two independent witnesses who had seen the pony play excellently in tournaments. The letter ended with a dubious reference to Jones's equestrian powers. So Jones had to consume his wrath, and keep the pony.

Months afterwards, a friend was lunching with him who had known the pony in former days, and after lunch asked to see it again.

He had no sooner set eyes on it than he exclaimed—

“Why, that 's not the pony I mean! He was a gelding, I know, and that is a mare!”

To make a long story short, after a lot of writing and hard swearing, it was discovered that the same pony that had been despatched had not been the one to reach Jones; in fact, an exchange had been made on the way down country, and Jones's Rs. 500 pony had been swapped for a worthless mare. The original syce who had done this exceedingly smart trick had meanwhile taken his discharge, and could never be traced again. Jones has never again bought from an advertisement without seeing his purchase first; and we advise you to follow his example.

#### IV.

We will now give a few notes on the training of a polo pony. See, first, that your mount is comfortably and suitably bitted, and that his saddle fits comfortably; then use him for hacking work only, till both you and he are perfectly accustomed to each other and perfect friends. With many ponies, this preliminary training will require a month, and sometimes more; with others, on the contrary, a few days' hacking will be found sufficient. The rider must be the judge as to when he and his pony are at complete accord. During this period of hacking, it is well to gradually introduce a polo stick; at first, merely holding it quietly, and afterwards, if it is seen that the animal is not afraid of it, gently whirling it round and round on both sides; very great care being taken that the pony is not accidentally hit by it. Having got him

quite accustomed to the stick, get a ball and knock it about quietly at a walk for a couple of hours a day, until he follows it without showing any signs of fear. Next, teach him to be handy and quick at turning, firstly, by circling him small to right and left, and also describing a figure of 8 in a riding school ; secondly, by starting him off short splits and easing up, then turning sharp round and cantering sharp back again ; again turning and repeating the manœuvre, till the pony quite understands what is required of him, viz. to start sharp into a gallop, to pull up at any moment, turn on his own axis, and go back on the same line at a gallop. Having got so far in his education, next canter him after the ball, at first straight ahead, and then interspersing a few back-handers at intervals. The rider would do well to avoid trying fancy strokes till later in the pony's training, for he is very apt to hit his pony in executing them, and a slight hit makes a more lasting impression on a youngster's memory than dozens of hits on an old polo pony's. When he is quite steady and handy, the pony may be galloped about near a game, carrying an umpire, for instance, for a few minutes at a time. Next, he may be taken into a game, for a few minutes only at first ; his period of play being gradually increased, till he can play the full time which will be required of him without getting excited and out of hand. As before stated, it is impossible to fix exactly the length of time required for training a pony, because ponies vary so much in temperament, docility, and aptitude ; but it may be generally stated that a pony should not be taken into a game under three months' training. The first great essential to success, more especially in the earlier phases of a pony's education, is to keep him steadily at it day after day, and not to train him spasmodically. The second is *never* to get angry with him. If you find wrath arising in your bosom, just dismount and walk home. It is, as often as not, your fault that things are going wrong and not the pony's, for a pony does not smoke strong cigars nor drink a multitude of pegs, and, consequently, he does not wake up on a scorching morning with a mouth like an ashpit, and a head seething and aching to the splitting point ; whereas, you may possibly have done all these things.

Such, briefly, is a pretty sure way of effectively training a polo pony—given fair hands, fair seat, and all-abiding patience.

(To be continued.)



# Wanderings of a War Artist.

NEW SERIES.

## THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

By IRVING MONTAGU.

### CHAPTER VIII.



THE qualifications of a war correspondent should be three-fold: an iron constitution, a laconic, incisive style, be it with pen or pencil, and sufficient tact to establish a safe and rapid connecting link between the forefront of battle and his own headquarters in Fleet Street or elsewhere. I have known several good men and true, eminently fitted by their skill, power of endurance, and pluck, to have played conspicuous parts, but who, lacking the strategy necessary to their office, have comparatively come to grief. Hundreds of their sketches or letters sent from the front have gone no farther than the military field-post, where they have been destroyed or, on the other hand, fallen into the possession of unscrupulous messengers who, once paid, have made small work of them.

As I have already said, our most trusty postmen in Asia Minor were in many cases brigands, who, having everything to gain by the delivery of what was to them valueless, found honesty for the time being the best policy.

For my own part, in all Bulgaria, I found only two men devoted to my interests, my servant—a most invaluable fellow—and myself. During the time I was at Plevna, I never once trusted to the tender mercies of the Russian field-post; I always sent, or personally took, my sketches across the Danubian frontier, and when they were actually deposited in Roumanian mail-bags, I felt I knew, that within a measurable time, they would find their way to the editorial sanctum of the *Illustrated London News*.

On one occasion, when returning across the Danube's blue waters to Plevna from one of these errands, I witnessed a scene which I at once put to paper and sent on to the *Illustrated News*, and when, in due course, it appeared, I found myself very much "wanted" in certain quarters for some considerable time by the incensed Russian authorities, who may now learn, for the first time, that camp-followers are as capable of contrivance as Muscovite diplomatists. The incident forms a subject of illustration, representing a number of Turkish prisoners occupied in the unsavoury task of breaking up the gravestones of their ancestors



PLEVNA FROM PORODIM.

to make roads over which to drag the heavy Russian field-pieces to Plevna.

To a sensitive mind, this would be a refined punishment indeed ; but—let us hope the average Turk introduced little sentiment into his task. Yet there were many I noticed who felt it acutely, and who even chose the alternative—imprisonment—rather than desecrate God's acre. Here and there Russian artillerymen posted themselves, ready to menace with knotted whips those who were tardy in the work of demolition. How that sketch ever circumvented the Russians, and arrived in the Strand, puzzled more than one wiseacre at Porodim and elsewhere, for little did they



suppose at that time that, with "a smile which was childlike and bland," there was a camp-follower among them taking notes.

There is something curiously capricious about war; you turn out in the morning, are out all day, often all night too, for the matter of that, yet it is impossible to foretell what may happen the next moment. Experience teaches nothing; all seems as incomprehensible as the animal you found in the Noah's Ark of your childhood, when you wondered in your innocence if it were a camel or a sheep. Even that every-day meal, breakfast, has its unexpected incidents, and dinner, the culinary arrangements of which have been superintended by a representative of the British press, often turns out a marvellous—if not an agreeable—surprise. Coningsby always aimed at gastronomic excellence, especially on one occasion; but, alas! he aimed only. His efforts in this particular case took the shape of an omelette—a memorable omelette—which he strove to make in a Bulgarian utensil, which was something between a kettle and a saucepan, and which we ultimately poured out of the spout. We drank it out of cups. Ye Gods! it was a mystic concoction indeed.

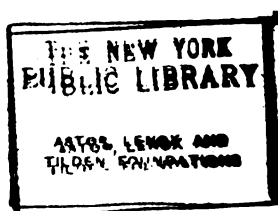
His great international stew, as he called it, was, however, a marked success, a concoction in which tinned soups, fish, flesh, fowl and vegetables played very mixed parts. Like the "penny surprise packet" of the London toy-shops, you never knew what was going to turn up; just as a strongly suspicious flavour of rabbit began to assert itself, you found it glided rapidly into that of sardines, succeeded in turn by boiled mutton and pickled cabbage. In those rough times we did not look for quality; a good substantial stew of *something* was quite sufficient, no matter what the ingredients might be; it was satisfying, and that was everything.

It is astonishing, however, how vigorous good health and a well-sharpened appetite adjust matters, for we were afterwards able to sleep snugly through the bombardment, which was a running accompaniment to all we did, without a shadow of indigestion, and even to withstand, as a rule, the howling of those wolves which at night came down in hundreds, seeking what they might devour, always supposing the object of their attention was beyond the power of retaliation, for they had too much dead material at hand to be very dangerous to the living; yet there was always something indescribably weird and grim about the short snapping bark of those mangy scavengers, as they scurried past us, scraping and raking about in the darkness, as they went in quest of food.



THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.





Amongst the many contributions I sent home was one of our little encampment so attacked, in which Coningsby and myself were depicted issuing from our tents with our revolvers cocked, endeavouring to scare the intruders. I may here mention incidentally Coningsby's version of this, given at a Press dinner my brethren of the pen and pencil, in their kindness of heart, gave me on my return to England. The portion referring to those wolves ran somewhat as follows :—

Never, under any circumstances, gentlemen, should any of you become correspondents, go to the front with a war artist ; they are dangerous to a degree on the war-path, I can assure you. Some here may remember a picture in the *Illustrated London News*, representing Montagu and myself attacked by wolves in our encampment at Plevna. The true story of the origin of that sketch has never been told ; you shall have it now.

I was in sorry plight ; all day had I been on the move in quest of incident, and now my well-earned repose was to be disturbed by crowds of howling, blear-eyed beasts



outside. I was utterly disgusted. Suddenly a brilliant idea suggested itself ; there was at least one way out of the difficulty. If there was one thing in this world calculated, above all others, to scare those wolves, it would be a sketch by the special artist of the *Illustrated London News* ; so, without more ado, I rushed into Montagu's tent, seized one of his latest productions, and rushing out into the open, displayed it by the light of the moon to those noisy intruders. The effect was magical ; with a howl that I can never forget they frantically tore away, far out into their dreary Balkan retreats. But, gentlemen [he went on], there is a terrible sequel to this, which proves—beyond the shadow of a doubt—how dangerous a travelling companion your war artist is.

About an hour afterwards, those persistent wolves actually came back again in redoubled numbers, and then it was that a terrible vengeance fell upon me. Montagu came flying into my tent—he startled me. Had one of the brutes got hold of him ? No ; he came in breathless haste, saying, “ There is but one thing alone now left to us, otherwise we shall be devoured ; it's a terrible resource, but extreme cases require



extreme measures!" and with this he rushed forward and seized my last manuscript for the *Times*. The next moment found him outside facing a crowd of those lean beasts, reading aloud to them one of the paragraphs from my article. It was *more* than enough for our four-footed enemy. They rushed out of sight in less than no time; indeed, I have been told, they have not been seen in Bulgaria since.

Oh, that I had lived in the reign of King Edward; I might then have amassed untold wealth without leaving the shores of our own tight little island.

Take Coningsby's story with the proverbial grain of salt if you will—reference to it finds a proper place here; but, at the same time, let it not for one moment interfere with the continuity of our story of every-day life at Plevna.

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Hark! what is that? Yes, it must be the Muezzin calling the Faithful to prayers. What an awful predicament!

It was early morning. The *Times* correspondent, myself, and four Russian officers had been taking a ride round the lines before breakfast. Our horses were fresh, and what with giving them rein on this account, and a dense fog preventing our seeing many inches before our noses, we had lost our way so utterly that we were only saved from going straight into the Ottoman camp—which would have meant certain death—by that timely call to prayer, chanted in measured tones by the Muezzin—

"Allah, el Allah! Allah be praised!"

We reined in instantly, wondering which way to turn next, yet fearing almost to turn at all lest we should be detected. Happily for us, the snow was so deep that our approach had at least been noiseless. As far as sound is concerned, nothing is so deceptive as fog; and this made our present situation all the more perplexing, as our next move might actually lead us into the very jaws of death.

We were at that moment just, as it were, within the very grip of the enemy; one false step and we should be lost. Imagine, if you can, a moment more critical; and then suppose, peering through the fog as we did, ten or twelve shadowy horsemen approaching. Mechanically we drew our revolvers, waiting with stolid determination to sell our lives as dearly as possible in the impending struggle.

Just as an old picture looms out from the dust of ages under the touch of the expert renovator, so did those horsemen assume form and colour through that curtain of heavy, cold, grey mist. The tension was terrible. Closer and closer they came—our lives were not worth five minutes' purchase—when, to our infinite surprise,

we discovered those horsemen to be Cossack scouts, and not, as *we* had decided they must be—Turks. I need hardly say, that under their guidance we were soon within our own lines again.

As I live over again the incidents of the campaign, I am reminded, whilst relating my experience in that fog, of another incident later on the same day, after our return from that morning's ramble.

Being anxious to discover as many good pictorial incidents as I could, I had started out alone, intent on picking up what came in my way, leaving Coningsby hard at work, writing his article for the *Times* in our mud hut at Porodim.

Now it so happened that, in making for one of the redoubts, I somehow again lost my bearings; being attracted this time to a valley in another direction, where a group of soldiers were watering their horses at one of those picturesque wells peculiar to Bulgaria. Indeed, I had half finished a rough sketch of my surroundings, when, to my surprise, those Russians and myself discovered we were in a position more exposed than pleasant; so, finding we were in a gap between two redoubts, and within full range of the Turkish rifle pits, we were soon obliged to beat a hasty retreat in quest of cover. I am not likely to forget that time, for the moment I ascended a slight elevation a rattling fire opened upon me. The enemy had evidently spotted me, and good sport I was, no doubt—to them. Again beating a retreat, more rapid than strategic, I was still the object of their painfully pointed attentions. No bewildered, hunted hare ever bolted in greater trepidation than I did to get clear of that enemy's fire.

Run? Why, bless you, I nearly ran my legs off. At length, with a great gasp of relief, I found myself under shelter of a redoubt, where at least I was screened from everything save shell-fire.

By the time I had reached this spot, experience had taught me to know a good thing when I found it, so I determined, with permission of the officer in command, to "bide a wee" till such time as, with greater safety, I could get back to Porodim. An occasional shell diversified the monotony of one's sitting sketching in the snowdrifts of the earthworks, till time wore on, and I was hoping for that opportunity of escape to more congenial quarters, when, to my utter astonishment, and in a state of the wildest excitement, there rushed in for protection—yet another correspondent. It was Coningsby, of the *Times*, whom I had left but a few hours before scribbling away in our hut at Porodim. He, like myself, had



wished to pick up subject in the more advanced lines ; and he, also, had not only been caught as I had, but had actually hastened to the shelter of the same redoubt. He, however, was better informed than myself ; for, to my surprise, he told me we were in the Grivitza—that ambition of the War Correspondent, the satisfaction of being in which had been accorded to so few. When he had recovered breath, he gasped out—

“I say, Montagu, this incident is too good to lose ; but the worst of it is, the world won’t believe us. Yet, stay ; I have it. In the sketch you have just made for the *Illustrated* introduce me as I am, in the foreground, and I’ll put a graphic account of your presence here into the *Times*.”

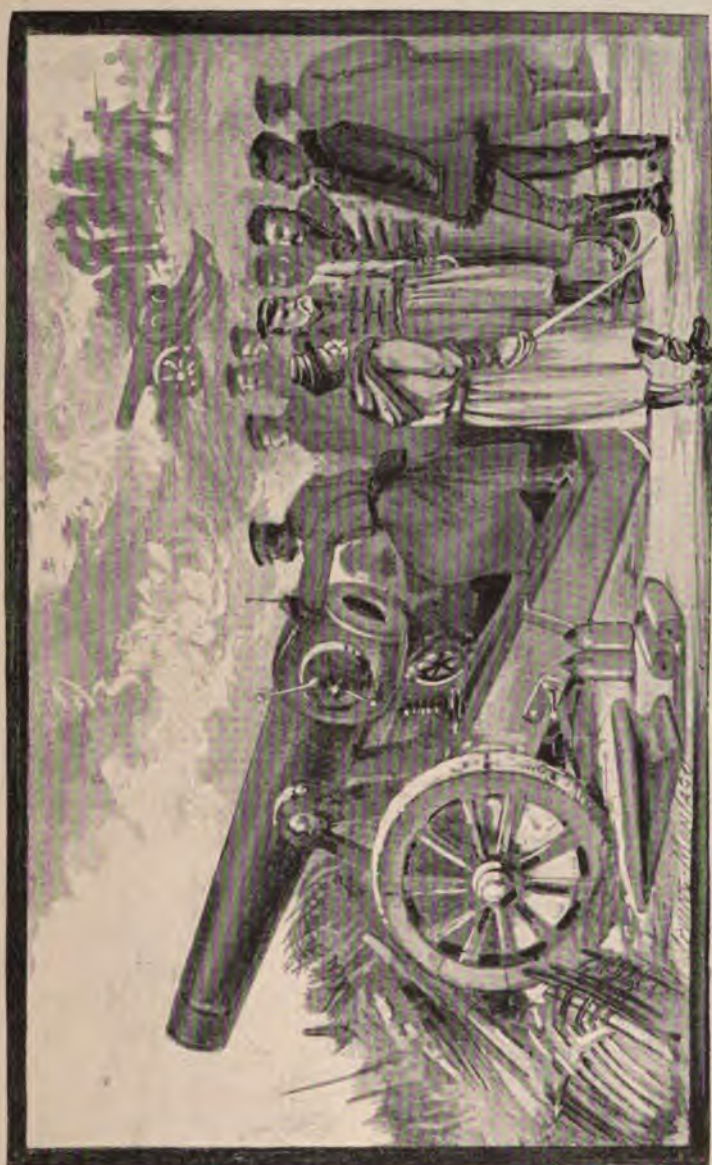
And so it came about that a picture appeared not long afterwards,



truthfully representing the *Times* and the *Illustrated News* correspondents heroically (?) holding their own in the interests of their respective papers.

Talking of this, brings me naturally to another notable earth-work, the Radishevo redoubt, and of a curious incident which occurred there.

To begin with, on my arrival there early one morning I observed that the officers and men were immensely excited, watching something at a distance with intense interest. This very naturally aroused my curiosity. With the aid of my field glasses I presently discovered a Turkish messenger, at present a mere pigmy in the distance, galloping in hot haste across an open space to get under



BEFORE PLEVNA.





cover of a Turkish redoubt. A despatch bag could distinctly be seen strapped to his side, and by the direction he was taking we could clearly see his intended destination.

Poor miserable Moslem! little did he dream he was the object of so much concern. At that moment, on his special account, a gun was sighted so as to cover the entrance to the Turkish earthworks, through which, in all human probability, he must presently pass. His time was at hand. The excitement of those round about me grew momentarily greater. Suddenly there came the hush of absorbed interest. Alas, poor mortal! could he have seen us at that moment, he might well have sighed "All is as nothing, now." The scream of the shell as it whizzed through the air proclaimed all too plainly that the messenger of Death had started to meet that messenger of War. It did its work unerringly, for the next moment we saw it burst just outside that Turkish redoubt; a dead horse and its rider lying prone and much mixed on the spot. Then—aye, then you should have seen the wild delight of those artillerymen in the Radishevo. The gun had been well sighted indeed. Had they all received decorations at that moment, they could not have been more elated; and when Russian artillerymen dance fandangoes in redoubts, it is with a delirium inconceivable even in the piping times of peace.

Of course, many stampedes took place during the investment; notably one of about sixty or seventy scared horses, which galloped pell-mell into the Turkish lines—spoils of war which were thoroughly appreciated, no doubt, and were most acceptable to some of the worst mounted of the Bashi-Bazouks, whose original hacks were promptly devoured.

In cases of sudden alarm, save with artillery horses, which, being accustomed to cannonading, are naturally not so easily scared, horses, as a rule, set picketing at naught; indeed, with all armies, this seems to be a vexed subject, the Belgians appearing to carry the palm for simplicity. From the first, their horses are thoroughly trained in the utter futility of resistance; this being done by attaching them by horse-lines to iron rings embedded in a stone floor. When thus firmly secured, every possible means to scare them is devised.

Of course, at first, the silly young things do all they can to break away, till with experience comes philosophy. Their efforts to gain their liberty become less and less, till, thoroughly recognizing the fact that they are helpless, they resign themselves to their fate; and so satisfied do they become of the immovability of picket-



pegs that, in their maturer years, they require only the slightest thing in the world to secure them, being thoroughly impressed in their youth that those pegs aforesaid are more than a match for them.

It is a common practice on the Continent, where this scheme is adopted, to picket a number of horses thus, and then with fire-works and other devices to literally make their hair stand on end with fright. The Cossacks, to use a nautical phrase, hobble their horses fore and aft when they turn them out to grass; not so, however, when on picket duty; then the bridle is fastened lightly over the pommel, and the small Cossack horse is secured beyond the possibility of stampede—indeed, so attached as a rule are beast and rider, that horse-lines are replaced by those nearer ties which make them inseparable.

\* \* \* \*

Courage, I take it, is an abstract quality which it is difficult to define; anyhow, those who profess not to know what fear is, are minor heroes compared with those who realise danger and, facing it, overcome their natural dread. No man of real experience minds admitting that there have been times when it has required all the moral effort at his command to overcome the strong desire he has had, at a moment of extreme danger, to make himself conspicuous by his absence. The cases I quoted during the Franco-Prussian and Carlist campaigns are in point, and many similar ones might be mentioned; one, in particular, comes vividly to my memory now.

I was leaving the advanced lines one day, after hot shelling had been going on for many hours, when my attention was called to a small squad of men, commanded by an officer, going to the rear of one of the redoubts. I noticed two physically fine fellows, bare-headed and without arms, who were in advance of the rest, marching with firm tread and in moody silence: they were deserters—men whose bravery till that morning had been beyond the shadow of suspicion, who had fought like lions, but who, in a moment of panic, had bolted out of the earthworks in which, till that unhappy moment, they had been working like Trojans in the very teeth of a galling fire. One had probably influenced the other; and now they were going with a courage, which was affecting, to meet their death at the hands of their comrades. A drum-head court-martial had settled the matter in a few minutes; they had been caught in the act, brought back, and sentenced.

The mute appeal of these men as they passed me, prompted my

speaking to the officer in command of the firing party in French, who, in excellent English—guessing my nationality from my accent, I suppose—replied, in a few words, that which I have recorded as to their oft-tested courage; but he had no power—example must be made. It was a sudden spasm of fear which had brought about the death of two men whose bravery might, but for this, have won them exceptional distinction. I declined to join the firing party as a spectator to this last scene in their uneventful history, the b-r-r-r-r of half-a-dozen muskets (a few moments afterward) telling the tale all too clearly, as I made my way back to Porodim, there to complete my sketch of the incident, and wonder of what queer material this same courage could be made.



At the time of which I speak, Osman Pasha was of course cut off in Plevna from the outside world, his only chance of joining the long expected relief being to find a weak point in the cordon of steel by which his devoted army was girt about, and to force it, for sheer starvation stared them in the face; while the Russians had unlimited supplies of all kinds—indeed, it is impossible to conceive the vast butcheries necessary to an immense army, such as that of the Czar's when on the war-path. Picture to yourself the condition of men whose sole occupation from morning to night is slaughter, in order to keep so great a community supplied. It was marvellous, too, to look around in that immediate neighbourhood,



and see herd upon herd of cattle secured in pens, which like that other animal, man, awaited death.

The giving out of rations was an occasion for no end of fun. Here a refractory ram was almost more than a master for the energetic linesman who struggled to secure him ; there an artilleryman, as if he would unlimber a big gun, makes frantic efforts to bring an obstinate ox into subjection. Again, a burly Cossack calmly strides off in another direction with a dead sheep slung over his shoulders ; and so on, to the end of a very long chapter might I go had I space at command, to show how, heart and soul, hungry humanity goes into an affair the ultimate end of which means—dinner.

The exorbitant prices of those stores we took with us in our waggon to the front must not be forgotten, an idea of which may be obtained from the following, which is a copy of a receipt from Coningsby, the *Times* correspondent :—

Received from Irving Montagu, Esq., the sum of Nine Pounds sterling, being half the expenses for stores from Bucharest to Plevna.

ROBERT CONINGSBY (*Times*),

£9 0 0.

Bucharest, Oct. 8th, 1877.

The above was for my share of tinned meats alone, purchased in Bucharest, and consumed on the march within a week. £18 for these, apart from bread, fresh meat, and other necessities, seems at least enough ; but when I say that pickles were sold at 7s. 6d. to 10s. a bottle, sardines from 5s. to 8s. a tin, and so on, you will see that the total may soon be run up. Money made the man round about Plevna, as indeed it does all the world over ; and one's pockets had to be well filled, if life were to be made worth the living. Very bad claret was from 8s. to 12s. a bottle, while such luxuries as spirits and wines fetched fabulous prices.

To return, however, to the investment. Let us take next in order the battle of Gorny Dubnak, one of the bloodiest engagements, either in Europe or Asia, during the war. Out of three regiments, 154 officers alone were placed *hors de combat* ; indeed, the taking of the great redoubt was due entirely to the pluck of private soldiers, who, with great loss, accomplished it.

It was a foggy morning, and the first intimation of the coming conflict was heavy cannonading ; the Russians then concentrated three infantry regiments on the spot, the Turks receiving them with a withering fire. Victory to the Russians would mean drawing the girdle of investment nearer to strangulation point, while their failure might mean the ultimate escape of Osman. A Turkish

officer for a moment appeared above the smaller redoubt to encourage his men, the next he was lifeless, shot by a Russian; then one wild, mad charge, and in a few moments it was in the hands of our side. There was a perfect rain of bullets as the cross fire every moment grew more desperate; the loss of life was terrible, earthwork after earthwork giving way, till at last, at the rear of some old ramshackle buildings, the Turks were reduced to holding their own.

At this point a wild spirit of enterprise rose amongst the Russians, as to who should be the first to follow up the advantage gained. But still the great redoubt held out, the steady fire from the Turks who occupied it keeping the Muscovites still at bay. At last the very ditch immediately under it was taken, the Turks hurling *débris* of all sorts on their assailants, being unable to mount their breastworks and fire upon them for fear of the instant death which, when so exposed, awaited them; while the Russians could only retort by hurling mud and stones back on the defenders. It was a unique fight, in which a callous disregard for life on both sides led to terrible slaughter, and its name on the page of history will be handed down amongst those of battles well won.

It was a memorable day, was that of Gorny Dubnak; and though, of course, such was not the case, it seemed as if the whole of the defences of the beleaguered town had taken up the chorus.

Far and wide the echoes resounded, leaping from hill to hill, till lost in distant murmurs; the fact was that during the fight a distracting fire was kept up all round the cordon, on which the mingled clouds of vapour and smoke hung heavily.

The wars of man and those of the elements always seem to me to have a sort of affinity. Surely the cumulous clouds, as they hurry-skurry across the hitherto placid sky, may bear comparison with the legions who meet in deadly strife; the hail of bullets, the fitful flash of powder, and the thunder of the guns, are like Jove's artillery let loose; while the surging thousands represent a sea whose breakers are bayonets, the overwhelming force of which is death; then now and again a shell comes scudding over the turbulence below, screeching and moaning in the trajectory of its deadly flight like some wild sea-mew swooping down upon the wreck of all things human here below. I remember it was with some such reflections as these, another day done, another victory won, and night closing in, that I returned to quarters.

During the fighting round Plevna, the Bulgarian contingent were



ever anxious, though their opportunities were few and far between, to play their little part; and I am particularly reminded, in illustration of this, of a day when some big field-pieces had to be got into position, how highly honoured a number of them felt who were deputed to bring one of those heavy guns over a rugged upland. They were like school-boys out for a half holiday with a new toy—a lovely big cannon all to themselves—each one wanted to be first, to show how well he could do it; and even those who were elbowed out for sheer want of room were not content till they could squeeze in somewhere and seize a spoke or help push up even in the rear of several others, so as to have had a finger in the glorious work.

During one of their many sorties, an admirable *ruse de guerre* was resorted to by the Turks, who not only secured a large number of the uniforms of dead Russians, in which they proceeded to equip themselves, but also availed themselves of the services of an officer who spoke the language sufficiently well to give the Russian word of command. The day was quite hazy enough for them to be at first only indistinctly seen, so they determined to play the part of a retreating column, and when it was remarked by the Muscovites that their backs were to the Russian lines—their uniforms Russian, and, moreover, that the word of command on their coming closer was given in Russian—they were naturally supposed to be a Russian column in retreat, so to fire broadcast into their own men would scarcely be politic. The command for opening out was at once given, and it was not till when well in the midst of the unsuspecting invaders that the *ruse* was discovered, when, taken completely by surprise, the small body of Muscovites who held the position, after a short and stubborn resistance, beat a precipitate retreat, and though many were killed on both sides, the Turks eventually held the vantage point by one of the cleverest tricks which have been recorded amongst the episodes of modern warfare.

I am not exaggerating when I say that if there is one thing more terrible than to be present on a battle-field during the night immediately succeeding a fight, it is to be within the comparative security of a mud hut, listening to the combined sounds without which make night hideous. It would require the pen of a Dante to describe the medley of horrors one hears. The distant melancholy howling and barking of wolves, the dreary and weird scream of the night bird, each and all intent on their ghastly banquet; then the jolting, creaking sound of the long trains of

bullock waggons, as they trundle along, winding their weary way slowly over the crisp, frosty, uneven ground, bearing innumerable freights of groaning sick and wounded, who writhe each moment to some fresh agony; and to this one perpetual monotonous accompaniment of big guns, despatching, day and night, their death-dealing missiles into the besieged and shattered town yonder. No pen or pencil can convey an idea of the every-day (interwoven) horrors of life at the front; nor can anyone conceive (except the experienced) the strange longing one has, *ad interim*, for great events, which prevent one brooding on the miseries which surround one. Nor do these confine themselves to the immediate neighbourhood of the field of action—their effect may be traced for miles



and miles to the rear; the trail of the serpent is to be found in violated homes, villages deserted, down-trodden plantations, and fever-stricken districts, far, far beyond the wake of actual war.

In Bulgaria, by the way, they have an odd custom of sanitation in their villages which, in its refrain, savours somewhat of this great city during the Great Plague; an idea of which I may give you on referring to some notes on the subject, which at the time I sent home to the *Illustrated London News*, with corresponding sketches:—

“Bury your dead!” is the proclamation made in a village near the Grivitza redoubt. With an audience of sick and wounded soldiers (says our artist), many looking as if their own interment, if any, were a matter of no far distant date, there was something



so grim and quaint about this little episode that I send you a sketch of it. The crier is paid by the villagers, a general collection being made for the purpose, at the rate of about fourpence a day. He takes upon himself, for this consideration, the entire responsibility of disposing of, or seeing disposed of, any carcases which happen to lie in or about the neighbourhood. This, however, is not considered as an equivalent for the high remuneration he receives; so, by an old Bulgarian law, he has to provide any strangers who may enter the village after sunset with supper and a bed. I have had his charge translated to me, and it runs as follows:—

“Do ye hear! do ye hear! do ye hear! Bury your dead!—oh, bury your dead! Good people, all listen; then bury your dead!” One Georgevich, on the day previous to my arrival, had neglected this very necessary sanitary measure; but whether it applied to his wife, his grandmother, or his cow, I could not ascertain. The crier, however, who knew how “to point a moral and adorn a tale,” took care to do so on arriving at the delinquent’s house-top (for his harangue always comes from the house-tops). “Do ye hear! do ye hear!—O wicked Georgevich! Pay no more fines, but bury your dead!” And the burial of the dead is a great matter, too, just now round about Plevna, I assure you.

\* \* \* \*

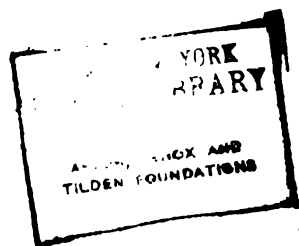
It was a terrible winter in Bulgaria that of 1877–78, and, perhaps, one of the most trying of our rough experiences was when, unable to get messengers in camp—having sent our own, with sketches and letters for England, down to the Danube—we had, after a hard day at the front, to start off ourselves in order to get our communications through. One night I shall ever remember. A Russian officer, his servant, and myself, having requisitioned a rude country drosky, a tumble-down affair, started on one of these expeditions; he intent on joining his regiment, I on getting my sketches through to Roumania. It was a fearful night, in every sense of the word. The wind, piercingly cold, whistled and scudded around us, hurling the fast-falling, drifting snow with such force before it that we were nearly blinded as we faced it; it lay wrapped like a winding sheet on the surrounding hills as we rode through the darkness and peered, as best we could, into the black expanse beyond. Then, to make matters worse, a dense fog came creeping up, till the smallest landmarks we had left to us were completely hidden from view. However, the ardour of the special should not be easily damped; and the Russian had to go, come what might. So, with their cracked bells tinkling on their rotten harness, our horses struggled on.

The drosky driver was too sanguine; a dream of Russian roubles and English gold had obscured his mental vision. He felt he knew the way to the village of which we were in quest; but we, as hour succeeded hour, and none of the signs which should have helped us came in sight, began to have grave doubts, which were momentarily increased by the rapidly thickening fog, and the unceasingly heavy



SNOWED UP.





snowfall which came in gusts of blinding fury, and whisked and whirled about us like some storm fiend come from its home amongst the peaks of the Balkans to crush us in its icy clutches. Thus the long hours of night wore on, and the wind at last abated. Then came a quiet, an awful stillness, which up in those mysterious altitudes was absolutely appalling—quite beyond description.

It was, indeed, a memorable time ; and not to us only, for it was on this night, out of a detachment of 400 men sent to occupy a position not very far from Porodim, that 70 of their number were in the morning discovered stone dead—frozen to death in that same terrible snowstorm ; though this is only one of very many instances which happened, on that and similar nights, round about Plevna during that fearful winter.



BURY YOUR DEAD!



## The Rev. Arthur Robins.



THE REV. ARTHUR ROBINS was brought to Windsor in 1873. In that year he was instituted rector of the parish of Holy Trinity, and was appointed Chaplain of the Household Troops. It was, it is understood, upon the advice of the late Bishop Wilberforce, that Dean Wellesley, acting on behalf of the Queen, offered this great position to Mr. Robins. His experience in Windsor during nearly seventeen years will probably some day furnish material for a very interesting volume. Meanwhile, it may be put on record that the work of the Rev. Arthur Robins in the Royal Borough has been full of adventure, enterprise, and in some directions, of national concern. He sought, first of all, to make soldiers understand that no man need offer an apology for having "gone for a soldier," but that, on the contrary, worthily wearing the Queen's uniform entitled a man to respect and regard. Soldiers in uniform had been accustomed to be treated with contempt whenever they appeared in public places.

In the parks, at theatres, and in hotels, indignities of every kind had been offered gratuitously to soldiers in uniform. Mr. Robins determined to put a stop to this, and resolved that a self-respecting soldier should not only be tolerated but respected. When a non-commissioned officer in the 1st Life Guards was turned out of the coffee-room of a Windsor hotel, because his uniform offended some superfine people, who could not eat their supper in the presence of a soldier, Mr. Robins had a question asked in Parliament of the Government as to whether this treatment of the Queen's uniform at the instance of vulgar-minded people was legal, and the answer was such a triumph for the action Mr. Robins had taken, that this class of affront is never again likely to be offered to a soldier. When the Household Troops went to the Egyptian war, the Rev. Arthur Robins wrote a prayer and hymn for the Brigade, which many of the men carried round

their necks, and bore into battle and every place of peril. Upon the return of the 2nd Life Guards to Windsor from foreign service a grand thanksgiving service was held at Holy Trinity Church. It was one of the most impressive scenes ever witnessed in a church, and the "demonstration" at the great banquet given at the Riding School at the Cavalry Barracks a few days later, showed what the personal relations between Mr. Robins and his soldiers were. When his health was proposed a scene began which those who witnessed it can never forget. The men shouted and sung, and roared out their acclamations of greeting to their chaplain. For many minutes they cheered him, and blessed all who belonged



to him, until the band took up the refrain of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," in which all the regiment joined with stentorian voice.

As a parish clergyman, Mr. Robins has taken the deepest interest in seeking to improve the houses of the poor. The slums of Windsor are notorious and self-evident. They discredit Windsor thoroughfares and highways; they demoralize hundreds of the poor; they are a source of great moral evil to the soldiers.

Some years ago Mr. Robins began a war against them. This brought upon him the bitterest persecution. Never since the days of the Prince Consort had anyone dared to give the poor of Windsor better homes. An uproar amongst the owners soon began an uproar amongst the people. The powers and authorities



in Windsor gave Mr. Robins no countenance. Those who by reason of their position should have gone for him, raised their voices against him. They did their best to stir up the victims of the slums to do him violence. It was then Mr. Robins against all Windsor; but he persevered and prevailed. The poor people were told he wanted to put up their rents and turn them out into the streets; whilst he only desired to lower their rents and get them homes instead of hovels. Then at last the crisis came. One evening in August 1886 Mr. Robins was burnt in effigy on the "Cobler" by Eton Bridge, the instigators of this outrage taking advantage of the hour when the Household Troops were confined to barracks. But they only injured themselves. Soon after, the Royal Borough was by the Local Government Board officially inspected, when the enemies of the Rev. Arthur Robins were put to flight and silence, for the judgment pronounced on the Windsor slums was that "the older courts and alleys of Windsor were in some, or in all, respects *pitiably bad*."

Through this long and bitter conflict Mr. Robins had all the soldiers with him. They knew he was fighting for a righteous cause, and the whole of the Household Brigade was on his side. A few days after the burning of him in effigy he went to the sports of the 1st Life Guards at the Spital Barracks, where he had himself given a prize for the long-distance race. The men of the regiment, the first regiment of the British army, were in the balconies, and directly he appeared upon the lawn he was received with salvoes of cheers; and cries of "Bravo, Robins!" "Well done, Robins!" rent the air.

The work of the Rev. Arthur Robins, who is also Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, is very onerous. His charge is a parish of nearly 6,000 souls, and 1,200 soldiers with their wives and children. He has not won the confidence, sympathy and goodwill of soldiers by flattery. He does not mince matters when he has them before him. He calls a spade a spade. He does not tell them that a little wrong can ever make a little right. He is all against a despotic teetotalism; but he always advises every man who takes too much to take nothing. He sets before the soldiers moderation as the highest aim of all, and that he is justified is proved by this, that there is less drunkenness and more moderation amongst the soldiers of the Household Cavalry than amongst the most notorious teetotal battalions. Mr. Robins is a real extempore preacher. He has preached nearly 4,000 sermons since he came to Windsor, without

notes of any kind whatever, and a goodly portion of sermons fall to his lot every Sunday. He is god-father to hundreds of children in the Brigade of Guards, and there are plenty of "Arthurs," his godchildren, of both sexes. There is scarcely a mess-room or album in which a portrait of "the Bishop," as the soldiers call him, is not to be seen. The parade services at Holy Trinity Church, Windsor, over which he presides, are imposing. Soldiers and chaplain alike have their hearts and voices in these parades. The Prince of Wales, who made Mr. Robins his chaplain years ago, and to whom all the hymns for soldiers that Mr. Robins has written are dedicated, is often present at them. The Rev. Arthur Robins, whose portrait we give in his "church militant" coat and hat, is in age amongst the "fifties," and stands six feet high.






## Out of the Jaws of Death.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR J— R—.

By COMMANDER G. H. R. ERROLL, R.N.

“ R. WOOD has written to say he will take the house,” I remarked to my wife one morning at breakfast, as I glanced through the little packet of letters placed beside my plate.

“O! how delightful,” exclaimed my daughter Amy, with enthusiasm. “Now, Papa, do let us go to Italy for the winter.”

“Italy! Italy is a very long journey, my dear. Your mother and I must talk it over.”

However, to cut a long story short, Miss Amy got her own way as she generally does, and it was eventually decided that we should spend the next few months in the sunny south.

Accordingly, one very wet night in November we found ourselves on board the packet at Folkestone on the point of leaving for Boulogne. It was bitterly cold and very dark. The lamps shone fitfully as they struggled in the wind. The rain came swirling round the corners on the eddying gale, shining in the bedraggled gleam of the lights on the jetty, and dashing up little fountains of spray, which danced and sparkled where the red glare from the cabin lights shone out upon the streaming decks, intensifying the surrounding darkness by the contrast. The porters, in their dripping oilskins, were hurrying on board with the luggage, and the passengers had hastened below to cluster round the small stove in the saloon, or to dispose themselves, while they had yet time, for the torments of what was evidently going to be a nasty passage. There were but few of them, many having shirked and gone to

the hotel at the last moment, preferring to postpone their journey until the weather moderated.

I must say, although I am an old sailor, I should have liked to have done the same, but I was overruled by my daughter, who was impatient to push on. "It may be worse to-morrow," she said. "We have no night things in our bags; the boxes are booked through, and cannot be got at. Do let us get the horrid crossing over, and have done with it," cried she. "I shall never believe I am really going abroad until I get into the train on the other side, it always seems as if something would stop us at the last moment. O Papa, how delightful it will be! why, to-morrow we shall be in bright sunshine and warm weather, and have said good-bye for six months to this nasty, cold, wet, old England."

*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.* After our arrival on board my wife and Amy soon disappeared into the ladies' cabin, whilst I sat down near the stove in the saloon, and listened somewhat anxiously to the turmoil of the wind and rain overhead. Presently I heard the bell ring, and orders shouted to the shore; then I felt the vessel tremble as the paddle-wheels revolved, and I knew we were off at last. There was a premonitory gentle heave or two, but, as she cleared the port, swoop we went into a heavy sea, and the usual misery of a nasty crossing began.

I have had all the sea-sickness knocked out of me long ago, but still the sight and sound of others in their sufferings is exceedingly disagreeable. I endured it for about an hour, but at length the atmosphere got so close and intolerable, I was fairly driven on deck in spite of the weather.

I pulled my travelling cap down over my ears, turned up the collar of my cloak, and drew it closer round me, as I stepped out from the shelter of the companion, prepared to brave the elements. It was still raining, though not so heavily; the wind, however, which was from the north-east, had considerably increased, though, as we were running rapidly before it, we did not feel its force so much; there was also a heavy sea, which made the boat pitch and "send" awfully as she flew over the waves. It was as dark as ink, and as I moved away from the light of the companion, I seemed to be swallowed up in the blackness. I have seen many dark nights in the course of a long life at sea, but I never saw anything darker than it was that night; I could not even see the break of the waves alongside, and the circumstance interested me as being very unusual. I thought that perhaps the glare from the cabin lights and engine-room dazzled me, so I



groped my way aft out of their influence until I reached the stern.

Although the vessel was steered from the bridge, there was a spare wheel abaft, and a raised grating for the helmsman to stand upon; I got on this, and steadying myself by the wheel with one hand, tried to peer through the darkness astern; but all was black as jet; a darkness that almost might be felt. Standing all alone up there, amidst the swirl, I began rather to enjoy the weirdness of my position. I was poised in the midst of the raging elements, the gale whistled about my ears, the water roared beneath my feet as the stern of the vessel fell away underneath me in the trough of the following sea. I seemed flying through the darkness like a spirit, a lonely atom in the midst of a chaos of wind and water. Facing forward, I could distinguish the glow from the engine-room, but it seemed far away and indistinct. It was one of those moments when solemn thoughts arise, when one feels alone in the infinite, when all one's little worldly aims and interests seem small and insignificant and one's troubles fall away; when

The soul grows full of longing,  
That is half akin to pain.

I was standing there, surrounded by warring nature, yet full of a great sense of inward calm and awe, when my sailor's ear was startled by a sound that was like, yet different from, the breaking waves. Before I had time to consider what it might be, a large black mass passed between me and the red glow forward, and the next instant an irresistible unseen power lifted me off my legs, and the steamer passed away from beneath my feet.

With the tenacity of a drowning man, I clung to the object which had torn me from my hold, and was now carrying me away into the darkness. I found myself suspended above the boiling waters, expecting every moment to be engulfed therein, and I thought despairingly of my dear wife and daughter who would never know the mystery of my death. Then it flashed across my mind that perhaps people would say I had committed suicide, and the thought of how much pain this would cause those so dear to me startled me from my dazed condition, and roused me to make an effort, a struggle for dear life, and I began to consider if my position were altogether hopeless. I soon realised that I was clinging to some spar, which had struck me full across the chest, and over which I had instinctively thrown my arms. My legs and feet were hanging down into vacancy, but occasionally they dipped

in the crest of a wave ; I concluded, therefore, I was hanging to the extremity of some vessel's bowsprit, evidently not a large vessel by the size of the spar, and also by the short distance I was suspended above the sea.

I shouted as loud as I could, in hopes some one would hear me, but without effect ; then I felt about with my feet in the direction I knew the bobstay would be ; and presently, to my great joy, I found it. With this aid I managed to climb into a place of tolerable security where I could sit upon the bowsprit end and hold on by the jibstay. I dare not attempt to climb in towards the bows of the ship, as the spar was so wet and slippery that I should have been jerked off in a moment by the violent pitching of the vessel, whereas I knew that where I was I was safe enough provided I could hold out against the cold and wet until assistance came to me.

The vessel, whatever she was, had no lights burning, and was perfectly invisible in the darkness. Evidently no one was on the look out, the helmsman having probably lashed the wheel for a short time whilst he went below to light his pipe or get a glass of grog, and none of those on board her knew how nearly they had been in collision with the Boulogne packet. They had escaped her by a mere hair's breadth ; the steamer's stern must have fallen into the trough of the sea at the very instant that the vessel's bowsprit passed over the taffrail, and so neatly picked me off.

I had plenty of time out there in the cold to reflect on what an excessively narrow escape I had had. Had the spar struck me when I had been facing aft, or, indeed, in any manner except exactly as it did, I should not have been able to grasp it, and must inevitably have been knocked overboard or killed by the blow. Then I thanked Providence for having so mercifully preserved me, and prayed I might yet be restored to those dear ones whose loving hearts would be torn with anguish when, on reaching the land, they would discover the bereavement that had befallen them.

I was still in a very perilous position, clinging as well as I could to the end of that small spar, buried sometimes almost to my waist, and nearly dragged from my hold by the water, as the vessel pitched into the heavy seas. I was also benumbed with cold, and my half-frozen fingers could hardly feel the wet and slippery rope. As soon as I had recovered my breath I began to shout again ; and presently, to my great satisfaction, heard



someone reply; then the glimmer of a lantern revealed a glimpse of the vessel's bows and an astonished face gazing into the night. As I continued to shout the owner of the face disappeared in search of assistance, and shortly the whole crew clustered on the forecastle gazing at me in wonder and amazement.

"Help! help!" I yelled.

"Yah! yah!" was shouted in reply, followed by something in a language with which I was unacquainted.

Presently the little vessel fell off before the wind as they put the helm up, and her motion became comparatively easy and gentle; at the same moment I saw a sturdy fellow climb out upon the bowsprit with a rope's end; it was now easy enough to get along the spar; he soon reached the place where I was sitting, and made the rope fast round my waist, and, with his assistance, in another minute I found myself safe upon the deck of the little craft.

My new friends turned out to be Dutchmen, beating up channel for the Texel. They treated me with every kindness, and made me as comfortable as the limited resources of their little schooner admitted. I could not understand a word of their language, or they of mine; but by means of signs and rough sketches I managed to explain to them how it had happened that they came to have me for a passenger. I drew a sketch of myself clinging on to the bowsprit, and one of them promptly added a large pair of horns and a tail to my figure, at which all the others nodded and exclaimed "Yah! yah!" again holding up their hands to express amazement, and giving me to understand that when they first discovered me they had all taken me for the devil himself.

Of course, I was most anxious to communicate with my wife and Amy, who I knew must, by this time, be in agonies of distress and bewilderment at my strange disappearance; and I explained to my hosts that I would pay them handsomely to put me ashore in the nearest English or French port. I had considerable difficulty in getting the stolid Hollanders to alter their course, but at length they consented. However, owing to the thick weather and other causes, two days elapsed before my worthy friends landed me at Deal.

I immediately went to my brother's house in London. He welcomed me as one returned from the dead. He informed me that my wife and daughter were still at Boulogne, from whence they had telegraphed to him on the first shock of their discovery of my loss; and that Amy had since written to tell

him that they believed I must have somehow fallen overboard unnoticed in the dark, and that they had no hope that I should ever be heard of again. Who can picture my feelings as I read my dear child's letter!

In a few moments a telegram was on its way to break the joyful news to them, and, crossing by the next boat, I found myself on the following morning once more in the arms of those I so dearly loved. But I will draw a veil over that sacred meeting, when, after the first paroxysm of our joy was over, we knelt, and with our arms entwined together, and tears of happiness rolling down our cheeks, gave thanks to that merciful Providence who had brought me safely back out of the very Jaws of Death.





## Notings from the Foreign Press.

THE RESIGNATION OF ADMIRAL KRANTZ.—A recent issue of the *Journal de la Marine* assigns the reasons which induced this excellent administrator to resign office, and reviews in most favourable terms his conduct while in charge of the French navy. There are anomalies beyond the Channel as well as on this side of it, one of these being that, while the civil government of the Colonies depends on the Ministry of Commerce at home, the troops which garrison them are under the control of the Marine. Needless to expatiate on the inconvenience of such a state of things; suffice it to say that the Admiral preferred to resign than part with any of the attributes of his office. The *Journal* frankly confesses that two years ago the French navy was in a poor condition. The evolutionary squadron only was available for immediate action; the ships in reserve were in such a state that, had they received the order to mobilize, there would have been many disappointments. It had just passed through a crisis which had turned both men and material topsy-turvy, and a steady, cautious hand was required at the helm to evolve order from chaos. At this crisis, when Admiral Krantz began his tenure of office, he first suspended all new constructions, and devoted the funds at his disposal to placing every reserve ship in a condition to go to sea; only after this had been effected was the building of new ships resumed. In this sphere of action again he concentrated his efforts on a few ships instead of dissipating them on a greater number, so that the *Davout*, the *Formidable*, and the *Hoche*, were in a few months made ready for sea. In 1888 the Admiral was able to equip the armoured division of the North, as a counterpoise to our Channel fleet, and last year the evolutionary squadron in the Mediterranean was strengthened. His tenure of office was nevertheless marked by certain fiascoes. First there came the bursting of a 34-c.m. gun on board the *Amiral Duperré*, then the disastrous foundering of the two torpedo-boats of the 35-metre class. Both accidents were made the

subject of minute inquiry; the former being attributed to the action of a high temperature on the powder in use, the second to a faulty construction of the hull, though we are not informed how Admiral Aube's legacy of fifty dangerous craft can be made habitable and seaworthy. Admiral Krantz, we are also told, is a resolute foe to the abuse of "forced draught"; he recognizes a fact in naval science which is daily becoming patent to all, viz., that a battle-ship, like an individual soldier, must be a solid organism not easily thrown out of gear in order to be serviceable at a pinch.

THE ACTION OF TOSKI.—*The Internationale Revue über die Gesammten Armeen und Flotten* for November, after describing in flattering terms the recent engagements with the Arabs in the Soudan, makes the following comments on the action of Toski: the victory was due to the superiority of European generalship, and to the British commander's prudence in avoiding an engagement till his forces were concentrated, and his skill in attacking the enemy by surprise. As at Suakin, General Grenfell might have exclaimed: *Veni, vidi, vici*. The *Revue*, however, doubts whether decisive results will attend this success. El Njumi's hordes may be merely the advance guard of the Mahdi's hosts. It was a curious coincidence, and an instructive one, that the Arabs began their march on Egypt when measures for its evacuation by England were looked for on the Continent. Egypt, however, thinks the *Revue*, can only be evacuated when the Mahdi's power has been broken. Should the struggle with him be resumed, it might be of indefinite duration. The vast extent of the theatre of war, and the consequent difficulty of transporting the necessary *matériel* favours the supposition. The condition of an invader of the Soudan would be hopeless, since the main artery of the Nile would necessarily have been relinquished. Nevertheless, England will cheerfully fulfil her promise of protecting Egypt from the Arabs whatever the consequences may turn out to be.

THE CONDITION OF ROUMANIA.—The same periodical, in an article on Turkey, contains some pregnant remarks on the present state of Roumania. Although King Charles still holds the sceptre firmly in his grasp, it is in spite of a Ministry with pronounced Russian inclinations. A press without conscience or patriotism makes itself the tool of the old boyar families, who, as the descendants of ancient Roumanian dynasties, covet the throne and make themselves the hired agents of Panslavist intrigue. The King is accused of every mishap which occurs. The Radicals cry out for





MENELIK, THE NEW KING OF ABYSSINIA, AND HIS CHIEFS.—(From the *Nirca*.)

a Republic. The missionaries of Panslavism perambulate the country stirring up sedition, and preaching the expulsion of the "heretic king" by the Tsar, who promises to effectuate a fresh distribution of the soil. The more industrious, educated, and patriotic elements of Roumanian society recognise the benefits which the present *régime* has secured, but they are not in the ascendant at the present juncture. This advanced-post of European civilization is in an extremely critical and unstable condition. King Milan abdicated because he was unable to cope with the Russophile radicals of his kingdom. Will King Charles succeed in mastering the efforts of his corrupt boyars, seduced as they are by Russian bribes, and blinded by Hitrovo's machinations? How to defeat Panslavism in the Balkan peninsula is a question of life and death for Central Europe, justly concludes the writer.

AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER BY MARSHAL SAXE.—The *Revue Générale de l'Etat Major* for the present quarter contains this treasure-trove. The finder, however, confines himself to stating that it is *probably* unpublished, and that he discovered it in turning the leaves of an MS. copy of the celebrated *Réveries*, which was once in possession of the Montmorency family. In the year 1732, the pompous monarch of Poland, whose chief exploit in life was to give birth to the victor of Fontenoy, wrote to him asking information with respect to the value of light cavalry, a regiment of which he was desirous of raising; and his inquiry elicited the memorandum in question. "An army destitute of light cavalry," wrote the Marshal, "may be likened to an individual armed *cap-a-pie*, who is opposed to a crowd of school-boys provided with nothing more formidable than clods of earth. The Hercules, out of breath and covered with confusion, would soon have to beat a hasty retreat." If, in 1713, the Wallachian light horse belonging to His Majesty of Poland did wonders, and if, two years later, His Majesty's hussars behaved unsatisfactorily in Poland, the results proceeded from the like causes. In Pomerania, on the former occasion, the Swedes possessed no light cavalry, wherefore the Wallachians had it all their own way with them, while in the latter, the Polish forces consisting almost exclusively of lancers and hussars, the few light horse opposed to them were hopelessly outnumbered. The general having the superiority in light cavalry, obtains ample information of the enemy's movements; his foraging parties encounter no risks or failures, and he can make detachments without fear of their being overwhelmed by superior numbers. A numerous light cavalry was one cause which used to determine



the superiority of the Turks over the armies of Western Europe. The armies of the Empire were better off than those of France in this particular, but were quite overmatched by the Turks. The Marshal, from this cause, has marched through Hungary as if blindfold, and a thousand of the enemy's light horse would create the belief that his entire army was in front. Against these swarms of Turks, Hungarians, Tartars, and Poles, the great thing was to stand firm; the impossibility of flight on our heavy horses taught us that. Mount the smallest men on the swiftest horses, provide them with light accoutrements, and the enemy's cavalry will not approach, having found that they cannot do so with impunity. These counsels were accepted, and though the King died in the following year, the work was continued by his son and successor, Augustus III., and the two regiments of *cheveu-légers* which resulted were thenceforward retained at Warsaw as the royal body-guard, being the only Saxon troops allowed to reside in the Polish kingdom.—The same Review draws attention to the false reports published in certain newspapers, affirming that French officers have been shot by their men during the recent manœuvres; also to the second edition of General Fay's *Souvenirs de la Guerre de Crimée*. The author, as aide-de-camp to General Bosquet, was in a position to obtain accurate knowledge of events.

GERMAN MOUNTED POLICE FOR AFRICA.—The same journal states that the German Chancellor has sanctioned the formation of a body of armed and mounted police for the maintenance of order in the shadowy regions in Africa, between Angola and the Orange river, which is supposed to be under his protection. Here, as elsewhere, the Dutch Boers form the chief disturbing element, since they possess the vices peculiar to barbarism and civilization without the virtues of either state of existence. The corps does not exceed twenty members, and is composed of German cavalry soldiers, under the command of Captain von François, himself an African explorer of no mean repute. It is proposed to raise its strength to fifty with an adjunct of native warriors; their duties chiefly consist in preventing the illicit importation of arms and ammunition.

"POUR LA LANCE."—The "Lance Controversy" still fixes the attention of our contemporaries beyond the "silver streak." In the *Revue de Cavalerie* for December, a writer, *Pour la Lance*, replies to the remarks depreciating that weapon which appeared in the November issue, and which were epitomized in the preceding number of this magazine. He holds that, since the opening phase



THE NEW GERMAN POLICE FOR AFRICA.



of every future campaign between civilized folk must be the conflict of heavy masses of cavalry, and because the success of a cavalry charge depends on superior moral effect, *ergo*, horsemen should be provided with that kind of weapon which produces the maximum of moral effect. That weapon is incontestably the lance.—Q. E. D.

The *Revista Armatei* gives the general orders and "ideas" of the Roumanian autumn manœuvres, at the same time promising a description of them in the forthcoming number. An invader, whose advance-guard is represented by the 7th Division, is supposed to have occupied Jassy. The defending force is posted behind the river Sereth, and consists of the III. Corps at Fokshani, and the 8th Division at Pascani. The 8th Division, having learnt the arrival of the enemy at Jassy, endeavours to move south, with a view to a junction with the III. Corps. The enemy's advance resolves to intercept it, crossing the Sereth at Bacau, its left being covered by a division from Vaslui. The 8th Division defends the passage of the Sereth, while the III. Corps, crossing the river, turns the left flank of the enemy, and compels him to retreat on Jassy. These manœuvres are interesting as being a rehearsal of what may any day become a stern reality.

THE REVUE DU CERCLE MILITAIRE.—There have been recently a number of important articles in this periodical, which, being easily accessible to officers (at the Royal United Service Institution, for instance), we omit to notice in detail. They include a paper on the "Moral Education of the Russian Soldier," the "Defence of Plevna," "The Songs of the Soldier," in the issue of the 1st December. Also "An Episode in the Retreat from Moscow," and "Smokeless Powder: its Influence on Tactics," in those which immediately preceded and followed it.

THE COLONIAL TROOPS OF FRANCE.—One of the most interesting sights at the Paris Exhibition for soldiers was the detachments of French Colonial troops which were encamped within its precincts. France being precluded by treaty with Great Britain from keeping on foot a colonial army in India, her land forces are restricted to a single company of infantry, from which a squad of ten men, commanded by a native officer, were sent to represent their corps at Paris. Lieutenant Yoro-Coumba, our informant the *Illustration* tells us, had in charge a dozen tirailleurs from Senegal. This distinguished officer, a Knight of the Legion of Honour, is accompanied by a quartermaster-sergeant and six spahis clothed in red, a colour which harmonizes admirably with their ebony complexions. From the far East came twenty Tonkin tirailleurs, and

as many Annamite chasseurs in charge of a subaltern, who rejoices in the brief but significant name of Xhuun. We are assured that their jet-black chignons, soup-plate hats and truly martial bearing create a superb effect. We are not astonished to hear that their countenances displayed a "bored" expression while on sentry, nor that they eagerly crowded round the "economical



Sergeant of Senegal  
Tirailleurs.

Indian Sepoy.

Annamite Tirailleur.

oven" when the midday tocsin summoned them to receive the daily ration of boiled rice, unappetizing as the mess might seem to most of us. Orientals, however, almost always do look bored, but in reality are supremely happy as long as they have nothing to do, plenty to eat, and a fair allowance of *baksheesh*. So we may rest satisfied that the French Colonials had a good time of it at



the Paris Exhibition. Lodged in comfort at the *Ecole Militaire*, with masses of boiled rice at their disposal, and on duty only every



Madagascar Levies.



Bugler of Senegal Tirailleurs.

other day, they were treated to seats at the Châtelet in the evening, but much preferred in the long run the repose which Nature and Mother Earth provided at the Annamite Theatre.

JOHANN ORTH.—The *Illustrirte Zeitung* supplies some interesting facts relative to Johann Orth, *alias* the Archduke John Salvator of Austria, who has recently abdicated his titles, appanages, and imperial rank. He is the son of Leopold II., the last Grand Duke of Tuscany, and descends from the Emperor of that name and designation, the second son of Maria Theresa. Born at Florence in 1852, the Archduke John, after his father's dethronement, resided on the Bohemian estates of the family. At an early age he entered the Austrian artillery and devoted himself with un-

common zeal and all the intense fervour of his temperament to a study of the military and natural sciences; but at the same time a restless and carping tendency made itself apparent in all his utterances. Owing to the publication by him of several military and political pamphlets, he incurred powerful animosities and even punishment. In the Bosnian campaign he commanded an independent brigade, and proved himself an able and enterprising officer; but subsequently, when at the head of a division at Linz, having reported with unnecessary candour on the state of the army, and thus given offence, he once more found himself at



JOHANN ORTH.

variance with the authorities. These latest disputes, our contemporary informs us, might possibly have been compromised had not the mercurial prince interfered in Bulgarian politics, and, when his own candidature miscarried, offended the Austrian Government by recommending his friend, the Prince of Coburg, for the vacant throne. Transferred forthwith to the retired list, he formed the strange resolution of renouncing his titles and emoluments in order, as an ordinary citizen, to "live by the work of his own hands." This phrase must, however, be taken in a figurative sense, as he is still in opulent circumstances, and contemplates becoming a shipowner on a large scale. He may even navigate



one of his own vessels, as he passed a brilliant examination at Fiume, obtaining a master's certificate. Others affirm that he has accepted the position of mate on board an English merchantman. These wild flights of erratic fancy may possibly settle down in some nicely furnished villa, for the latest news tells us that the Swiss Government have refused him letters of naturalization. The surname "Orth," which he has adopted, comes from his residence on the shores of the Traunsee, whose waves have often tossed the archduke's boat on dark and stormy nights.



## A List of Military Inventions

PATENTED DURING THE FOREGOING MONTH.

*[This List is specially compiled for the ILLUSTRATED NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE by Messrs. Rayner and Cassell, patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom all information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.]*

- 17,922. Target and shot signalling apparatus for rifle shooting. DAVID McCULLOCH, Hawick, Roxburghshire.
- 17,999. Improvements in anchors. GEO. FREDK. SIMMS, 77, Colmore Row, Birmingham.
- 18,055. Improvements in training gear for gun mountings. Per NORDENFELT and ERNEST TERNSTROM, 22, Southampton Buildings, London.
- 18,124. Screw propellers for ships. GEO. JOHN STEVENS, 95, Falmouth Road, New Kent Road.
- 18,812. Improvements in torpedo-launching apparatus. EMIL KASELOWSKY, 37, Chancery Lane, London.
- 18,844. Improved signalling apparatus for preventing collisions at sea. JOHN ALEXANDER CAMERON RUTHVEN, 28, Southampton Buildings, London.
- 18,916. An improved gunpowder mixing machine. FREDK. WM. BARKER, 151, Strand, Middlesex.
- 18,924. Improvements in machinery or apparatus for the manufacture of bullets. CHARLES STUART BAILEY, 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.
- 18,976. Improvements in military bridoons. FREDK. VALENTINE NICHOLLS, 2, Jermyn Street, London.
- 19,556. Improvements in shells or projectiles. JOSEPH ELTON BOTT, 23, Southampton Buildings, London.

### SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

- 15,251. DAY. Projectiles. 1889. 8d.
- 15,352. TOPHAM. Magazine fire-arms. 1888. 8d.
- 15,688. CAMPBELL. Marine, &c. engines. 1888. 8d.
- 18,277. SANDBROOK. Hurricane lantern. 1888. 8d.
- 15,380. ROSENDAHL. Life saving apparatus. 1889. 6d.
- 18,837. QUICK. Breech-loading ordnance. 1888. 1s. 1d.

The above specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner and Cassell, 37, Chancery Lane, at the price quoted.



## Reviews.

*Queer Stories from "Truth."* Sixth Series. (Truth Office, London.)

The writer of short tales is a benefactor to mankind, intended, we doubt not, by Providence, to deliver us from the thralldom of the three-volume novelist, in the course of time and intellectual development among the masses. The French have hitherto far surpassed us in this delightful field of literature, from Voltaire downwards, whose short romances, such as *Candide*, though they may verge on the improper, stand as durable models of what a novelette ought to be. What can be more soothing than to take up one of these when, the labours of the day over, the tired denizen of cities courts the frame of mind which favours repose with the combined assistance of tobacco and fiction. Instead of groping after the weary thread of a plot spun out to the acme of tenuity in order to satisfy the exigencies of the circulating library and the waste-paper basket, we obtain a flash of the imagination, short, sharp, and vivid, which leaves a complete impression upon the mind, evoking that condition of the senses, hilarious or sympathetic, which elevates it beyond surrounding vexations. Whatever we may think of *Truth* from a political point of view (which is no business of ours), it is at least certain that little that is dull or insipid ever appears in its pages. We have, therefore, no hesitation in recommending for perusal this assemblage of sprightly stories gathered from its columns, "queer" though they be. Most of them embody in the required proportion the elements of pathos and humour. Light entertainment they are, and narrated in fluent and sparkling language. Some of them, such as "Messent's Double," place a somewhat heavy strain on our credulity. "A Startling Episode" is a beautiful and affecting creation; "Mr. Tempany's Temptation" contains enough comic material for the composition of a roaring farce.

*Mediterranean Health Resorts:* a practical Handbook to the Principal Health and Pleasure Resorts on the Shores of the Mediterranean. By E. A. REYNOLDS BALL. (London: L. Upcott Gill.) 1889.

The recent attempt to "boycott" English doctors in France not having yet had sufficient time to depopulate the health resorts on her southern sea-board, a guide-book like this may still be of much use for a season of two; that is to say, until such time as our invalids and those in search of a genial climate have transferred their patronage to their native shores, the watering-places of

Devonshire and Cornwall. Even then, setting aside France, Algiers, and Corsica, it will be available for the more hospitable realms of Italy, Spain, and Morocco, as of course for our own dependencies of Malta, Gibraltar, and Cairo; for this little hand-book describes all these localities where invalids do congregate for salubrity. At this inclement season, when they begin to find their way southwards, it may be advantageously consulted by such in order to gather information as to the exact climate which best corresponds to their natural infirmities. Details regarding cost of living, routes to be followed, amusements to be obtained, the quality of society at the various towns, are plentifully added, with a variety of sketches which convey a fair notion of their appearance and local attractions.

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*Irish Politics.* By THOMAS RALEIGH, M.A. (London: Methuen & Co.) 1890.

This pamphlet, part of a series of "political studies," has been sent to us for notice, and, though we do not usually occupy ourselves with such matters, so important a question as the attempt to break up the Empire by conceding Home Rule to Ireland may possibly form an exception to the rule. It appears to be a very lucid and impartial analysis of the subject with which it deals; and though, we are happy to believe, Separatists among the officers of the Army and Navy are as rare as flies in amber, "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*," to such as do exist we recommend a perusal of these pages in order that they may be brought to see the error of their ways as expeditiously as possible, and once more go about "clothed and in their right minds."

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*Advanced Guard and Outpost Duties for Riflemen.* By Colonel L. V. SWAINE and Captain WILLOUGHBY VERNER, Rifle Brigade. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.)

From among the multitude of military hand-books which leap into existence now-a-days there is some difficulty in making a selection. There can be little doubt, however, that this book, the joint production of two well-known officers of the Rifle Brigade, will henceforth rank as a standard work on Outpost Duties. It will supply a want which has been felt hitherto by young soldiers, whether on active service or the field of peaceful manœuvre, and fully answers the intentions of the writers in furnishing instructions supplementary to those contained in the *Infantry Drill* of 1889. The chapters on Reconnaissance and Field Sketching are valuable, and Captain Verner's name is a sufficient voucher for their excellence. We fully coincide with the opinion of the authors expressed in the final paragraph, that regiments which devote their attention industriously to the study of Outpost Duties, with their subservient branches, signalling, range-finding, and rough sketching will, like the old 95th Rifles in past times, always deserve the confidence of commanders in the field.



## At the Play.

THE lull in theatrical circles that was so noticeable in October has been succeeded by much bustle and movement in November, and new pieces have either appeared or are announced in many of the leading houses.

Foremost in interest have been the productions at the GARRICK and the SAVOY.

At the former Mr. Hare has made the experiment of presenting Mons. Sardou's "La Tosca" in an English dress, and with Mrs. Bernard Beere in Sara Bernhardt's part, an experiment which, notwithstanding the strength of the cast and the excellence of the mounting, can hardly be said to be entirely successful. The play is a painful one, and employs methods for raising emotion which cannot be allowed to be within the legitimate limits of art, especially in the eminently disagreeable torture scene, and in the painful episode of the wife's delusion as to the execution in the last act. Situations so harassing as these can only be excused—from an artistic point of view—if they tend to work out some noble character, or give an opportunity for the display of heroic qualities, and this end Mons. Sardou does not even aim at.

Much praise must be given to Mrs. Bernard Beere for the measure of success she attains in a task rendered doubly difficult by her predecessor's reputation; she is especially happy in the third act, where her admissions are wrung from her in her distraction, and where she very successfully conveys the impression that she scarcely knows what she is saying; but neither the lighter passages of the first act nor the tragedy of the fourth and fifth are convincing. There is no doubt a good deal of art, but it is not concealed, and the result is, of course, artificial. Mr. Forbes Robertson is very telling in a somewhat stereotyped and unnaturally fiendish part. These monsters in high places, with the "hand of iron" in the "glove of silk" belong, one feels, to a region closely bordering on the "Stageland" described by Mr. Jerome, but for this Mons. Sardou is responsible, and Mr. Forbes Robertson certainly gives a very effective representation of the character as he finds it. Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. Herbert Waring both do their best with rather colourless parts, and the names of Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Bessie Hatton, Mr. Gilbert Farquhar and Mr. Sidney Brough in characters to which only a few sentences are assigned is sufficient evidence of the care and liberality of the manager; and,

indeed, these characters could not be in better hands. The scenery is beautifully painted, and the dresses, though belonging to an ungraceful period, are carried out with much correctness, and softened down by the harmony of the colouring.

"The Gondoliers" at the Savoy can only be described as a genuine popular success. Everyone rejoices at Mr. Gilbert's good sense in going back to his earlier manner, after the dreariness and want of sparkle of "The Yeoman of the Guard," which was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and was only upheld by the music and the reputation of the author.

The story of "The Gondoliers" is full of as whimsical turns and humour as Gilbertian as any of the previous operas, and is almost entirely free from that somewhat cheap form of wit which consists in making fun of subjects too grim for other humourists, and of which Mr. Gilbert has often been guilty, as, for instance, in the description of the execution in the "Mikado." Sir A. Sullivan has probably never provided music more taking or more skilfully adapted to the situations it illustrates.

Mr. Grossmith's name has been so closely associated with the series of operas that it seems strange to find so few of the critics alluding to his absence from the cast. His peculiar manner is certainly missed, but the general feeling probably is that a change was desirable, and Mr. Frank Wyatt proves an admirable substitute. Mr. Denny also distinguishes himself as the Grand Inquisitor, and Mr. Rutland Barrington was warmly welcomed back to the boards with which he was so long connected. Miss Decima Moore made a promising *début*, and others of the familiar Savoy names appeared in the cast.

At the COMEDY, Mr. Hawtrey has revived the ever fresh and brisk "Pink Dominos," in which Mr. Herbert Standing alone of the old cast reappears. Mr. Hawtrey himself takes Mr. Chas. Wyndham's part. Mr. Alfred Maltby and Miss Alma Stanley are also in the play, and the whole thing goes with as much vigour as ever.

At the COURT, a first piece by Mrs. W. Greet, "To the Rescue," which was tried at a *matinée* some months ago, has replaced "His Toast." It is a pretty story, prettily told and efficiently acted, Mrs. E. Phelps being especially good as Granny Coppin.

At the HAYMARKET, "Good for Nothing" opens the evening instead of "Done on Both Sides," and gives an opportunity to Miss Norreys to try her strength against the various *Nans* who have preceded her. Short of Mrs. Bancroft, she may be said to hold her own with any of them, and gives prominence, as was to be expected, to the sentimental side of the character.

At the LYRIC, "Doris" has given way to "The Red Hussar"; a successor no better and no worse than the previous commonplace comic operas which seem so popular at this house. The actors know their business, and so do the scene-painters, costumiers, the author, and composer; and as their business is to please their patrons, no one can complain if this end is attained. Mr. Hayden Coffin leaves this theatre at the end of the run of



"Paul Jones," and goes to the Prince of Wales' for the new piece there.

At the ROYALTY, Mr. Arthur Roberts, who has taken the theatre, opens with a burlesque on "The Corsican Brothers," which is of course all Arthur Roberts. It is to be supplemented at Christmas time by another burlesque, that by Mr. Burnand on "La Tosca," and the Corsican Brothers is to be re-written at the same time. Mr. Roberts has but a poor company to support him.

Three conspicuous failures have to be registered, Mr. Brandon Thomas' "Gold Craze," at the PRINCESS'S; Miss Litta—an American actress—in "Madcap Midge," at the OPERA COMIQUE, and a feeble melodrama, called "The Spy," at the NOVELTY, all of which have been speedily withdrawn.

The Syndicate who now manages the PRINCESS'S, has substituted Pettitt & Sims' play, "Master and Man," for Mr. Thomas' unlucky experiment, with a strong cast, including Mr. H. Neville, Mr. and Miss Pateman, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Gardiner, Miss Fanny Brough, and Mrs. Huntley.

At the AVENUE, "La Prima Donna" has been withdrawn for the production of a Christmas burlesque. In the afternoon a very pretty children's play, acted by children, and called "The Belles of the Village," is given, and will doubtless amuse many young folks during the holidays.

Mr. F. Benson's opening at the GLOBE, with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," will be just too late for this notice, the magazine going to press early on account of Christmas.

Pantomimes are to be given at COVENT GARDEN, DRURY LANE, and HER MAJESTY'S.

*Pieces already noticed and still running.*

ADELPHI.—"London Day by Day," melo-drama, Mr. G. Alexander, Mons. Marius, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Shine, Mr. Rignold, Mr. Abingdon, Miss Alma Murray, Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Kate James, Miss Clara Jecks, &c., and "Polly's Venture."

COURT.—"Aunt Jack," three-act farce, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. F. Mervin, Mr. A. Aynesworth, Mr. F. Cape, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Filippi, Miss Florence Wood, &c., and "To the Rescue."

CRITERION.—"Caste," comedy, Mr. Leonard Boyne, Mr. Chas. Brookfield, Mr. David James, Mr. A. Elwood, Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Olga Brandon, Mrs. Chas. Poole, &c., and "Sunshine."

GAIETY.—"Ruy Blas and the Blasé Roué," burlesque, Mr. F. Leslie, Mr. F. Storey, Mr. D. Somers, Miss E. Farren, Miss Marion Hood, Miss Sylvia Grey, &c.

HAYMARKET.—"A Man's Shadow," melo-drama, Mr. Tree, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Collette, Mr. Robson, Mrs. Tree, Miss Norreys, Miss J. Neilson, Miss Minnie Terry, and "Good for Nothing," Miss Norreys, Mr. Allan, Mr. Kemble, &c.

LYCEUM.—"The Dead Heart," drama, Mr. H. Irving, Mr. Ban-

croft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Kate Phillips, &c.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—“Paul Jones,” comic opera, Mr. H. Monkhouse, Mr. H. Ashley, Mr. Templer Saxe, Miss Agnes Huntington, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Camille D'Arville, &c., and “John Smith.”

SHAFTESBURY.—“The Middleman,” drama, Mr. Willard, Mr. Macintosh, Mr. Garden, Mr. Cane, Miss Maude Millett, Miss Annie Hughes, &c.

STRAND.—“Our Flat,” three-act farce, Mr. W. Edouin, Mr. C. Fawcett, Mr. W. Hawtrey, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Miss May Whitty, Miss Goward, &c., and “Boys will be Boys.”

TERRY'S.—“Sweet Lavender,” comedy, Mr. E. Terry, Mr. A. Bishop, Mr. L. Outram, Mr. H. Dana, Mr. Reeves Smith, Mr. Percival Clarke, Mr. Prince Miller, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss M. A. Victor, Miss Blanche Horlock, Miss Annie Irish, &c.

VAUDEVILLE.—“Joseph's Sweetheart,” comedy, Mr. T. Thorne, Mr. C. Maude, Mr. F. Gillmore, Mr. F. Grove, Mr. F. Thorne, Miss E. Banister, Miss Sylvia Hodson, &c.





## Foreign Service Magazines.

### SUMMARY OF ARTICLES.

REVUE DU CERCLE MILITAIRE. (Paris: 37, Rue de Bellechasse.)  
10th November to 8th December 1889.

Strategical Transport—Infantry Tactics—A Year of Warfare in Annam—An Episode of the Retreat from Moscow—The Moral Training of the Russian Soldier—The Defence of Plevna—War Songs—The Influence of Smokeless Powder on Tactics.

REVUE MILITAIRE DE L'ÉTRANGER. (Paris: L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.) 15th and 30th November 1889.

Subalterns in the Spanish Army—The Italian War School—The Organization of the Train in the Russian Army—The Military Constitution of Roumania—Military Schools in Russia—Night Fighting (*continued*)—The English Army in 1889 (*continued*).

REVUE DE CAVALERIE. (Paris: Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) November 1889.

The Lance—The New Regulations for the Italian Cavalry (*continued*)—Study on Patrols (*continued*)—The History of the French Cavalry Regiments (*continued*)—Critical Notes on Various Bridles at Present in Use.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE ET DE L'ÉTAT-MAJOR. (Paris: Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) October 1889.

An Unpublished Chapter of the *Réveries* of Marshal Saxe—The Siege of Grave (*concluded*)—Foreign Notes—Regulations for the General Staff.

LE SPECTATEUR MILITAIRE. (Paris: 15, Rue Saint-Benoit.) 15th November and 1st December 1889.

The Siege of Paris and the First Army of the Loire—The Campaign of Turenne and Conde in Flanders and Artois in 1654 (*continued*)—The Manœuvres of the Sixth Corps d'Armée—General Yusuf—Infantry Shields—French Remounts.

LA REVUE D'INFANTERIE. (Paris: 11, Place Saint André-des-Arts.) November 1889.

The Initiative in War—Study on Infantry Fire—Alpine Convoys in the Italian Army.

LA FRANCE MILITAIRE. (Paris: 11, Place Saint André-des-Arts.) Nos. 1,687 to 1,691.

The Three Years' Service (No. 1,687)—Maxim Machine-Guns (No. 1,688)—German Notes (No. 1,691).

JOURNAL DE LA MARINE. LE YACHT. (Paris: 55, Rue du Châteaudun.) Nos. 608 to 613.

The Navy and the Exhibition (No. 608)—Torpedoes and Torpedo-Boats (No. 611)—Yachting in Russia (No. 612)—A New Aërial Motor (No. 612)—The Launch of the Cruiser *Alger* (No. 612)—The Vote of 58 million Francs (No. 613).

LE PROGRÈS MILITAIRE. (Paris: 34, Rue du Mont Thabor.) Nos. 943 to 950.

Cavalry in Modern Warfare (No. 947)—German Notes (No. 947)—Italian Mobilization and the Defence of the Alps (No. 948)—Cavalry Corps (No. 950)—Belgian Notes (Nos. 948 and 950)—The New Swiss Rifle (No. 950).

INTERNATIONALE REVUE UEBER DIE GESAMMTEN ARMEEN UND FLOT-  
TEN. (Rathenow: Verlag von Max Babenzien.) November 1889.

German Military Punishment—Universal Military Service and the Military Training of Youth—Heavy Coast Guns—Lieut.-Colonel Schumann—The Position of Austria-Hungary as Opposed to Russia—Italian Notes—The New French Military Bill—The Political Situation in Eastern Europe.

DEUTSCHE HEERES-ZEITUNG. (Berlin: Königgrätzerstrasse 41.) Nos. 92 to 98.

The Russo-Polish War of 1831 (*continued*) (No. 92, &c.)—Cavalry Pioneers (No. 93)—Krupp Experiments (No. 95)—Changes in the French Army (No. 96)—Military Training in the French Army (No. 97).

MITTHEILUNGEN UEBER GEGENSTAENDE DES ARTILLERIE UND GENIE-  
WESENS. (Vienna: Druck und Commissionsverlag von R. v. Waldheim.) No. 11, 1889.

Notes on the Mechanical Qualities of Tubular Bodies—Brialmont's System of Fortification as Opposed to Highly Explosive Shells—Artillery and Engineers in Spain—The Pneumatic Gun and Rifled Mortars.

RIVISTA MILITARE ITALIANA. (Rome: Voghera Carlo.) November 1889. *REVUE* *REVUE*

A Comparative Study of Musketry Instruction in France, Germany, and Italy (*concluded*)—The Quantity, Quality, and Preparation of Soldiers' Rations (*continued*)—General Pierron's Ideas on Fortifications.



RIVISTA DI ARTIGLIERIA E GENIO. (Rome: Voghera Carlo.) November 1889.

Corrections for Time Fuses with Field Guns—Notes on the Trajectory in the Air—An Apparatus for Purifying Water Used in Boilers—Plans for a Battery Designed to Withstand the Attack of High Explosives—The Imperial Manœuvres in Germany.

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JOURNAL OF THE MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTION. (Governor's Island, U.S.A.) November 1889.

Personal Identity in the Recognition of Deserters—An Inter-Oceanic Canal—The Use of Railways in War—The Military Training of the Regular Army—Prince Hohenlohe's Letters on Infantry and Artillery.

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THE VOLUNTEER. (Boston: The Volunteer Publishing Company, 40, State Street.) September 1889.

The Newport Artillery Decisions—On Points of Tactics—The Proper Organization for Machine-Guns in the Militia—The Moral Value of Military Discipline.

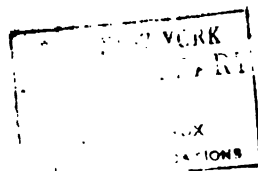
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JAHRBUECHER FUER DIE DEUTSCHE ARMEE UND MARINE. (Berlin: Robert Wilhelmi.) December, 1889.

The Campaigns of Radetzky in Italy, 1848-49—Influence of the Capture of Péronne on Operations in North of France—The Landwehr before Metz in 1871—Field and Foot Artillery, &c. &c.

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THE RESTORATION.







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No. 14.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1890.

Vol. IV.

## Epochs of the British Army.

II.—THE RESTORATION (*see Frontispiece*).



WHEN Charles the Second was restored to the throne of his ancestors, the Republican Army, which since the death of Cromwell had doubled its numbers, and amounted to the formidable total of over 50,000 men, was disbanded by vote of the Convention Parliament, the King assenting to this step from a dread of its political opinions.

Certain garrisons, however, which had existed prior to the Civil War, were excepted from reduction, and a body-guard was granted the King, to be maintained "at his own charge." This troop had already been raised in Flanders, and went to form the nucleus of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards. With these exceptions the whole of the army would have been dissolved had not the set of fanatics known as "Fifth Monarchy Men" raised a riot in London on the 6th January 1661, which necessitated the employment of the King's troop of Life Guards for its suppression. Albemarle's



Horse and Foot Regiments, however, had not yet been paid off, and when these, on the 20th February following, laid down their arms on Tower Hill, they gladly accepted the invitation to take them up again as royal troops, the infantry becoming known as the 2nd Foot Guards or Coldstreams, and the cavalry being incorporated with the Royal Horse Guards, or "Blues," which were raised on account of the apprehensions which this disturbance had originated. At the same time a regiment of 12 companies of foot, the 1st or Grenadier Guards, was enrolled; the Foot Guards of Charles under Lord Wentworth, which had already been formed in Flanders and had served at the Battle of the Downs, being brought over from Dunkirk and amalgamated with it. This circumstance procured seniority for the Grenadiers over the Coldstreams.

During the whole reign of Charles the utmost jealousy of a standing army pervaded all classes of his subjects, and in greatest strength influenced the aristocracy and gentry. They had seen a standing army made the instrument of regicide, oppression, devastation, and the total overthrow of the country's ancient constitution. This circumstance accounts sufficiently for the rooted antipathy for the Standing Army which has influenced the nation, except in times of imminent peril, ever since the Restoration, while the Militia, the "Constitutional Force," though its efficiency has been even more neglected than that of the regulars, has been obstinately pressed on the Sovereign's notice as an alternative for preserving order at home and providing for the national defence. This prejudice, justified under the Stuarts by well-grounded apprehensions for constitutional liberty, survived their fall, and has lasted to our own days, though modified by the military spirit which the Volunteer movement has raised.

In the reign of Charles II., as at this day, we mainly relied on our Navy for security from invasion, and it had been brought into a fine state of efficiency under Cromwell's administration, and the leadership of the heroic Blake. A great part of the duties assigned to our regular soldiers at that epoch now falls to our Marines; for the only regiment which can be said, under Charles, to have represented that gallant corps, was the Admiral's (that is the Duke of York's) Regiment, which had no pikemen, but only musketeers, on its establishment; in 1689, however, it was incorporated with the Coldstream Guards. Our soldiers, therefore, during this epoch acted chiefly as marines, and well they maintained our glory as a naval power at Sole Bay, in the action off the North



Foreland, and in the Medway, when, owing to the shameful neglect of the Government, the Dutch were able to carry off our men-of-war from under the very batteries of Chatham in spite of the defeats which we had inflicted on Holland. Another branch of military duty was that now performed by the Metropolitan Police ; thus, as already mentioned, we find the King's Life Guards suppressing the riot caused by Venner's men in the city.

There were occasions, however, on which they fought by land. Thus in the third war with the Dutch, in which Charles engaged as a satellite of the French King, although our military strength was principally displayed on the sea, winning laurels at the battle of Southwold Bay and elsewhere, still a regiment of volunteers from the regular forces greatly distinguished itself under the Duke of Monmouth and John Churchill, the future Marlborough, at the siege of Maestricht in 1673, and still under the eye of the great Turenne. But the common-sense of the English soon revolted at the ignoble strife into which their Sovereign had plunged them. Peace was made and the Commons permitted the levy of an army of 30,000, ostensibly for the purpose of defending Holland against the attacks of the French. Since, however, Charles persistently postponed a declaration of war, his subjects, suspecting that these great preparations were intended more for the suppression of the liberties of Englishmen than to assist the Dutch in defending theirs, withheld the funds necessary for enabling these troops to take the field. Troops were, however, despatched to Ostend and occupied Bruges, among them two battalions of the Guards, but war was never actually declared ; and when, on the 26th July 1678, a closer alliance was contracted between England and Holland, Lewis averted its consequences by signing the Treaty of Nymegen on the 10th August.

It is to the reign of Charles II. also that we must look for the first of those distant expeditions in which our standing army has since been so constantly engaged ; for Tangier was then for all practical purposes as remote from England as the Cape of Good Hope or India is at the present day. The port of Tangier was acquired in 1662 as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza. A force was at once organized for its defence and it was handed over to Lord Sandwich, then in command of our naval forces in the Mediterranean ; the famous but eccentric Lord Peterborough being the first governor appointed by the King. Two regiments of infantry and one of horse were enrolled to form the garrison, and in 1664 a Moorish army invested the town. On the 1st March the



Tangier Horse, dashing out of the fortifications, under the command of Captain Witham, captured the standard of the Moors, but on the 4th May the garrison fell into an ambushade, when Lord Teviot was slain. In 1679 another siege was laid which lasted till the ensuing year, when the King of England despatched reinforcements for the relief of the place; among these were a battalion of the Foot Guards and 16 companies of Dumbarton's Regiment, now the Royal Scots. On the 27th September our soldiers, 4,000 in number, issuing from their defences, attacked 18,000 Moors posted in a strong position and totally defeated them, on which occasion they were assisted by a body of Spanish cavalry.

But while Charles was in alliance avowed or covert with his cousin of France, Englishmen, as had been for a century their wont, gave voluntary aid to the cause of Protestantism on the Continent. The Holland Regiment, now the "Bufs," was the oldest of the various corps which had been raised for the defence of the struggling Dutch Republic when pitted against the seemingly overwhelming might of Spain. But in 1674, on the conclusion of peace with Holland, England and Scotland supplied William of Orange with six infantry regiments, three of each nationality, which rendered excellent service to the cause of religious and political liberty of which he was the champion. These were styled the Anglo-Dutch Brigade, and as two of the English regiments became in after years the 5th and 6th Foot, we may be permitted to claim them as part and parcel of the British Army, and cite the battle of St. Denis, near Mons, as being the most glorious action on land which graces the annals of the Restoration.

In August 1678, Marshal Luxembourg and 45,000 Frenchmen were covering the siege of Mons, which was invested by a detached corps under the orders of the Count de Montal. William, Prince of Orange, though he was probably aware that peace had already been concluded, resolved to attack them notwithstanding, and it is doubtful whether his duplicity or bad tactics were made the more conspicuous by the event. The French position stretched from north to south facing Brussels and, on the opposite side of the river Haisne, rested on Mons. It was a heath which occupied the summit of a plateau, the flanks being protected by thick woods. In front, separated by a valley and stream, was another plateau, occupied likewise by impassable woodlands, with the exception of two defiles each about 300 yards wide, the most northerly being the pass of Castiaux, the southern that of St. Denis, which gave its name to the battle.


Both avenues of approach were obstructed by buildings and enclosures which, if properly defended, effectually closed them to the passage of heavy masses of troops. Nevertheless, it was through the pass of St. Denis that the Allied Commander persisted in attempting to thrust his army in order to deploy under the muzzles of the French guns, which, not more than 800 yards distant, kept up a murderous fire on the struggling masses below. After four hours carnage, the Prince withdrew the Dutch battalions, but only to repeat his error on a still more colossal scale at the pass of Castiaux, among the victims in this quarter of the field being the six British battalions of the Anglo-Dutch brigade. There being scarcely room enough to deploy a couple of companies of infantry, the troops on either side fought in dense columns, upon which the artillery on either side told with murderous effect. There was a regiment of French Protestants among the Allies. Being surrounded in the château, they fought with desperate valour till the building was set on fire, when, headed by their chief, the Marquis de Roque-Servièrre, they rushed forth half stifled with smoke to perish under the pikes of the Dauphin's regiment. Darkness alone put an end to the conflict, when the French, evacuating the field, retired beyond the Haisne. We extract from the history of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers an account of the British attack at Castiaux, which gives an idea of the mode of fighting in days prior to the introduction of the bayonet, which came into partial use two years later. The brigade was on this occasion under the command of the Earl of Ossory, the English under General Fenwick, though the brave and brilliant Duke of Monmouth was also present on the field.

The British brigade, under the Earl of Ossory, moved from its camp along a difficult tract of country, until it came in front of a hill occupied by the enemy's left wing, where it was destined to make its attack in conjunction with the Dutch foot guards. The signal was given, when the British Grenadiers, springing forward with lighted matches, threw a shower of hand grenades which, bursting among the ranks of the enemy, did much execution. The Musqueteers followed, and, opening a sharp fire, were answered by the volleys of the enemy. Their fire was soon succeeded by the charge of the Pikemen, who went cheering onward to the attack, while the Musqueteers, drawing their swords, joined in the onset with admirable spirit and resolution, and the enemy gave way. One attack was succeeded by another; the French, driven from field to field, still rallied, and returned to the fight. Pike to pike, and sword to sword, the combatants maintained a fierce conflict, while the hand-grenades flew in every direction, and the heights of Castehau presented a varied scene of turmoil and slaughter in the midst the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Monmouth appeared mixed with the combatants, and urging forward the storm of battle. A French captain levelled his pistol at the Prince, but General d'Auverquerque killed the captain before he had time to fire, and thus saved His Highness's life, for which



service the States made him the present of a valuable sword. Night at length put an end to the fight, and the French afterwards made a precipitate retreat.

In 1684 Tangier was abandoned for the same reason that Dunkirk was sold to France; the expenses of maintaining the two fortresses amounted to half the royal revenue, and Parliament refused a special grant for the purpose. The Tangier Horse, on return to England, became the Royal Dragoons, and the services of the 1st Tangier Regiment were retained by the King, who caused it to rank as the 2nd Foot. During Monmouth's rebellion in 1685, the Anglo-Dutch brigade was brought over to England at the desire of James II., and remained for a month or two in his pay; but after the battle of Sedgemoor they returned to Holland. James wished to obtain their services again in 1688, in order to incorporate them with his army at Hounslow Camp; but the Dutch declined to accede, and ultimately the three English regiments of the brigade landed at Torbay with William III., when two of them received the position which they have so long retained with honour as the 5th and 6th Foot, while the third was disbanded. The three Scots regiments remained in the service of Holland, and, on their disbandment in 1782, some of the men were formed into the 94th Regiment. Altogether 6 regiments of horse, 2 of dragoons, and 9 of foot were added to the standing army in 1685, from which year so many of our most distinguished corps date their origin. They were destined, without a doubt, for the subversion of the Constitution and the liberties of the nation; but the weapon was of too fine a temper to be turned to such base uses, as its royal master discovered to his cost when the critical moment had arrived.



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So many worlds, so much to do,  
So little done, such things to be.—*Tennyson.*



GLANCE at the returns from many of our principal recruiting centres conveys the unpalatable facts that the army is not yet a popular or attractive career, and that men, as a rule, only enter its ranks under stress of circumstances or compulsion of one kind or other. The bulk of our recruits come from the more distinctly agricultural localities,

where, under the extreme pressure grinding down landlord and tenant alike, employment is irregular and wages rule low. And so long as foreign produce is poured into this country duty free, so long shall we continue to draw the largest *quota* of our embryo soldiery from this bucolic source, till at length the land become a howling wilderness, ungladdened by the sight of "flocks and herds, or human face divine," and there be none to wield the mattock and spade, or speed the plough, one-sided Free Traders having brought about national disaster by the ruin of its best and oldest industry.

A bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

The Inspector-General remarks that with the gradual revival of industry, upon which we may be at last permitted to congratulate ourselves, the recruiting sergeant finds formidable rivals in the labour market. Though the system of localization is at last becoming a reality, and the lightening of the punishments inflicted for military offences, or what may be termed a wholesome laxity in discipline, ought to render the service more popular, young men are still imbued with the silly and erroneous idea that they incur ruin and disgrace by joining Her Majesty's service. It is probable that the persuasive powers of the recruiting staff are not sufficiently potent to convince respectable youths that by joining the colours they can secure a comfortable present, pursue an honourable, interesting, and possibly distinguished career equally remunerative with that of the artisan, and that by serving their time for pension,



they are certain of sufficient support in their old age to keep the wolf from the door. They might be told that within the last few months a distinguished field officer, who wore a sergeant's stripes at Inkerman, has retired with the comfortable and well-earned pension of over £1,100 a year.

The time is not far distant when victory will lean more to the best and most highly-trained troops than to the big battalions. It is essential, therefore, that the material of the British army should be of the finest possible quality. To attract recruits of intelligence and physique we must hold out advantages such as will not only induce them to join, but encourage them to serve their full twelve years with the colours. Such weapons as are now being entrusted to the soldier should be in the hands of thoroughly-trained men, and he that is longest and best accustomed to his arm will make the most effective use of it on the enemy. At present the soldier, on completing his long or short service, and passing into the Reserve, finds himself in competition with a congested labour market. He may not have forgotten his trade, his appearance will be smart, cleanly, and respectable; he probably has seen something of the world, and has acquired those fruits of discipline—moderation, self-restraint, and good address. Despite all these weighty recommendations, he finds it very difficult to revert to his old craft or to get a suitable billet anywhere. In the police of the metropolis, men who have been soldiers, for some reason or another, are not liked, and when enlisted are forbidden to wear their war medals should they be decorated. Reservists are objected to by many employers, who fear that they might be inconvenienced should the Reserves be called out for training or sterner work. That admirable institution the Commissionaire Corps, for causes I do not venture to broach, is not wholly popular with its members. Perhaps, when some philanthropist builds suitable sanitary barracks in an airy position for these useful and dependable servants of the public, there may be more content in its ranks. We hear much of subordinate Government appointments being retained for our soldiers, marines, and blue-jackets; but these comfortable posts are in too many instances bestowed on civilians of the pampered menial class, having no claim whatever on the country. Our old and trusty soldiers and sailors, who have borne themselves bravely in every clime, have a decided lien on the commonwealth beyond the modest pitance doled out to them in the way of pension, and may well exclaim, "Cast me not away in the time of my age: forsake me not when my strength faileth me"; rightly may they plead, "For-

sake me not in mine old age, when I am grey-headed." What chance of getting on in civilian life has the pensioner of twenty-one years' service? He may return to the family home to find all that are near and dear to him scattered far and wide on the world's tempestuous sea, and the old folk slumbering in the cemetery or church-yard. He may be, probably is, married, and with a young family growing up. His deferred pay would enable him to get a few "sticks" about him, but how far would the 2s. per diem of the sergeant, the 1s. 6d. of the rank-and-file non-commissioned officer, or the 1s. of the private go to fill so many mouths? England groans beneath the burden of a pauperized and ever-increasing multitude, and this density of population, according to the plain matter-of-fact returns of the Registrar-General, is not confined to the metropolis or the great centres of manufacture of the south, but is to be found north of the Tweed in an equally or even more acute stage of congestion. In these prolific isles we increase and multiply at such a pace that yearly we find 300,000 added to our numbers, and this addition does not embrace the vast importations of needy foreigners, who, in their rags and filth, flock to the sweater's mill and add to our poors rates. Great Britain extends her misdirected charity to comers of all nations, Jew or Gentile. This augmentation of our populace, rapid as that of patriarchal times, instead of adding to the nation's strength, wealth, and progress, and being a blessing, is an absolute curse, which, unless diverted into some foreign channel, must develop a great danger and end in revolution. Picture the unmitigated squalor and wretchedness of the poorer folk—for the most part Irish—in the wealthy city of Glasgow, where the saying is "the clartier the cosier." "Let Glasgow flourish" is the motto of the great port on either bank of the filthy Clyde. Let her cleanse her slums, say I, purify her human pig-styes, and come over the Border to learn a lesson in artisans' dwellings construction. Herded together in fetid dens, the lives of tens of thousands, as aptly described by Mr. John Bright, are but a melancholy procession from the cradle to the grave.

In Liverpool the congestion of population with its attendant crime, immorality, suffering, and premature death, is even greater, the humbler class being packed together like tinned sardines or Smyrna figs; and so on, throughout all our great towns. With such appalling poverty, what wonder that the death-roll by suicide should out-number that of returns of killed in every action fought by British troops from the victory on the slopes of the Alma down to the last skirmish outside Suakim. An able writer





VINEYARD PROPRIETOR'S RESIDENCE AT AN IRRIGATION COLONY.



on the vexed labour question, in describing this "flying to suicide for fear of death," says "all the loss for which we mourned, when with tears and lamentations we sorrowed for the brave men who fell fighting the battles of England, was far surpassed in magnitude by the silent procession, which, driven by want and wretchedness, opened for itself the gates of the eternal world and passed into the presence of the Great Judge. Who can tell the amount of anguish, of suffering, and of despair which that wretched host endured before its brigades and regiments fled from the battlefield of life?" Burning words these, words to sear the conscience of this the richest nation the world has ever seen! The gross estimate of the cost of our land forces, including pensions of every kind, may be stated roughly at something over 20 millions sterling; but the country levies more than a moiety of that sum yearly to support a pauper army in idleness, to which may be added 10 millions more subscribed by charity. Four centuries ago the first of the Tudor Kings hanged over 70,000 of his subjects for being vagabonds and out of work. Such Draconian laws are somewhat out of fashion at present, so we let the unemployed live in vicious ne'er-do-wellness, a curse to themselves and a burden to the State. The system is bad, it encourages idleness, and instead of removing the pauperising leprosy adds to its virulence. Into such a slough of despond our time-expired soldiers may be cast, and such should not be the reward of meritorious military service for those who have deserved well of their country.

There is but one remedy for this disastrous pressure, and that is to transplant the surplus able-bodied ex-military and civil population to the British Colonies. Fifty years back the Parliament of Great Britain voted £20,000,000 as compensation for the manumitted slaves. For a few years' purchase of our present £14,500,000 Poor Rate we may bring relief to suffering, supplant poverty by plenty, convert our waste lands into prosperous settlements, extend our commerce beyond the most sanguine hope of the keenest trader, strengthen and consolidate our vast and growing Empire, stem the gathering sullen tide of Socialism, and create such an Imperial Federation as shall be independent of and indifferent to the whole world, friendly with all, fearing none. The term emigration must not be confounded with the expression colonization. A man may emigrate and find himself cast upon the shores of one or other of our dependencies without the wherewithal to settle and become self-supporting, and a creator of wealth. That man may be termed an incubus, but not a colonist. The colonies want none



such. "Emigration," says a recognized authority, himself a colonist of standing and experience, "is the mere departure of people from one land for the purpose of entering into another; colonization is the settlement of such emigrants in a colony, either upon the colonial lands, or in some certain position as regards the means of obtaining a livelihood and joining in the work of the community. Colonization, be it State-aided, co-operative—*i.e.* Capital and Labour working on the mutual system—philanthropic, private, or that of communities, must be on an extensive scale and of perfect organization. The land selected should not only be good, and possessed of all the elements needful to remunerative tillage, but sufficiently extensive to provide for the community, or group of communities, by which it is to be peopled. Due regard must be had to markets in the immediate and distant future, and to means of communication, harbours, climate, water, and fuel supply. The objects to be steadily aimed at are, to produce fresh wealth by the factors of production now ready to hand but unutilized; to render the well-deserving and able-bodied unemployed, male and female, contented contributors to the national wealth and prosperity, and to kindle within them

The pride to rear an independent shed  
And give the lips they love unborrowed bread;

to provide profitable investment for capital, cheap food stuffs for themselves and their kindred in the old country, and raw materials for the manufacturer; to extend British commerce to British Colonies; to relieve the taxpayer of the heavy burden of poor rates; and to provide safety and true federation for that Empire upon which the sun never sets. There must be no weakly, vicious drones in the hive, only working bees, lusty, strong, and law-abiding; such examples of the hard "grit" of old England and her sister isle that "the wilderness and the solitary place would become glad for them." We must not presume to send the worthless, those miserable creatures, poor wretches, filthy in body, foul of speech, vile in spirit, the semi-barbarous pariahs and outcasts of the slums, born in dens, nurtured in foul courts and alleys, who live in drunkenness and become devitalized by excess of alcohol and tobacco, and die without the light of God's law. We must seek fresh fields and pastures new, and 5,000,000,000 of broad acres await the coming of that courageous, enduring, and never-say-die race that goes forward and conquers under the Red Cross of St. George. No longer should we listen to the hateful Gladstonian cry, "the Colonies cost England money"; no longer

contemplate that odious policy of dismemberment which tends to national suicide.

Before examining a carefully thought out scheme for colonization by pensioners, emanating from a sub-committee of the National Association for Promoting State-directed Colonization, the objects and scope of this already powerful and growing Imperial project should be clearly stated and widely understood. Already on the Council, and on its list of supporters, are to be found some of the best and most trusted names in the land. That funds are urgently required, goes without saying; and yet, with so much ostentatious charity ever paraded in the columns of the daily press, this ought not to be. We have seen large sums sent out to the much to be pitied famine-stricken Heathen Chinese, but there is a saying that "charity begins at home," and certainly the most laudable charity of modern times will be that which uproots this terrible, ever-present semi-starvation in our island homes. We give £100,000 to a single hospital—good! A wealthy Irish baronet hands over £250,000 to a trust for providing dwellings for the poor—better still! Let us, then, out of our national wealth, computed at the fabulous sum of £9,210,000,000, and out of our annual aggregate income of £750,000,000 contribute abundantly to this essentially good and sound national movement. The spirit of charity is not wanting, what is needed is that the outcome of that spirit be directed into legitimate channels. The ladies of England, ever earnest in good works, should follow the lead of the Countess of Cathcart, whose thoughtful and practical bounty has brought contentment to many a Highland crofter, now prospering on the rich soil of Winnipeg. The President of this Association is the Earl of Meath, with Lord Sandhurst as Vice-President, the popular ex-Lord Mayor of London, Sir R. N. Fowler, Bart., M.P., being Treasurer. Amongst the patrons are thirteen bishops, His Eminence Cardinal Archbishop Manning, the Duke of Manchester, and several other Peers, and others interested in Colonial matters, General Viscount Wolseley worthily representing the army, Admirals Bythsea, Hon. T. Egerton, and Field, M.P., with Sir John Colomb, answering for the sister services. The list, a very powerful one numerically, has been strengthened by the important adhesion of delegates from trade, friendly, and other societies, representing over 200,000 working men. The rock on which so many State measures are shipwrecked, viz. party, has been eliminated from the programme, and an earnest and not unsuccessful "hands all round" endeavour is being made to induce the Home





AUSTRALIAN SCENERY: A FOOL IN THE FOREST. (After Painting by H. J. Johnstone.)



and Colonial Governments to work together in the foundation and development of a broad and comprehensive system of voluntary State colonization. It is only within the last eighteen years that the British Government has condescended to take any interest in Colonial affairs. It was a culpable error on the part of the Home Authorities to have handed over millions of acres of the richest land on the face of the globe, the domain of the Crown, to Colonial Governments to be appropriated by rich settlers afflicted by land hunger in its most acute form. With the exception of some 500,000,000 acres in Western Australia, 12,000,000 in the hands of the Maories in the North Island of New Zealand, and many millions more in South Africa, rich not only in flocks and herds, but in gold and jewels beyond measure, that only await the hand of the gatherer, all has passed from the grasp of the Colonial Office. We legislate for Irish tenants at the expense of the landlords, so possibly the time may come for the land-grabbers of the Australian colonies to relax their hold, on somewhat similar terms, of the vast territories they would fain keep unsettled. Parliament can undo what a Parliament has done. "Parliament is omnipotent to protect." Repeated refusals of the Imperial Government to aid in projects of State-aided colonization is but a proof that Ministers have not hitherto grasped the significance of that "loud and exceeding bitter cry" of a suffering people. Now it appears to have suddenly dawned on them that we are drifting into a very perilous position, and are approaching the dawn of a revolutionary epoch. No one in his seven senses supposes that any Minister, be he ever so resourceful, has a cut-and-dry heaven-born scheme up his sleeve, to be pulled out at the proper moment, by which the great army of unemployed is to be secured permanent employment. Nor can anyone, unless he has just escaped from Colney Hatch, Bethlehem, or Earlswood, endorse the flicker and splutter of the eccentric Mr. Cunningham Graham, which, if it means anything, points to unadulterated Socialism and a premium to the idle, thriftless runagate at the expense of the industrious and saving. But when a well-thought-out, and powerfully as well as numerically supported, scheme is put forward, the responsible Minister is in duty bound to give it serious consideration.

Twice has State-colonization [says Lord Meath in an admirable pamphlet] been the subject of a debate in the House of Lords. In 1884, on the motion of the Earl of Carnarvon, and again in 1886, when it was introduced by the Earl of Harrowby. Deputations from the National Association have thrice waited on Members of the Government of the day. The purport of the answers received on all these occasions



was that as soon as public opinion definitely demanded the adoption by the Government of some system of State-colonization, no opposition would be offered.

So land looms on the horizon, and the Premier in July last year, on being questioned on the subject of public subscription to an issue of "Colonization Land Rent-Charge Stock" bearing a guaranteed Imperial Government 3 per cent. interest, committed himself to the following pregnant statement: "If you have shown in practice that the security is not precarious, that you can recover the interest from the Colonists who occupy the soil; if you can bring the figures back to the Treasury and the House of Commons, the chances of course of obtaining what you desire would then be very much greater than they were." A Royal Commission has been appointed to arrange for the emigration of crofter and cottar families from the north-west of Scotland to the Dominion of Canada, and already, under the arrangement of the Marquis of Lothian and Sir Charles Tupper, some thirty families have gone out. These are to be followed by forty or fifty more. So far so good, but why should Scotland have all the loaves and fishes? There are now working in London sixty-six societies for the furtherance of emigration, but their efforts are spasmodic and limited. Combined and linked on to the national scheme their weight would be felt, their object promoted, and something worthy of the cause accomplished. The patriotic Samaritan may by supporting this admirable scheme, write his or her name on tablets more lasting than marble—on the grateful memory of human hearts, which shall bless them through eternity for the consolation brought them, for the timely aid that saved them not only from suffering but from ruin of body and soul. Parliament has loaned several millions sterling to Irish tenants, in order to buy out the landlords; the security for the proposed Colonization Land Rent-Charge Stock should, under certain conditions, be quite on a par with that covering these heavy advances made on agricultural land on the other side of St. George's Channel. Certain is it that rich virgin land in our Colonial possessions, when brought under plough and spade, is at least as valuable as the average of that in Ireland. A farm of 260 acres near Chelmsford in Essex was lately offered at £7 an acre, and it is questionable if, in the face of ever-increasing foreign competition, land in the old country will stand any rental whatever. In some of our possessions—though oats do not spring up like Jonah's gourd—the soil is so rich that it only requires to be scratched to smile with a harvest, and where seventy-five bushels of oats to the acre,

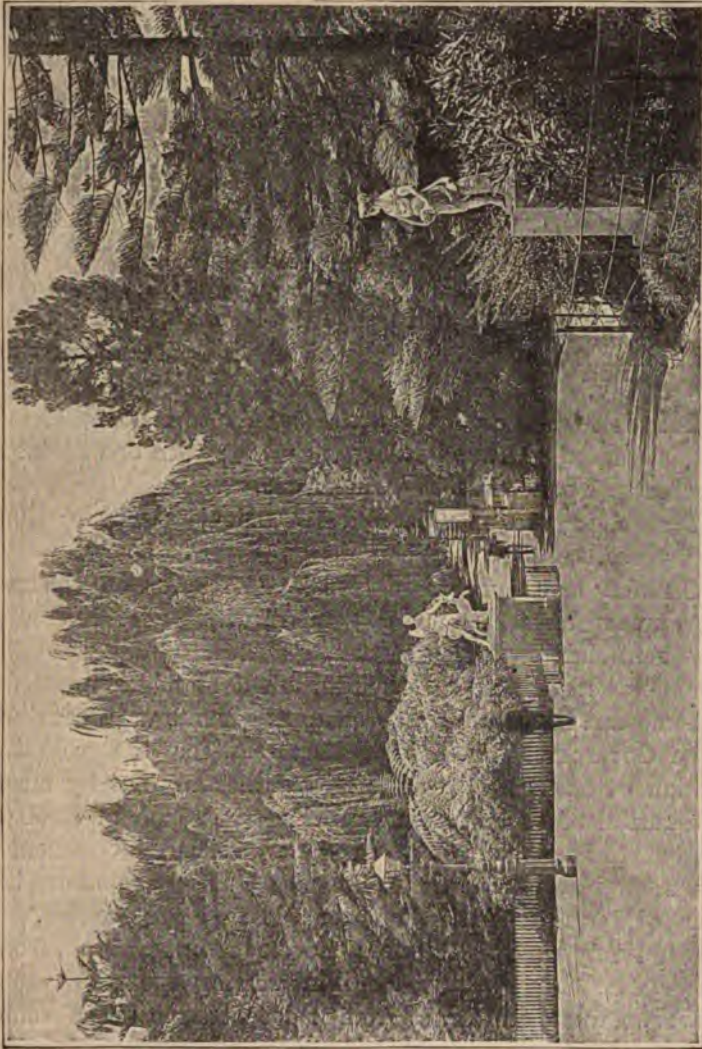
thirty-five of wheat, with potatoes and roots in proportion, are average yield, the settler has no occasion to nicely balance the relative values of ammonia, nitrate of soda, kainit, superphosphates, and other artificial fertilizers, and has no need to run a manure merchant's bill in order that the land shall bring forth her increase. The voice of the Land League will not be heard on those distant shores, no "plan of the campaign" could be worked out by those miserable political parasites whose watchword is treason, and whose end will be well-earned contempt and effacement.

It is not in contemplation to give any aid or encouragement whatever to colonists proposing to settle in the United States or in other foreign lands, neither is there any intention of aiding those social lepers, the professional tramp—once a tramp, always a tramp. There is no idea of foisting on the Colonies the scum of gaols—we entertain 20,000 malefactors annually—nor of burdening them with the aged and the idle of our workhouses. Those that quit these shores under the ægis of the Association will be honest, hard-working men with money at their backs, preference being given to the agricultural classes, who, finding their occupation gone, are now flocking into our cities and towns at the rate of 60,000 annually. From Huntingdon the migration is estimated at 25,987. Our true policy is to restrain emigration to America. Let the discontented followers of Messrs. Parnell, Gladstone and Co. go to swell the transatlantic Irish vote, and preach the gospel of treason; but let us carefully restrict State- and private-aided emigration to our own broad lands. Sooner or later, we shall want every man we can muster to curb the intolerant insolence of American politicians. It is very pleasant to listen to post-prandial orations, interspersed with elaborately embroidered effusions, setting forth the fraternal blood-thicker-than-water love Brother Jonathan is supposed to entertain for poor played-out John Bull. There is no love for us. The generality of the speeches made teem with gross abuse of England, and the more rancour the speaker delivers himself of the greater is the applause. Not only by the American-Irish but by the Yankees themselves is a malignant hostility cherished which, at some not distant date, will find vent and lead to very serious complications. Though the Irish element of population in the United States is, despite large yearly immigrations, diminishing, still the seed sown to win the all-important Irish vote will not die out, and must eventually yield Dead Sea fruit. Jealousy, misrepresentation, the Protectionists, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness are at work. Fortunately, this Hibernian



element of discord in our own possessions is growing small by degrees and beautifully less, and, in another generation, will have dwindled to an insignificant fraction. In 1887 the departures for British Colonies were 70,144 British, against 9,817 Irish; and in 1888 the numbers were respectively 77,176 *versus* 6,932. The heart of the American nation may be all right, but the wire-pullers of Congress and the bulk of the politicians cordially detest us, and lose no opportunity of twisting the tail of that long-suffering animal the British Lion. Witness the impudent, dishonest retention of the Alabama claims surplus, the rejection of the Fishery and Extradition Treaties, the treatment of our Ambassador by ex-President Cleveland, and the open encouragement permitted—till the Cronin butchery forced the officials to act—to such murderous and revolutionary organizations as the Clan-na-Gael. We can place no reliance on the friendship of a nation which permits of a class of place-seeking blood-suckers using Government as a means of private gain, and which boasts no masterful leaders. We should be mad to aid in the further development of such a palpable foe. Fortunately for us, America has a very ugly skeleton in her cupboard. The many millions of treasure and the thousands upon thousand of lives, chiefly alien, her civil war cost her is very likely to have been expended in vain. Her negro population grows apace, and will soon outnumber the whites. We know what that interesting “darky” is when left to himself, or when he gets the upper hand. “Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar” is a very true saying; despite the thin varnish of civilization, very much of the original savage underlies the African skin, and under the ebon cuticle of Sambo is found all the devilry of Dahomey. It is more than suspected that in Hayti cannibalism exists; we know for certain that barbarism in its worst form does. Uncle Sam has the problem of a war of races to deal with; the South may not have so fully accepted defeat as the politicians of Washington fondly imagine, and the Western States may break away from the Union at no very distant date. Our rôle is to strengthen Canada, to further the objects of the Federation League, to bring the Dominion into commercial union with ourselves and our colonies, and so to develop the interchange of the Imperial resources. With an untenanted ever-growing estate of our own, why should our people hunger after American prairies? In the words of Professor Seely, “Englishmen in all parts of the world remember that they are of one blood and one religion, and that they have one history, one language, and one literature. They are, in fact, the vast English

nation, and we should take great care not to allow the emigrants who have gone forth from among us to imagine that they have in the slightest degree ceased to belong to the same community as ourselves." Irrespective of these considerations, the proposed



FITZROY GARDENS, MELBOURNE.

changes in the American immigration laws indicate a new departure that may cause a total revolution in European emigration to that country. The Bill restricting the ownership of real estate to citizens of the United States very seriously affects the territories



of Arizona, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Utah, Washington Territory, and Wyoming, all of which come under the designation of "public" lands.

At present, the scheme for State-colonization has been merely outlined. Its broad lines, leaving detail to be filled in hereafter, are as follows, and its pivot is the guarantee of interest by the Imperial Government:—

#### THE SCHEME.

- (1.) *Controlling Authority*—Colonization Board (with Imperial and Colonial representation).
- (2.) *Capital to be raised by* public subscription to a "Colonization Land Rent-Charge Stock," interest at 3 per cent. per annum to be guaranteed by the Imperial Government for a term of thirty years.
- (3.) Preference to be given to Colonists who contribute towards outlay.
- (4.) Colonists after *second year* to pay 4 per cent. on amount advanced, secured by a rent-charge; with or without an extra 1 per cent. for contingencies.
- (5.) Rent-charge to be redeemed by Colonists within thirty years.
- (6.) Colonial Governments to give land free, or on the most favourable terms for settlement, with power to create a rent-charge when necessary.

To some extent Her Majesty's Government stands committed to the scheme for, in December 1888, arrangements were concluded with the Government of British Columbia for the voluntary emigration of 1,200 Scottish crofter families to that by far the most beautiful of our Canadian provinces. A sum of £150,000 was agreed to be loaned, on the security of the Government of British Columbia. The various Colonial Governments have been approached, and opposition is everywhere being routed. As bearing not only on this National movement but also on, from a military point of view, the more interesting one of *Pensioner Settlements*, I quote an extract from a despatch, dated November last, from Sir Harry Atkinson, Premier of New Zealand.

We must also promote the settlement and occupation of the lands of the Colony, by rendering them attractive to persons willing and able to cultivate them and to develop their many and varied resources with their own skill and capital. There is no surer way of lifting the country out of its present difficulties than by the introduction of considerable numbers of persons possessed of sufficient means and knowledge to cultivate the land profitably, not only as ordinary farmers, but as fruit-growers, and

growers of plants suitable for manufacture, or to supply other industries. Our efforts at retrenchment will be comparatively unavailing to restore prosperity, unless we can obtain a considerable accession to our population to employ labour. We think the time for this very favourable, and if the House should approve of the course, we shall propose it. Upon this subject we hope to see, at no distant period, a considerable accession to our population of persons of the class above referred to. *The time also, apparently, is favourable to the establishment of pensioner settlements.* Much interest is being taken in this subject by leading men in the United Kingdom, and a good deal of thought and attention has been given to the details by a gentleman at Auckland, who has devoted a large amount of time and energy to the matter. The Government are of opinion that every effort should be made to induce a considerable immigration of this class of persons to the Colony. As an essential means towards accomplishing the above important objects—and, indeed, the settlement of the country generally—the Government propose to amend and simplify the land laws, and, as far as possible, make them uniform throughout the Colony; to allow selectors full freedom of choice as to tenure, and above all, and as the dominant idea, to enable the *bonâ fide* settler to get possession of and title to his land with the least possible delay and expense. It is, perhaps, desirable here to declare that the Government fully recognize the wisdom of the principle which has been acted on since 1879–80, namely, that the proceeds of the sale and disposal of our lands should be treated, not as ordinary revenue, but as a special fund for opening up the country and promoting settlement.

There is a business-like ring about this communication from the Colonial Premier. Writing in somewhat similar vein, the Speaker of the Lower House of Tasmania says:—

I have read the Earl of Meath's pamphlet with much interest, and no little concern for the future of England. Here we are paying high wages for inferior labour, and that hard to obtain, whilst in London thousands are seeking employment and cannot find it. The future of England must cause anxiety to every thoughtful mind. Here, in our Colonies, we have room for thousands. Thousands now starving in England might find in these colonies all that a man can desire in this world. In Tasmania alone, with her fertile fields, lovely climate, and rich mineral fields, we have ample room for thousands, and yet they do not come. It is sad to see such means of wealth neglected, and to hear of such real distress in the old country.

The intention is to invite the Colonies to give free grants of land to emigrants, selected and approved of by a Colonization Board appointed by Government. The antecedents of the applicant would be closely investigated, and only those selected who are educated and able-bodied, and who can establish their claim to honesty, sobriety, and industry. Preference will be given to married men. A small fee, equivalent to one year's interest on the money to be advanced, will be levied. The advances would be £120 per family proceeding to Canada, and from £130 to £150 for the more distant Colonies. This advance will not be handed to the emigrant in cash. A free outfit and passage will be provided for himself and family, and he will be franked right through to his new home, where he will find a carefully selected and free-grant farm, house, seeds, implements, and food awaiting him. Under the direction of a local agent appointed by the Colonization Board,



he will be placed in the right groove how to conduct his operations and to get a living. During the first two years no payments will be exacted, but he will not be permitted to bury his talent. He will be expected to break up a certain portion of the land from the sod, and to get a due breadth under crop. The quickness with which the least experienced in prairie farming can provide for himself, is abundantly illustrated in the case of the Highland crofters sent out in 1883 by Lady Cathcart. £100, in addition to the expense of passage out, should, with the addition of a free homestead, suffice to give a family a fair start. The Marquis of Lorne bears testimony to the immediate successes of settlers of every variety of trades and professions in the new—to them—domain of agriculture, instancing, amongst others, the cases of a bank clerk, a Methodist clergyman, an engineer who had not succeeded in business, a coffee planter from Ceylon, and lays particular stress on the sixty Celts from the inhospitable Western Highlands. These poor folk left the Broomielaw one misty April morning; their careworn looks telling of a hard struggle for bare existence in the crowded island hovels they had quitted. But what a change had five months in their new homes in the north-west of Canada wrought! The careworn look had vanished, giving place to an expression of bright, cheerful contentment. Located in a fertile and beautiful country, raised at once into the position of considerable proprietors, and, though it was the end of May before they were settled on their land, they were found surrounded by fine crops ripening to the harvest. A considerable acreage was under potatoes, which, planted early in June, were ready for use in seven weeks and four days, excellent alike in quantity and quality. The new settlement, as approached on a bright sunny morning, resembled a gentleman's park in the country, with ornamental clumps of plantations, and lakelets here and there interspersed through the landscape, as if laid out by a skilful landscape gardener, with the temporary turf houses of the settlers under the shelter of some wood, and the more permanent dwelling-houses in course of erection. There can be no doubt, therefore, of an emigrant settled on the terms of the National Association being at the end of his third harvest in a position to commence repayment, in annual instalments, with interest, of the capital advanced. On the refund of the loan, a fee-simple transfer of his location will be handed to him. There are black sheep in every fold, but the Board, in the case of any "hard bargain," or unsatisfactory colonist, would, under deed of mortgage, in the event of default



*GISBORNE,*  
NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.



THE NEW YORK  
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TILDEN FOUNDATION

in the payment of interest, have power to come in and assume possession. The development of adjacent locations must give the mismanaged farm an enhanced value, and loss to the Association would be *nil*. The repayments will be utilized in sending out other colonists, thus keeping up a steady stream of emigration. It is anticipated that actual payment of the interest on the Colonization Land Rent-Charge by the State, may not be necessary after the second year after the creation of the Stock.

In providing for the adult population, the interests of the rising generation will not suffer. Child emigration will receive due and careful attention. In our midst are thousands of little waifs and strays, homeless orphans and deserted children. Many there are whose early days are spent in begging alms to be carried home to their vicious, degraded, and unnatural parents, to be dissipated in the gin palace. Our present system of sending these luckless little ones to workhouses, reformatories, and industrial schools, costs the country, in round numbers, about £100 per head, and the result is far from satisfactory. So soon as the law frees them from the control of these institutions, these lads and lasses are dragged back by their depraved relations to that hideous social abyss out of which, by the kind offices of such men as the late General Gordon and Dr. Barnardo, they had been rescued, and the last state of these street arabs is worse than the first. In the Colonies, beyond the reach of these destructive influences, led by the example of a busy and contented community, under brighter skies, and a purer atmosphere and surroundings, a true and lasting reformation may be worked. The Arabs have a saying, "The lessons of infancy are engraved upon stone, the lessons of ripe age pass away like birds' nests"; and another, equally applicable, "The young branch is made straight without much trouble, but the old wood can never be straightened." A happy home may be secured in the Colonies for £15 a head, with a certainty of a good wage in the early future. A few months ago a draft for £108 15s. was sent to Mr. Fegan, of the Boys' Home, 95, Southwark Street, London, E.C., by boys rescued from the streets and sent to Canada by this Institution. The money was given voluntarily by them out of their earnings, with many promises to send more next year as a surprise gift, to help towards the expenses of a party of one hundred which will start in a short time. There would be no possibility of settlers treating these immature colonists after the manner of SMike of Dotheboys Hall, for they would be under the supervision and protection of the Board's local





AUSTRALIAN SCENERY: OLINDA CREEK, VICTORIA. (After Painting by H. J. Johnstone.)



agents. A good sound education is to be acquired in other places beside within the walls of the School Board buildings, and in the colonial seminaries the subjects taught would be largely of a technical nature, adapted to the requirements of the future settler's industry. New South Wales must be a sort of scholastic paradise. There a public school can be established wherever an attendance of twenty can be guaranteed; free railway passes are granted to the children to enable them to go to school; and trains are not above stopping, even where there is no station, to pick the youngsters up. Lord Meath's highly interesting pamphlet on State Colonization contains some very startling facts, disclosing the frightful position of girls who have to exist on twopence a day earned in the match trade. Little wonder is there at the match companies being able to pay such high dividends. The tale of the wretched nail-makers of South Staffordshire and East Worcestershire is a string of horrors disgraceful to a so-called civilized nation. The drudgery of the Algerian galley-slave must have been luxury as compared with these industries, the skinny, wan, flat-chested toilers having to work in fetid air, in ruined ramshackled pestilential hovels, on water-gruel. Children under fourteen years of age labour all day long, and their wretched parents spend the bulk of their ten or twelve shillings hardly-earned weekly wage in the grog-shop. Little wonder is there that our infamous "National Drink Bill" should be nearly £125,000,000, and that with the last forty years 77,000 of our people should have been added to the long roll of suicides. "Merrie England" is not the elysium we would fain have it, and such harrowing facts as these must disenchant not a few.

#### *Military and Naval Colonization.*

A scheme for (a) colonization for men about to be discharged from the army, (b) for men already discharged from the Army, (c) for pensioners from the Royal Navy and Marines claims the careful consideration and support every officer and man wearing Her Majesty's uniform, or who have had that honour. Lord Sandhurst, in July last, brought the subject under discussion in the House of Lords, in the form of a motion for papers, reference being mainly directed to New Zealand, where the homestead settlement exists, and where the pensioner settlements formed by the late Governor Sir G. Grey—that great statesman, profound thinker, sincere philanthropist, brave in the field as wise in council—have proved so eminently successful. The programme now under



the consideration of the Under Secretary of State for War is applicable to all our Colonies, and embraces only those pensioners—men between 38 and 46 years of age—medically examined and passed constitutionally fit. Its scope appears hardly wide enough, and, as an incentive to a superior class of recruit and to good conduct in the ranks, might advantageously be extended to all able-bodied men who, drawing good conduct pay, shall have served the full period of twelve years with the colours, and who agree to do duty for a further period of nine years in the Colonial Militia Volunteers. It is of paramount importance that in the non-commissioned ranks at least we should have soldiers of experience and lengthy training, and that good men should be induced to serve so long as they be in the full power, mental and physical, of their manhood. Much is it to be regretted that the Colonies of New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, &c. should have discontinued the system of free passages to eligible emigrants, and especially so seeing that numbers of suitable persons clamouring to go are detained here, lacking the passage money and the wherewithal to settle. Three Colonies still continue to give assisted passages. The starting point of the scheme is that the Secretary of War should permit the pensioner to commute, that is capitalize a portion of his pension on a basis somewhat analogous to that now obtaining in the case of officers. It is proposed that only a portion should be so treated, so that men, failing as colonists, would still find themselves possessed of something to fall back upon. That such a result need scarcely be anticipated, though of course it is within the pale of possibility, may be gathered from the fact that since 1851, the commencement of the Irish exodus—the emigrants being for the most part penniless and ignorant, mere “hewers of wood and drawers of water”—these exiles of Erin have sent back to their friends £32,000,000, and their possessions in the United States and British Colonies are valued at £655,000,000. It is well, however, to be on the safe side, and to retain some provision for a may-be rainy day. Taking the average pensions, after 21 years service as, sergeant, 2s.; rank and file, non-commissioned officer, 1s. 6d.; and private, 1s. per diem; the pensioner may be converted into a small capitalist by commuting on the system of Government annuities. Thus in the case of the sergeant, 9d.; rank and file non-commissioned officer, 6; and private, 6d. per diem; which sum will leave them not less than—sergeant, 1s. 3d.; rank and file non-commissioned officer, 1s.; and private, 6d. per diem. In the case of senior ranks, at the rate of 9d. in every 2s.

The pensioner's average age on quitting the service is taken at forty years, and as his life would be certified to by medical certificate, and by the production of his medical history sheet, there can be no valid reason for not resting the calculation on the Government annuities tables. As 1d. a day equals £1 10s. 5d. per annum, and this sum capitalized gives £26, so 6d. a day will yield a capital of £156. But the soldier on retirement has another tangible asset, viz. his deferred pay, which in the current year amounts to £11, and this capital will increase yearly by an additional £3, plus interest thereon, for nine years at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The probability is that the careful old soldier, as is frequently the case, has a sum of money to his credit in the savings' bank, but this it is not proposed to interfere with. Soldiers proposing to avail themselves of the privileges to be secured to them by the Association will be required to send in their names through their commanding officers, say six months previous to discharge, stating the colony of their selection, together with the medical certificate, medical history sheet, and record of service. The commanding officer, in forwarding the application, will state his opinion as to the man's qualifications for the new life he contemplates embarking on. Further, the applicant will be required to sign a paper authorizing the sums resulting from the partial commutation of pension and from his deferred pay to be paid over to the Association. The following is an approximate estimate for the first year, in one of the most distant Colonies, for a family of five persons :—

EXPENDITURE.	£	CAPITAL.	£
Passage . . . . .	45	Commuted pension 6d. on annuity	
Outfit . . . . .	10	basis . . . . .	156
Implements, seeds, stock . . . . .	25	Deferred pay . . . . .	11
Buildings . . . . .	30	Uncommuted pension receivable	
Maintenance for first year . . . . .	50	during year . . . . .	9
Unforeseen expenses . . . . .	16		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£176		£176

No credit is taken for Colonial assisted passage.

The emigrants, where practicable, would go straight from their regiments to the ports of embarkation, their papers having been sent on from the Pension Commissioners Office to the Colonial Office, and thence to the Agent-General of the selected Colony. In order to facilitate leave-takings with relations and friends, it is suggested that a furlough be granted as the period of service draws to a close.



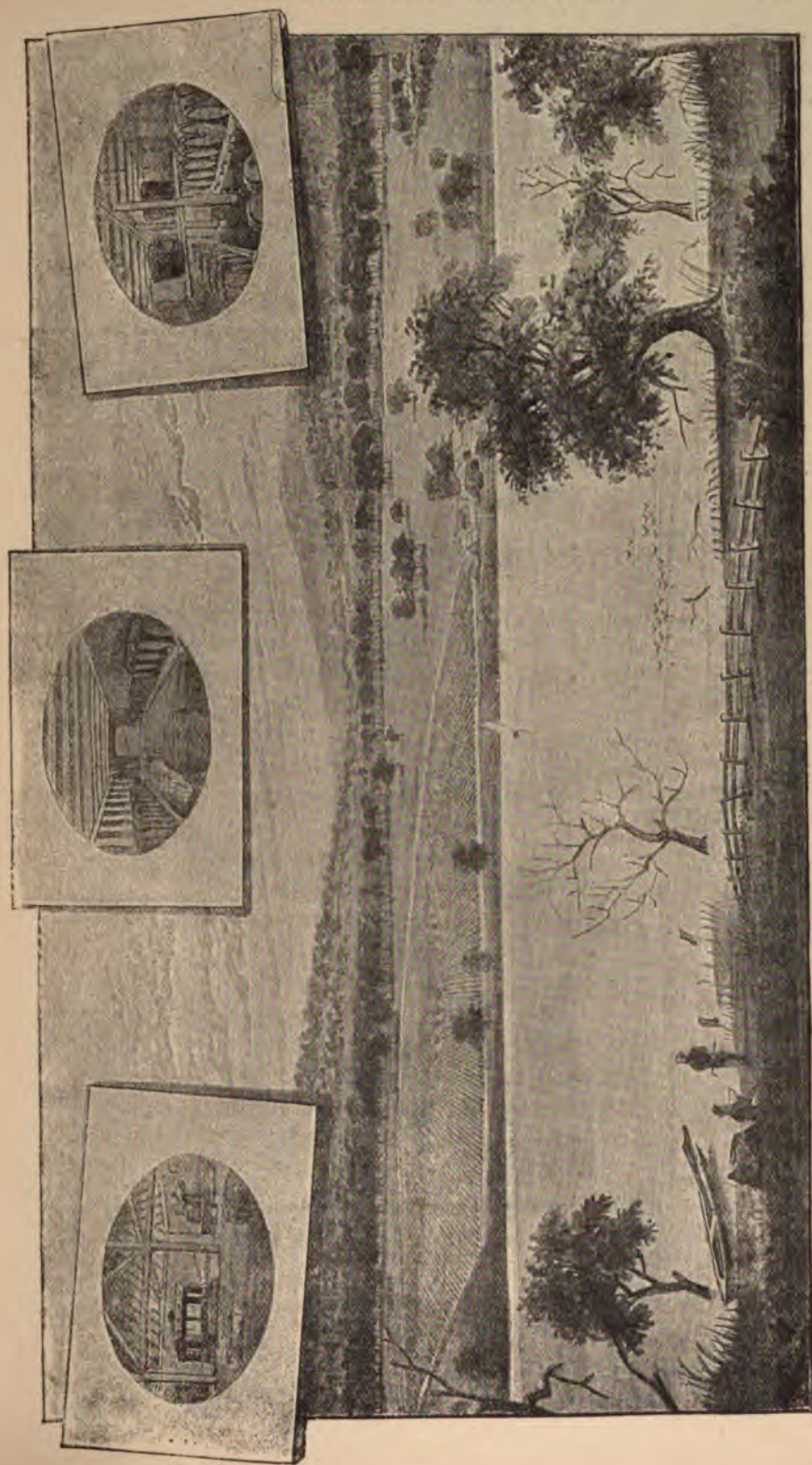
As in the case of pensioners already discharged, no deferred pay would be available, it would be necessary, in order to make up the deficit, to capitalize from 7d. to 9d. of their pensions. Their applications, accompanied by medical certificates, would have to be forwarded through their District Pension Officers, and a certificate as to character from some local authority—the superintendent of police, for instance—might appropriately be required.

Pensioners from the Royal Navy and Marines would be treated on very similar lines. Sailors would have the advantage of having their passage-money lowered in consideration of their services on board. This would apply also to the marines, for the "Jolly," though he does not go aloft, is every bit as much a sailor as the blue-jacket.

All men, whether soldiers or sailors, discharged or time-expired abroad, should have the option of either returning to England or of going straight to the Colony of their selection. This will not cost the country anything, and might save the men their passage out to the Colony. Should they elect to go direct to the Colony their families, if not sent out free, would be sent out to them with proceeds of commuted pension.

The arrangements for the reception, protection, and start of pensioners in the different Colonies have been the subjects of much solicitude, and if the Colonial Governments are alive to their own best interests, they will meet the very reasonable requisitions of the Committee. It is but reasonable to expect that they shall give, as has already been done, free or assisted passages, and that their Agents-General be authorized to act for pensioners in providing passages and in notifying their departures to the Colonial land authorities. They should provide accommodation for colonists at the ports of disembarkation, and proper persons to receive them and to pass them, free of cost, on to their settlements at once. The locations should be selected with the greatest care in healthy, well-watered districts, where the quality of the soil is undoubted and adapted to the formation of "Village Homestead Settlements," *i.e.* a suitable block of productive land in a ring-fence, capable of being divided off into small lots of a few acres with a settler on each. The Colonial Treasuries should be prepared to advance so much an acre for the erection of necessary buildings, clearing land, subsoil drainage, erection of irrigational works, construction of roads, and other legitimate improvements, such advances to be secured by a first charge on the land. Given favourable climatic conditions, in conjunction with rich soil, and facilities for the





MESSRS. CALDWELL'S VINEYARD ON THE RIVER MURRUMBIDGEE.



creation of markets for produce, and the Village Homestead Settlements invariably do well. Much depends on the head man, who, in these pensioner colonies, should be a retired officer possessed of some little capital, a good record, and an aptitude for agriculture and business generally. At the close of the Crimean War, the soldiers of the German Legion, for whose services there was no further occasion, were placed in the neighbourhood of King William's Town. We have it on the authority of Lord Wolseley that had this tentative effort in colonization been followed up by others on a large scale, our country would have been spared the loss of life, of prestige, and of some £18,000,000 of money spent on recent humiliating wars on South African soil, for these wars would, in all probability, never have arisen had the Anglo-Saxon race not been outnumbered so largely by Boers and natives. There would have been no Majuba Hill to sully our roll of fame, and an ex-Premier would have found no opportunity for indulging his craven, unpatriotic pastime of dragging the British Flag through the mire, and of humbling his nation. The Homestead system has been worked out on a more extensive and prosperous scale in the Mormon territory of Utah than anywhere else. In that admirable work, *From Poverty to Plenty*, which should be read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested by each and everyone of us interested in this great movement for settling up our Colonies, I find the efforts, now crowned with success, of these polygamous parties of the Brigham Young persuasion quoted as a practical precedent for the production and distribution of wealth. The history of these very-much-married saints is quite sufficient to prove that wise, though fanciful and grotesque, measures may unite in the production and distribution of all the comforts of life gathered from the sand of a desert, by the hand of labour, under every disadvantage. No community has ever carried the principle of co-operation so far as these Salt Lake City caricature saints. The unwelcome advent of the Gentile and the enforced law of the United States will displace polygamy in favour of monogamy, but the victory of the village homestead, peopled by earnest toilers, over the desert will remain in evidence. On the prosperous plains of the Red River, Canada, is to be found another and very interesting, though far from military, exemplification of the satisfactory working of these homestead communities. The following description of the Mennonite settlements is from the pen of the Marquis of Lorne, late Governor-General of the Dominion. So much is to be learnt from the narrative that I make no apology for transcribing it in full. When



our pensioners have beaten their swords into ploughshares, and their lances into pruning hooks, they can hardly act better than go and do likewise :—

You see [writes his lordship] neatly made houses, covered with a heavy thatch, along the railway line to the south, homesteads which are evidently occupied by farmers in comfortable circumstances, who have their cow-byres and other outhouses neatly arranged in order near their dwellings. On a pole in the centre of the rustic courtyard hangs a bell, which is placed to summon the labourers from the fields for the noon-day meal, or homeward when the work is over for the day. If you go to their houses you will be hospitably welcomed, but the speech you hear is not your own; it is German, and yet these men are not Germans. Their history is a remarkable one. Their ancestors lived under the Great Frederick at Brandenburg in Pomerania. They had taken to the tenets of one Simon Menno, who preached, as did Penn the founder of Pennsylvania, that war is a crime. He went further, for he would not suffer his people to take arms in their hands even for civil order. The sect increased; but you may imagine how distasteful these maxims were to the cast-iron military rule of the conquering Frederick. He would have none of them. What was the use of a man if he would not even be a policeman? And so away from home and kindred they had to go, and finding in the Emperor Paul of Russia a man who could value them as good agriculturists, and who invited them as such to his Courland provinces, they settled down as subjects of the Czar. But as their numbers increased, so did also the military systems of the Great Powers; and where every man must be a soldier, to refuse to wear the uniform of the country is to be a neglecter of the first duty of a citizen. So thought the Russian Government, and again these people were obliged to move, this time across the whole width of European Russia to the shores of the Sea of Azov, near the Crimea, where they were again allowed to settle upon lands in what at that time was but little better than a Tartar wilderness. Here again they thrived, and tilled and "replenished the earth," till "the desert blossomed like the rose." In recent times, however, the demand for military service in Russia determined the Mennonites—for such is the name of this sect—to send pioneer colonists to make a greater journey than any heretofore accomplished; for this time they were to cross Europe and the ocean and half the continent of America, and find freedom beneath the flags of the kindred peoples who have fallen equal heirs to the grand liberty of the Far West. Some settled in Minnesota and some in Manitoba. Where the land on which any of their villages had been built needed draining, they, with true German energy and thoroughness, and true Russian perseverance, set about the work; and nowhere will you see better cared for settlements, though perhaps on rather a humble scale, than among the Mennonites. Most comfortable are the interiors of their houses, though the floor is often only the hard-pressed earth; but there is cleanliness about walls, floor and furniture, which tells of the presence of an excellent housewife. China in a corner cupboard, and books in another, add to the appearance of the apartment. Although subject to and willing to obey the laws of the Dominion of Canada, there is practically no occasion on which these are enforced amongst them, for they have their own sense of justice. A religious and God-fearing people, crime is rare with them, and when it occurs it is dealt with among themselves. The roads they have made from village to village, and their whole system of rural economy, are excellent, and they form by far the most satisfactory instance of any aggregation in one place of men belonging to a foreign race. Their villages generally number from thirty to forty families, and it is their invariable custom on securing their lands to hold a council, at which to decide what portions of all the lands belonging to each head of a family are best adapted to the growth of wheat, potatoes, and various other crops. By this method all the wheat is grown on one large tract, and so also with the potatoes, corn, and other crops—in



short, the land is treated as being part of the community rather than of the individual. Out of this huge wheat field, or whatever crop it may be, each family is assigned one long strip, to be cultivated by that particular family; and when the harvest is reaped, the whole result is "pooled" and divided equally between the families comprising the community. The cattle are also herded in common on one huge pasturage by a herds-woman, who is one of the two persons to whom these curious people pay a salary, the bishop, or elder of the village, being the other. In summer all hands, the bishop and children included, engage in farm work.

From this homely description of the theory of true co-operation in agriculture put into highly successful operation, did space permit, we might appropriately turn to the new and important movement of Co-operative Colonization or a co-partnership in land of the *Producer*, the *Consumer*, and the *Capitalist*.

On a future occasion we hope to give the attention to that new departure in joint-stock enterprise—the attention which it so justly merits—and to the rapid increase in the value of settled-up land, as instanced by the irrigational colonies of Messrs. Chaffey on the banks of the Murray river in Victoria and South Australia. To those possessed of capital, ranging from one or two hundred pounds to some thousands, this fascinating, thoroughly sound, and rapidly developing scheme, which means suburban rather than rustic life—the land having all the natural advantages of a garden—is full of promise of a secure and generous return for outlay, energy, intelligence, and enterprise. Of this colony, a well known and observant writer justly says: "From these sunny lands, where our sons and daughters have made their homes, we shall draw our future supply of fruit, in quality and quantity probably exceeding that of any fruit industry the world has seen." To the retired Indian officer with his well-earned pension and a growing up family, the settlements of Mildura and Renmark, with their pure air and invigorating climate, present most attractive features, for there the refined settler will find not only community of interests but every educational surrounding. Of jungly element there is none, for in these thoroughly well-organized Australasian homes, he will find himself in immediate proximity to a considerable and growing town—to an agricultural and horticultural college, schools, societies, churches, banks, hotels, clubs, surgeries, brickworks, saw mills, wine-making establishments, fruit-preserving works, markets, and places of amusement. He will find, too, an utter absence of rowdy public-house bars, revolvers, and swaggering ruffianism. The bushranger is unknown, and an Oriental saying, "A child can go on public roads carrying a basket full of gold on its head," is absolutely true of this the future fruit garden and vineyard of the world.

# Naval Warfare:

ITS PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE HISTORICALLY TREATED.

By REAR-ADMIRAL P. H. COLOMB.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ATTEMPTS TO GAIN THE COMMAND OF THE SEA FOR A DEFINITE ULTERIOR PURPOSE.—(continued).

The entertainment of an idea of gaining the command of the sea merely for a particular purpose tends to reconcile a nation to the place of the inferior naval power, and to make it unable to desist from attempts almost necessarily abortive.—So France renews in 1779 her old schemes, but in concentrating a great combined fleet in the Channel, fails to take that advantage of the inferior British fleet which was opposed to her.—The same ideas begin to work in France as early as 1796, and either directly or indirectly govern the movements of the enemy's fleets till the close of the war.—The consequent waste of naval force at St. Vincent and Camperdown.—The openness of the invasion flotilla to attack from the sea.—The indefinite and abortive combinations and manœuvres up to the close of the war.



It was twenty years after the failure of 1759, before France made another attempt to gain the command of the sea for the purpose of transporting an invading army across it. But the state of things was such on the approach of the year 1779, that she began, as it were, to see her way to another, bolder and grander, undertaking of the same nature. I think we cannot have avoided observing how very marked is the difference between the attempt to gain the command of the sea as an end and as a means, when we have before us the practical effect as exemplified in the Dutch wars and these successive failures on the part of France. Looking back on the ground we have passed over, it does seem as if there were a possibility that had France thought nothing of invasion, but had devoted herself wholly, as Holland did, to wresting from us the command of the sea, she might always have maintained a better naval position than she actually did. But wasting her energies on a double design, she fell more and more at the opening of each



war, into the position of an assuredly inferior naval power, which could only look to better her position by some stroke of fortune much more to be hoped for than expected.

Nothing ever seems to have turned the French commanders and statesmen from the repetition of these hitherto abortive double measures. In 1767, two French officers were in this country drawing up plans for invading it in the manner most likely to be successful. Their report proposed a sudden descent during peace time, as only parallel with the common practice very freely indulged in by this country, of making war by sea long before its formal declaration. The army to be prepared was to consist of 40,000 infantry, 6,000 dragoons, and 4,000 light troops (cavalry) with a proportionate detachment of artillery. The light cavalry were to embark with their horses, but the heavy cavalry were to pick up their mounts as they penetrated up country. The selected point of landing was Deal beach.\*

It must be supposed that these reports were laid up in the archives at Paris awaiting opportunity, but as there could have been no hopes of carrying out such a scheme in absolute secrecy, so that the immense force could be slipped across without convoy or protection, it ultimately fell into the old groove, with the hope that it might be carried out when the command of the sea could be temporarily secured on purpose.

It was not till 1779 that opportunity seemed to offer, when France allied with our revolted colonies in North America, and pressing Great Britain heavily as a consequence, drew Spain to her side. It then became possible to show, by combining the fleets of both powers, a greatly superior force than any which this country could at the moment produce. But France, as usual, was unable to pursue the simple policy of attempting to gain the command of the sea. The project was now, in fact, three-fold. The fleets were to be combined as one object, an attack on Gibraltar by Spain was a second, and 40,000 men were assembled along the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, ready to cross the sea and invade the country, as a third.

In the spring were collected at Brest more than 30 sail of the line, and 10 frigates, and at Cadiz and other Spanish ports were about 36 sail of the line and 10 or 12 frigates. After some weeks warning, the whole available force of England came to only 37 sail of the line and 24 frigates, fire-ships, and small craft.

\* See Lord Mahon's *History of England*, vol. v., App. xix. Sir E. Creasy notices it in his *Invasions of England*.

The French fleet, unhindered and almost unwatched by us, quitted Brest on June 3rd, to join the Spaniards on their own coast, but a month elapsed before the junction even began to be effected. Spanish pride was hurt at the idea of serving in a fleet commanded by a French admiral—d'Orvilliers—and the ships were slow in making their appearance. It was not till the 2nd of July that 8 ships of the line and 2 frigates under Vice-Admiral Don Antonio Darce, joined the French from Ferrol, and twenty more days passed before the remaining division joined from Cadiz, consisting of 28 sail of the line with 7 frigates and small vessels, under Vice-Admiral Don Luis de Cordova. This made a total force of 66 sail of the line and 14 frigates and small vessels; but the force was not united, as Cordova took 16 sail of the line under his separate command as a "squadron of observation."\* *Tactically* the division was sound enough, as it was known that the combined portion was of greater force than any likely to be met in the Channel, and the neighbourhood of a fresh fleet would almost make victory over the English secure. But possibly national jealousy and not tactics was the moving principle. d'Orvilliers on his side did a superficially wise thing in separating 5 line-of-battle ships, under La Touche Treville, to form a light squadron.

All was therefore well outwardly with this immense armament in the first week in July, and presumably the 40,000 men were ready and waiting for the order to embark and cross. Let us see how England stood in the way of preparation.†

On June 16th, proclamation was made to begin hostilities against Spain, and on the same day Sir Charles Hardy sailed from St. Helens with the 37 sail of the line and 24 smaller vessels already mentioned. He stood away at once to the westward and was cruising off Ushant, 30 or 40 miles to the westward of it, until he 26th. Then he stood away north, and was to the westward of Scilly till July 2nd. On that day he was twenty miles nearly due south of the Land's End, making his way to Torbay where he moored on the 6th and remained till the 14th.

On quitting Torbay, on the 14th of July, Sir Charles again stood to the westward, and again cruised to the northward and westward of Ushant for two or three days. On the 23rd he was back again

\* I am following Troude, vol. ii., p. 81. Schomberg's numbers are slightly different.

† It was not a good omen that on the 11th July there were 1,035 sick, and 174 convalescent in the French fleet alone, and since leaving Brest they had lost 48 men by death, and sent 412 to hospital at Corunna. See Troude, vol. ii., p. 33.



on the English coast, and was cruising between Plymouth and Scilly until the 11th of August, without apparently any intelligence whatever.

On the 12th of August he was 34 miles S.S.E. of Scilly, with a westerly wind which continued to blow for several days. Sir Charles not only maintained his position against it, but was getting farther to the westward. On the 15th his position was well to the northward, Scilly bearing about E. by N. 47 miles.\*

The whole of these movements seem rather aimless and vague, in the absence of information regarding the combined fleets. If it had been intended to intercept the enemy in his way up Channel, the position off Ushant might have been maintained with look-outs to the northward, or the position off Scilly might have been held with look-outs to the southward. But in the absence of assigned reasons, it is a complete puzzle to discover why Sir Charles Hardy should at one time have taken the one position and at another time the other. If, again, the invasion was apprehended, and the great strength of the enemy's fleet was known, this cruising to the westward with such a very inferior force would appear to have been exactly what the enemy would have most wished for. It placed him in the position of forcing battle, and then, on the defeat of the British force, the carrying out of the plan of invasion. The only reasonable strategy for Sir Charles Hardy was that adopted so long before by Lord Torrington, a policy of observation and threatening; and such a policy would have left the British fleet at Torbay if not at St. Helens, with abundant scouts—of which we must remember Sir Charles had 24—to give the earliest information of the enemy's approach. What is at any rate clear, from a glance at the map, is that the approach to the Channel was quite open from the 12th of August, and as the wind was then and until the 19th from the westward, this leaving of the Channel uncovered, was deliberate.†

We have seen that it was not until the 22nd of July that the French and Spanish fleets were combined at and off Ferrol, probably some time was occupied in the different arrangements for

\* I have taken the positions from the Flag-Captain's journal, now at the Royal Victoria Yard, Deptford.

† It is a misfortune that the naval history of this time is the most defective of any. Entick closes his with the execution of Byng, Harvey with the appointment of Sir C. Hardy to command the Channel fleet in 1779; Schomberg and Campbell have but a few notes, the latter supposing that there never was anything serious contemplated by the enemy. Schomberg supposes the strong easterly winds forced the enemy out of the Channel, and prevented Sir Charles Hardy from getting in; an entirely erroneous idea.

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Aug 24

STELL. REPORT OF LONDON





proceeding, and the divisions of the fleet already mentioned. After that, sail was made for Ushant, and after sighting it, a course was shaped for the English Channel. The great fleet, besides suffering heavily from sickness, as mentioned, was already short of water and provisions.\*

The intention of d'Orvilliers was to proceed in the first instance to Torbay, to anchor there and to more equally distribute the provisions remaining in the fleet, as well as to receive the supplies which had been demanded from Brest. Following out this intention, the great fleet swept up Channel, and on the 15th of August was in sight of Plymouth without having seen a sign of a British look-out ship or a shadow of opposition. The English historians who record these transactions think it was "by some unaccountable event" that the combined fleet was able to evade that of Sir Charles Hardy. A glance at the map shows us that there was nothing unaccountable in the matter, but that, as we have already seen, the way might be said to have been specially left open for d'Orvilliers to approach. As early as the 12th of August Hardy had passed to the westward of any reasonable strategical position, not driven thither by stress of weather or want of wind. The westernmost strategical line was the Ushant-Lizard line, and if the guarding of the Channel were the object in view, no position to the west of it was a right one. But it is clear that from the 12th to the 20th of August, at least, Sir Charles Hardy was always where he should not have been, and d'Orvilliers was quietly sailing up Channel to the southward of him. On the 15th of August, the enemies were 120 miles apart, the combined fleets off Plymouth, and the British fleet nearly 50 miles beyond Scilly.

On the outside of things, it is not easy to imagine a position of greater peril to this country than was now exhibited. There was enough Franco-Spanish force to have allowed of such a division as would have kept Sir Charles Hardy in check, and, if necessary, to have brought him to action at a great disadvantage, while leaving an ample strength to convoy the troops over and protect their landing. Or, if still safer tactics were employed, it would have been easy to have completely destroyed Sir Charles Hardy's fleet by means of the overwhelming odds at hand, and then with all ease and leisure to have passed over as many armies as might have been necessary for the subjugation of the United Kingdom.

It was not until the 19th of August that a change of wind to the eastward put it out of the power of Sir Charles Hardy to return

\* Troude, vol. ii., p. 33.



immediately to his proper position, and it was not until the 20th that he got any news of the enemy. The easterly wind, however, reached the combined fleets before it did that of the British. The wind was easterly off Plymouth on the 16th, and the strength of it was so gradually increasing that Torbay was no longer a safe anchorage, and the idea of going there had, in fact, to be given up.\* This not only prevented the combined fleets from going to the eastward of Plymouth, but as the wind increased, tended to drive them to the westward. It was probably on this account that one of Sir Charles Hardy's ships was able to report to him on the 20th that she had seen 15 sail to the N.E. The *Porcupine* was ordered to chase in the direction, but she returned without seeing anything of the enemy.

And now set in a period of aimless cruising on both sides, Sir Charles being generally 60 to 80 miles to the south-westward of Scilly, and d'Orvilliers, apparently with his fleet somewhat scattered, south of the Lizard. The winds were fresh from the East, N.E., and S.E., not seemingly either in direction or force so persistent as to prevent Sir Charles Hardy from making some easterly progress had he been so minded, nor yet to prevent d'Orvilliers from holding his own.

On the 28th of August, Sir Charles Hardy had crept up to a position south of Scilly, and about 22 miles off; the wind was light, and the weather growing from hazy to thick, and very thick. Thus it was on the 29th, when the following entry appears in the captain's journal:—"6 P.M., the bumboat informed us she had counted 28 large ships to the S.E., which she was certain were part of the combined fleet." It still continued very thick, but Hardy was able to make signals for calling in the cruisers. On the 30th it was moderate and clear, and at noon the British fleet was in the position marked on the chart; a part, at least, of the combined fleet were also where I have noted their position, for 16 sail of them were in sight from Hardy's flagship near that spot at 7 A.M. Hardy, it will be observed by his position on the 31st, S.S.W. from the Lizard, was making no attempt to approach the combined fleet, which, in its turn, was but languidly following up the British. At half-past four on the morning of the 1st September, the *Duke* made the signal for seeing the enemy to the S.W., and then Hardy, apparently for the first time, made sail to reconnoitre. At five they

\* I get the winds from the minutes of the court-martial on the officers of the *Ardent*, 64, which ran into the midst of the combined fleet, and was captured on the 16th, nine miles from Plymouth.

counted 60 sail of large ships, and later were near enough to distinguish some of the flags displayed. Two frigates were now sent down to reconnoitre more closely, but some of the enemy's ships appearing to bear down on them, they were recalled. At noon on September 1st, the admiral had been informed by signal from some of his look-outs that the enemy was in superior force; the whole of his own fleet was in company, steering to the eastward, the enemy being visible astern. At half-past 5 P.M., 38 sail of the enemy's fleet were still visible to the westward, but only from the mast-head. They were still in sight at 5 A.M., on the morning of the 2nd of September, and continued so all the forenoon. At 11 A.M., Hardy anchored his fleet 6 miles S.W. of the Ramhead, on account of the ebb tide making, and so as to widen his distance from the enemy. After this, no more mention is made of them, except that after the fleet weighed next evening, one of the look-outs reported 7 sail to the S.W. Hardy made sail to the eastward, and anchored at Spithead next evening.

The French account is in agreement with all this. Finding, when as far up Channel as Torbay, on the 17th of August, the wind strong from the eastward, not only was it necessary to beat up to it, but it became an impossible anchorage as entirely open to that wind. The weather continued bad for several days. On the 25th, d'Orvilliers, having had precise intelligence as to Sir Charles Hardy's fleet, called a council of war to deliberate on the situation. It was shown that some ships had 300 sick, and neither doctors nor medicines on board; that others were so short of water that they were obliged to borrow from day to day from their neighbours; that several, and notably the *Bretagne*, were provisioned only till the 25th of September. The council of war unanimously decided either to seek the British fleet in the Soundings, or to wait for it there. The council further decided that it would be necessary in any case to terminate the cruise on the 8th of September, and that then, conformably to the orders received by the Spanish admiral, the Allies should separate as soon as convenient. The combined fleet thereupon made sail to the westward for the Soundings.

The British fleet does not appear to have been seen until the 31st of August, and was followed up languidly as described, until the 1st of September, when, believing it to be 18 or 20 miles to windward, and in a position to enter Plymouth, and having also intelligence of the appearance of a great number of sail to the westward, which afterwards turned out to be a Dutch convoy, the pur-



suit, if such it can be called, was finally abandoned, and the great fleet steered for Brest.\*

Thus ended quite the most promising attempt for our enemies, and the most threatening for us, of these attempts to gain the command of the sea for the purpose of invasion. My authority attributes its complete failure to the delay of the Spaniards in forming their junction with the French. Such delay bred sickness, want of provisions and water, but more, perhaps, loss of temper and heart in the business. But I think while we admit the want of enterprise in not bringing to an issue so fair an opportunity, we must allow that a fatal double purpose reigned in the combined councils. Had there been but the single idea under which we have seen that the Dutch always acted, it is almost inconceivable that with such an ample force, Sir Charles Hardy's fleet would not have been sought, found, and possibly mastered early in August. The half idea of acting by way of invasion in the face of Hardy's fleet, and the other half idea of attacking the fleet, left divided decisions, and councils thinking more of getting home again. There is really no clear explanation of what the fleet meant to do, but whatever intentions it may have had were paralyzed by the neighbourhood of the very inferior fleet of the British.

I pass now to consider the preliminaries which led up to the greatest, most persistent, and best-arranged of all the attempts of France to gain the command of the sea for an ulterior object.

The period from 1797 to 1805 was one during which the naval operations in the Channel, in the North Seas, off the coasts of France, Spain, and Portugal, in the Mediterranean, and even, perhaps, in the West Indies, were all dominated more or less by a single idea; that of gaining sufficient command of the sea to get an army across the Channel.

Although preparations for the great business were in progress as early as the autumn of 1796 certainly, and though some attempt at systematic invasion was as early as that date expected in England, it remained for the mind of Napoleon to comprehend the whole field of war, and to see the immense possibilities of the strategic position held by France and her Allies or subordinates.†

\* See Troude, vol. ii., pp. 33-36.

† Lord Grenville writes to the Marquis of Buckingham, January 30th, 1794, "The French seem certainly disposed to try their scheme of invasion. . . . Our best defence is unquestionably our water-guard, which is very strong, and will, I think, every day get stronger.—*Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III.*

Lord Malmesbury landing in France, in 1796, on the abortive peace negotiations of that date, notes in his diary: "October 19th. Calais. Report of an intended in-

In 1796, though the beginning of the great Boulogne flotilla had been made, and ideas of repeating on a greater scale the method of invasion adopted by William the Conqueror—embarkation on one beach, and disembarkation on the other in a host of small vessels—were current, the immediate proposals for invasion were of a more desultory kind: invasions which were to be carried out by comparatively small bodies of troops, sustained and supported by squadrons of ships not sufficiently large to attempt gaining command of the sea, but only capable of repelling the attack of comparatively small squadrons.

These ideas were focused in the expedition of Hoche from Brest to Bantry Bay in December 1796, and the intended expedition of the Dutch from the Texel to the North of England, or Scotland, which, after lying ready for many weeks, was broken up and abandoned in the autumn of 1797. It is by no means necessary at this stage to discuss these plans in detail, but a brief notice of them is desirable, as it cannot be doubted but that their failure produced in the mind of Napoleon the conviction that naval war could not be carried on in that way with any hopes of success against the United Kingdom, but that an absolute command of the sea was a prior necessity if invasion was to be carried out at all.

The attempt of Hoche, which became abortive from a variety of causes, was nevertheless a proof of the inefficiency of the blockade of Brest in the face of an enemy ready from moment to moment to put to sea. But on the other hand, the inner life of Hoche's forces, naval and military, as told by the rebel Theobald Wolfe Tone, the long delay after all was ready for a start, and the weary watching of the signal stations from day to day for the announcement that the coast was clear, are equally a proof of the extreme difficulty of getting to sea unobserved, and the likelihood that an expedition might break up simply as a consequence of the delay.\* This moral is even more strongly pointed by the

vasion." On the 20th he has "Troops at St. Valery. Gun-boats of a new construction at Boulogne; 25 men, 2 24-pounders, and 2 horses; to slip out on rollers."—*Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury*. Vol. iii., p. 276.

\* The embarkation of the troops was going on at Brest on November 17th. On the 23rd, Tone "could not imagine what delays them now." On the 25th Colonel Shee tells him they will be off in six days. Tone himself embarked on December 1st, Hoche and the staff embarked on the 12th. The fleet put to sea on the night of the 16th, and next morning 25 out of the 43 sail that should have been in company were missing. See *Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone*. Washington, 1826.



result of the intended invasion from the Texel, and it is again Wolfe Tone who gives us the inner life of the blockaded fleet and its difficulties.

The Dutch fleet consisted of 15 sail of the line, 10 frigates and sloops, and 27 transports, carrying some 13,500 men. Two things were wanting to enable them to pass to sea: a fair wind and an absent enemy. The two never came together; provisions and stores wasted and disappeared, the troops were disembarked, and the whole expedition given over.\*

These two failures were hardly a part of any general scheme. The troops embarked were mere flying columns, intended to trust themselves to their own resources, and to the supposed friendliness of parts of the invaded populations. They were without hopes, or should have been without hopes, of communications with their own country after landing.

But could nothing be done beyond these desultory failures? France, in 1797, was not France alone, but for the purpose of those naval operations by which the invasion of England might be made possible was perhaps France, Holland, and Spain; with it might be other naval powers thrown in, such as Russia and Denmark.

The whole coast, from Nice along the French and Spanish shores of the Mediterranean, out into the Atlantic as far as the river Guadiana, was hostile; then, after the interval of the Portuguese coast, the hostile line began again at the river Minho, and was traced round the Bay of Biscay, along the Channel coasts of France, out into the North Sea, along the coast of Holland as far as Oldenberg. Then, after a short interval of the coast of Hanover, began the doubtful shores of Denmark and of the Baltic.

Along this line, the principal hostile ports where the enemy could collect and arm, and whence he might be expected to issue, were Toulon, Cartagena, Cadiz, Ferrol, Rochefort, Brest, and the Texel. In 1796 it was understood that the Spanish Alliance with France might array against us the following line-of-battle fleets, distributed somewhat as given below:—

Toulon	-	-	-	-	-	15 French
Cartagena	-	-	-	-	-	18 Spanish

\* All had been some time ready to start when Tone arrived on July 8th 1797. From that time till September 3rd, when he left the fleet, knowing that the expedition had collapsed, the days were passed in watching the weather-cock and the British fleet, which was generally in easy view from the anchorage. The Dutch seem to have been perfectly well informed of everything as it went on in England; of the mutiny, and of the exact strength of Duncan's force from day to day.

Cadiz	-	-	-	-	-	3 Spanish
Ferrol	-	-	-	-	-	26 Spanish
Guarnizo*	-	-	-	-	-	7 Spanish
Brest	-	-	-	-	-	21 French
Texel	-	-	-	-	-	21 Dutch
Newfoundland	-	-	-	-	-	7 French
Havannah	-	-	-	-	-	18 Spanish

In many respects, especially on the Spanish side, this was no doubt a paper force, but a grand total of 136 sail of the line was one from which many deductions might be allowed and yet leave a very imposing array behind it.

A glance at the chart will show the immense strategical power in the hands of the French Government, moving all these forces from such a central position as Paris. Blockade at this time, though much more powerful than it had been, was still but an intermittent power, subject to the vagaries of the weather and to the necessities of provisioning and watering the blockading ships in sheltered spots, which could generally only be found at a distance from the port to be watched. However heroic and persistent the attempt of the blockading forces might be, it was always uncertain whether a watched force might not be able to escape unseen, and to bury itself at sea, no one knew where.

Under such circumstances, a superior force on the side of the British might prove very inferior in defence. If it concentrated on the shores of the United Kingdom, it might certainly prove a sufficient defence against invasion, but then it abandoned not only the commerce of the Empire, but most of its outlying territories. If it was divided into numerous squadrons, each employed in watching one of these great war ports from Toulon to the Texel, what was to prevent even several squadrons of the enemy from escaping, forming a junction, and falling in vastly superior force upon any selected one of the British squadrons at the moment most inopportune for it? Paris could despatch orders to Brest, Rochefort, and Toulon, so that they would reach those ports certainly and simultaneously, in a few days. Horse expresses to Ferrol, Cadiz, and Cartagena, were in a measure certain and speedy.†

London was at the extreme end of the chain of forces to be moved and governed. It was impossible to warn blockading

\* A port on the north coast of Spain, now of no importance.

† Napoleon at Boulogne received a dispatch from Lauriston at Ferrol on the 22nd of August, which probably left the latter place on the 10th.



squadrons simultaneously. The Toulon squadron could not possibly know till weeks had passed what news had been given to the squadron off Brest on a certain day. And even when messages were sent and reached the intended spot, it was never certain that the ships would not have been driven off by a gale of wind, or have fallen back to some point on the strength of a true or a false alarm.

But Great Britain's duties and necessities were such that she could never guarantee having superior forces stationed off each port. Speaking generally of the date mentioned, her line-of-battle forces were in quantity and distribution as follows:—

In the North Sea	-	-	-	-	-	26
In the Channel	-	-	-	-	-	29
On the coast of Ireland	-	-	-	-	-	2
In the Mediterranean	-	-	-	-	-	31
In the West Indies	-	-	-	-	-	20
North America	-	-	-	-	-	5
At the Cape of Good Hope	-	-	-	-	-	8
In the East Indies	-	-	-	-	-	5

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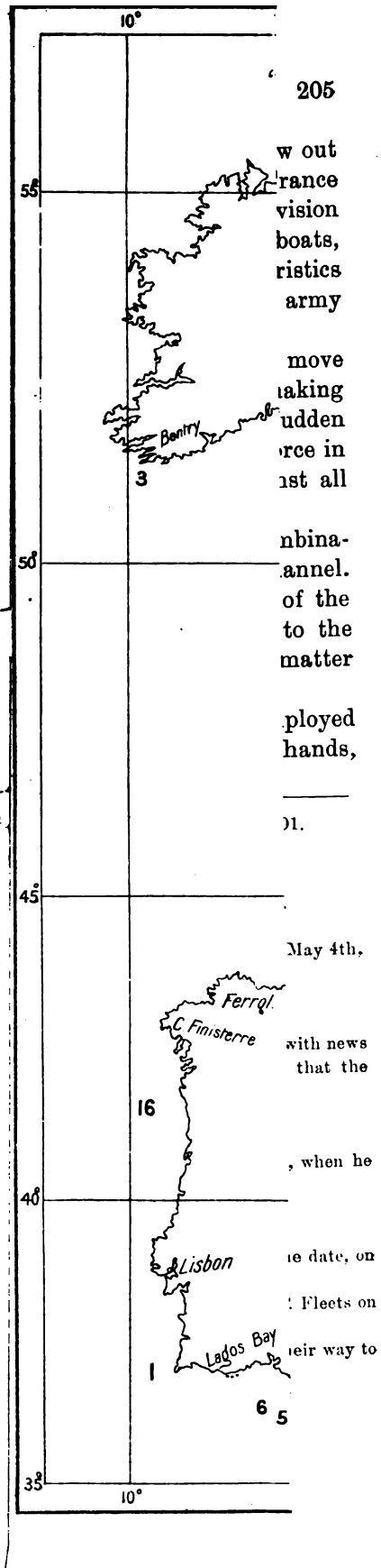
126\*

So that not only were the total forces nominally 10 sail short of the numbers set out by the enemy, but the British Colonial necessities took away from the European war theatre 38 sail of the line against the 25 only which were withdrawn from the enemy's European forces.

Speaking in general terms, then, and not troubling ourselves with those changes of distribution which were so constantly going on that it is difficult to be accurate at any given moment, the position was this. There was a possibility of the French finding 111 sail of the line at command, strategically disposed in secure ports in Europe, and capable of reinforcement by 25 sail more from the other side of the Atlantic. There was a probability that as a defence against these, the British would be able to bring no more than 88 sail, broken up into squadrons generally inferior to the forces in port opposed to them, and everywhere open to be overwhelmed by concentrations initiated and ordered from Paris, of which the British could have no conception whatever until it was too late.

Some sort of picture of this kind must have early presented itself to the mind of Napoleon, as it possibly did to other French-

\* This total includes all ships with guns on two decks, one ship having but 44 guns.





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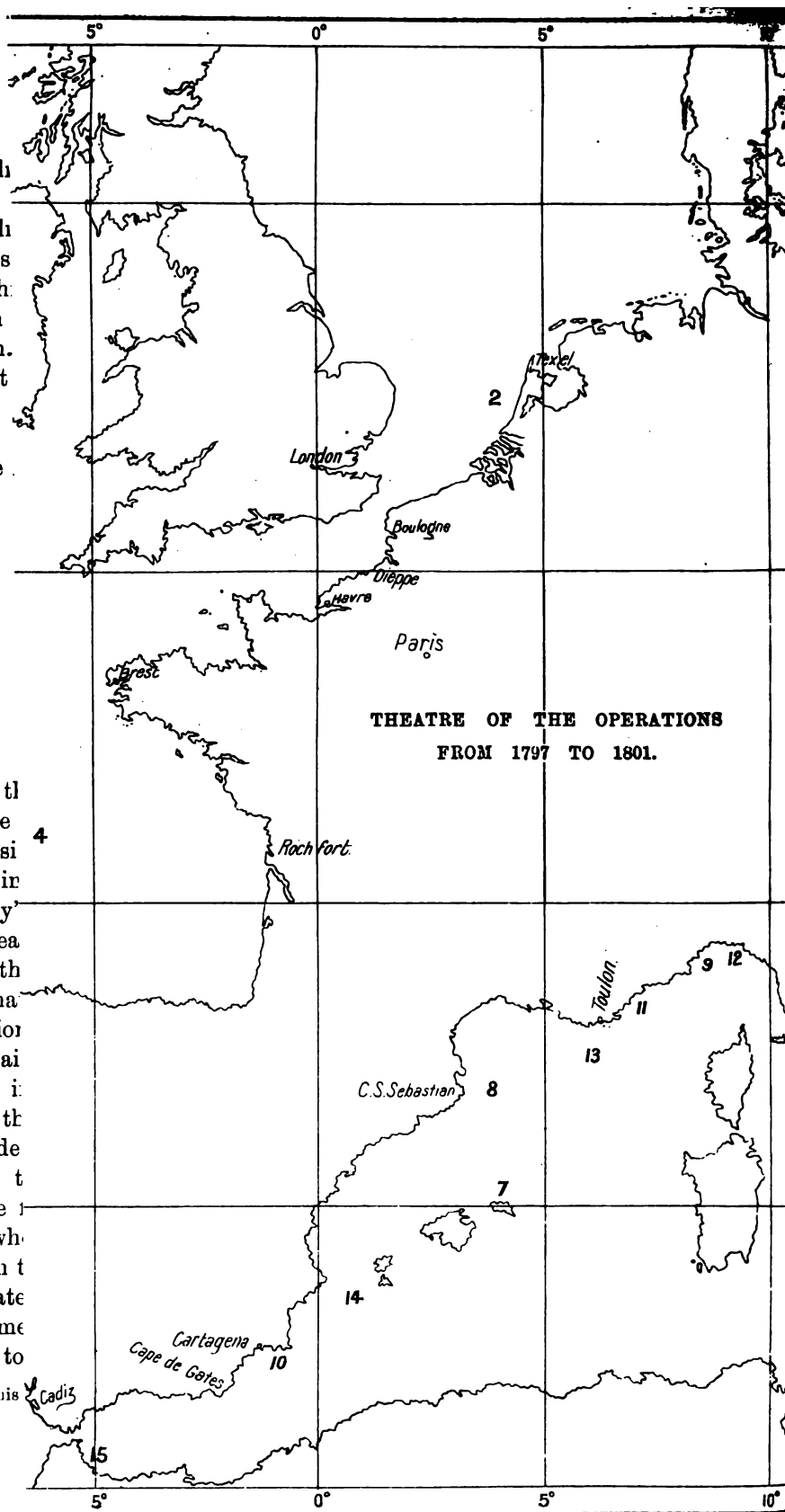
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men, as early perhaps as 1796. The central idea which grew out of it was the formation of a great army along the shores of France nearest to those of England, from Ostend to Etaples, the provision of a special kind of transport in the form of gun-boats, flat-boats, and horse-boats, repeating in some measure the characteristics of that flotilla which had brought over in a former age the army of Duke William.

Very possibly this flotilla had been originally destined to move alone, or at least that there had been no original idea of making use of the full strategical resources of the alliance in the sudden concentration from different points of an immense naval force in the Straits of Dover, sufficient to hold the waters against all comers and to cover and protect the crossing and landing.

On the other hand, the possibilities of these strategic combinations were already well known on both sides of the Channel. What is not so easy to understand is the object of many of the combinations made and operations undertaken previous to the time when Napoleon, as Consul and Emperor, took the matter wholly into his own hands.

The first combination was a powerful one, had it been employed directly to wrest the command of the whole sea from our hands,

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REFERENCE TO CHART OF THEATRE OF THE OPERATIONS, 1797 TO 1801.

- 1.—Place of Battle of St. Vincent, Feb. 14th, 1797.
- 2.—Place of Battle of Camperdown, Oct. 11th, 1797.
- 3.—Position of Lord Bridport's Fleet (16 sail of the line) on April 30th, 1799.
- 4.—Position of French Fleet (25 sail of the line) at same date.
- 5.—Lord Keith's Fleet (15 sail of the line) in presence of French Fleet, on May 4th, 1799.
- 6.—French Fleet at the same date.
- 7.—Duckworth's Squadron (4 sail of the line) at same date.
- 8.—Lord St. Vincent's Fleet (now 21 sail of the line) on May 30th, 1799, with news that the Spanish Fleet (17 sail of the line) was at Cartagena, and that the French Fleet (22 sail of the line) had left Toulon three days before.
- 9.—French Fleet in Vado Bay on same date.
- 10.—Spanish Fleet at Cartagena, same date.
- 11.—Position of Lord Keith's Fleet (20 sail of the line) on June 8th, 1799, when he turned back in obedience to Lord St. Vincent's order.
- 12.—Position of French Fleet (22 sail of the line) at same date.
- 13.—Position of Lord Keith's Fleet (19 sail of the line) on June 19th.
- 14.—Approximate position of French Fleet (22 sail of the line) at the same date, on its way to Cartagena.
- 15.—Lord Keith's Fleet (now 31 sail of the line) in pursuit of the Combined Fleets on July 26th, putting into Tetuan for water.
- 16.—Approximate position of the Combined Fleets (40 sail of the line) on their way to Brest, at same date.



that is, had it been engaged in for the simple object of destroying and capturing our ships. Langara, shortly after the declaration of war by Spain, that is in October 1796, passed into the Mediterranean from Cadiz with 19 sail of the line and 10 frigates. At the time there were 7 sail of Spaniards at Cartagena, and 12 sail of French at Toulon. Langara picked up the 7 sail at Cartagena and then effected his junction with the French at Toulon, where the combined fleet amounted to 38 sail of the line and 18 or 20 frigates.

Sir John Jervis commanded a fleet in the Mediterranean of no more than 15 sail of the line, while Mann had been watching Cadiz with no more than 6 sail. Instead of joining Jervis, as he should have done, this officer took on himself to fall back into the Channel, leaving Jervis wholly in the power of the combined fleet, had its objects been simple and definite. No attack or attempted attack was made on him, and he fell back to Gibraltar and Lisbon, leaving the Allies masters of the Mediterranean sea.

Of course, had real command of the sea been aimed at, the Allies should have fallen on Sir John at all hazards, following him out of the Mediterranean, if necessary, with that object. But with an infirmity of purpose which requires explanation, the combination made was broken up, and the Spaniards alone and undesignedly fell into the hands of Jervis on the 14th of February next year, and suffered the penalty off Cape St. Vincent of deliberately neglecting the first principles of war.

Equally wasteful of naval force, and unmeaning as to any possible advantage to be gained, was the battle of Camperdown at the other end of the strategic line on the 11th of October following. The Dutch fleet of 15 sail had, as we have seen, landed all the troops and abandoned the idea of invasion, so that when it was determined to put to sea in the face of a known superior fleet of British ships, the enterprise was objectless. In the Mediterranean, the French and Spanish admirals, with a fair chance of breaking up Jervis's force neglected to do it, and lost their opportunity. In the North Sea, the Dutch, without any hopes beyond destruction and bloodshed, proceeded to engage the British force. Both mistakes were equally grave and obvious, so that there is some difficulty in understanding whether there was any single intelligence actuating the operations.

All the possibilities, and both these errors, were necessarily in the mind of Napoleon, when a month before he sailed for Egypt—that is in the middle of April 1798—he wrote his celebrated

Memorandum on the Invasion of England, and supposed that the expedition he was about to undertake was to be directly instrumental in securing a superior naval force in the Channel.\*

He calculated, then, that by the month of September there might be 35 sail of the line at Brest, and 400 gun-boats at Boulogne, with troops at hand that had spent the whole summer in becoming inured to these vessels and sea life in them. The Dutch at the same time, he thought, would have sufficiently recovered the blow of Camperdown to be ready with 12 sail of the line in the Texel. There were in the Mediterranean 12 French sail of the line, which might be augmented to 14 by September, and there were also in French hands 9 sail of the line which had belonged to the Venetian Republic. The 14 French ships Napoleon thought might go to Brest, so as by the month of October or November to show a force of 50 sail of the line in the western part of the Channel beside the 12 sail in the eastern part. It might then be possible to carry out the invasion upon three selected points of attack:—namely, 40,000 men coming by long sea to be landed at some point to be determined; 40,000 men to cross in the invasion flotilla, and 10,000 men to be landed in Scotland by the Dutch.

The expedition to the East would oblige England, Napoleon thought, to send 6 additional sail of the line to India, and perhaps 12 frigates to the entrance of the Red Sea. She would be obliged to have 22 to 25 ships of the line at the entrance to the Mediterranean, 60 before Brest, and 12 before the Texel. Napoleon, or his copyists for him, fall at this point into some loose arithmetic, for he says this would make a total of 300 ships of war,† without counting what the British already had abroad, or the ten or twelve 50-gun ships and score of frigates which she must keep to oppose the invasion flotilla. "The invasion of England," he said, "put in practice in this manner, in the months of November and December, would be almost certain. England would waste herself by immense efforts, but these would not secure her from our invasion."

This was the theory of it, but Napoleon did not perceive that he was about to violate a clear rule of naval war in the first instance in his own person, and that the whole arrangements were too

\* "Soldiers! you are one of the wings of the army of England!" Address to his troops, see *Victoires, Conquêtes*, &c., vol. x., p. 375.

† James translates "line-of-battle-ships" in error. The mistake was great enough as it stood.



vague and indeterminate, even without the absurd arithmetic, to promise any success. If, as he somewhat wildly conceived, the passage to India was open to him through Egypt, and that it was by means of evasion and not by command in the Mediterranean sea that he hoped to get there, he should have left the 13—not 14—sail of the line safe under the batteries of Toulon. Taking them with him, he deliberately exposed them to the fate they met at the hands of Nelson in the following August. And if he, by his occupation of Egypt, had compelled the British to send ships to India, they could now afford to do it having captured and destroyed 11 of their opponents at home.

The enemy also wasted his forces in subsidiary attacks, almost bound to be failures if the matter had been rightly considered. Thus in August 1798 Commodore Savary took a body of 1,150 troops, under General Humbert, on board a small squadron escaping from Aix, which landed in Killala Bay in Mayo and duly surrendered soon after. A larger expedition under Commodore Bompard sailed from Brest for the North of Ireland on the 16th of September. He was followed up by British look-out frigates, and news of his progress was duly sent on to the Commander-in-Chief on the Irish coast. As a consequence, Sir John Warren met him off Lough Swilly, on the 11th of October, and captured the main part of his squadron.

But the invasion flotilla itself was under considerable difficulties. The British in command of the sea were interfering with it all along the line. In July 1795, Sir Sydney Smith had made a beginning by capturing and garrisoning the little Islands of Marcouf which lie four miles off-shore a little south of Cape Barfleur. The islands were found a convenient spot for interfering with the flotilla arrangements, and were held against attack both without and with assistance from the sea.

On May 19, 1798, Ostend was shelled, 1,140 troops were landed, who destroyed the canal lock and gates, and several gun-boats in the basin, though they were afterwards obliged to surrender to the superior force which the French had had time to collect.

On the 30th and 31st of the same year, a frigate and corvette belonging to the flotilla were driven on shore by the British near Havre, and the frigate was burnt.

In June 1800, a British squadron attacked the frigates lying in the anchorage of Dunkirk, and one of them, the *Desirée*, was cut out and brought away.

And then, as the time seemed to be approaching when decided

steps were to be taken with regard to the flotilla, Lord Nelson was placed, in July 1801, in command of the operations against it, which was followed by the shelling of Boulogne on the 4th of August, and an audacious attempt to break up the flotilla there on the 15th.

The operations of 1799 were on a great strategic scale, but yet they only serve to show how divided purposes and diverse aims fritter away the golden opportunities in naval warfare.

By the month of April, France had 25 sail of the line at Brest under Bruix, watched by a force under Lord Bridport which did not exceed 16 sail of the line. The French were industriously spreading reports there that they had now a design on Ireland, and taking advantage of Bridport's withdrawal to a distance, and of thick weather occurring simultaneously, put to sea on the 25th of April with the whole force of 25 sail of the line, and were off, no one knew where. Bridport, after despatching cruisers to Lord Keith, off Cadiz with 15 sail of the line, and to Lord St. Vincent at Gibraltar, and also homewards to convey the news, fell back himself to Bantry Bay, where he was presently reinforced, and found himself a match for the enemy, and at the head of 26 sail of the line.

But Ireland was at the moment far from the thoughts of the French. On the 3rd of May, Lord Keith, at the head of his 15 sail of the line off Cadiz, was made acquainted with the fact that the Brest fleet was coming down on him, having been most probably joined by 5 Spanish ships which had sailed from Ferrol. The 17 or 18 Spanish ships in Cadiz which Lord Keith was watching, shewed no signs of movement, yet practically he was being brought into the presence of a fleet of 48 sail of the line, to which he could oppose no more than 15.

The fleets were in sight of one another on the 4th and 5th of May, but it was then blowing a westerly gale, which would have prevented the Cadiz Spaniards from coming out, had such been their intention, and the result was that the French, who had not, after all, been joined by the Ferrol Spaniards, ran before the gale into the Mediterranean.\*

Lord Keith then, after counting, as he supposed, 22 sail of the line in the harbour of Cadiz, fell back and joined Lord St. Vincent at Gibraltar. Despatches of warning were then sent off

\* Troude says, vol. iii., p. 157, that Bruix was ordered to join the Spaniards at Cadiz, but that the state of the weather, with his untrained crews, forbid him either to fight or to make for Cadiz.



to Duckworth, who had 4 sail of the line at Minorca; to Nelson at Palermo, whose 12 sail of the line and 4 Portuguese ships were scattered over the Mediterranean, at Naples, at Alexandria, and at Malta.

On the 11th of May, Lord St. Vincent, meeting combination by combination, and endeavouring at any rate to guard Minorca as the point most obviously threatened, made for that island with his 16 sail of the line, where, being joined by Duckworth's 4, he now found himself at the head of 20 sail of the line.

The withdrawal of Lord Keith from Cadiz enabled the Spaniards to send 17 sail of the line to sea on the 14th of May, and these, notwithstanding some mishaps in a gale of wind, found their way safely into Cartagena on the 20th, just a week after the Brest fleet had put into Toulon.

As a consequence of these circumstances, Lord St. Vincent was driven to place himself between Toulon and Cartagena, in order that, by preventing a junction between the French and Spanish ships, he might avoid the risk of finding himself in presence of a combined fleet of more than double his strength. But he was in this difficulty. Either the Spaniards from Cartagena, or the French from Toulon, might suddenly issue forth and strike at the greatly inferior force of Nelson on the coast of Sicily. When this contingency presented itself so forcibly to the mind of St. Vincent as to make him weaken his own fleet by 4 sail of the line in order to strengthen Nelson at Palermo, we can well understand the straits he was in, even if he knew, which he probably did, that a reinforcement of 5 sail of the line was close at hand to join him. Having made these arrangements, Lord St. Vincent, whose health was completely shattered, gave up the command to Lord Keith and prepared to return to England.

The general station of the British fleet was now off Cape St. Sebastian, and there, on the 30th of May, Lord Keith heard that the French fleet of 22 sail of the line, under Admiral Bruix, had put to sea from Toulon on the 27th. Lord Keith now took the strange step of proceeding to Toulon himself; I say the strange step, because if the thing to be feared were the junction at Cartagena, this movement left it open more than ever. To close with the port of Cartagena, with the hope of meeting and fighting the French before they could be succoured by the Spanish, had an obvious promise of advantage which drawing near to Toulon after the French had left it could certainly not have had.

While the obvious course was not taken by the British, the French missed a course equally obvious; that was, to make a *détour* to the eastward, and passing round Lord Keith's fleet, make for Cartagena from the westward rather than from the northward. Occasions took them to Vado Bay, near Genoa, and this especially favoured the eastern *détour*, which was not taken.

Lord Keith stood past Toulon as far as Fréjus, where, on the 5th of June, he heard that the French were at anchor in Vado Bay, and at once made sail in that direction. He reached within 90 miles of the place, where, on the 8th, he received imperative orders from St. Vincent, who had not yet quitted Minorca on his homeward voyage, to return to Rosas Bay, near Cape St. Sebastian, for the purpose of intercepting the French fleet. This order is one of those which we meet sometimes, and must admit to be inexplicable, for how Lord Keith was thus to intercept a French fleet known to be at sea, and supposed to be steering for Cartagena, a glance at the chart fails to give the slightest hint. It is still more perplexing that Lord Keith, with his good information as to the presence of the French only 90 miles from him in Vado Bay, and with his knowledge that St. Vincent could not be aware of this, should have so promptly obeyed the order, in so far as it concerned his abandonment of that pursuit of the French, but not in so far as concerned his proceeding as directed to Rosas Bay. For he steered, in point of fact, for Minorca. On the day that he turned thus to partly obey St. Vincent's orders, the French fleet weighed from Genoa, to which point they had meantime moved, for Cartagena; but instead of steering the safe course well to the eastward, it followed directly on Lord Keith's track, sighting Toulon, and the pursued became the unconscious pursuer.

The result of this backward movement of Lord Keith's was that the blunder of Bruix in sighting Toulon brought him no harm.\* He crossed the path of Lord Keith behind him, and got safe into Cartagena on the 23rd of June. On the 24th, then, there was a force of some 40 sail of the line ready for sea in that port.

Meanwhile, Lord Keith, after rather aimlessly wandering about in the Gulf of Lyons for weeks, was compelled to fall back on Minorca for water. There he was joined on the 7th of July by a detachment from the Channel, which augmented his force to 31

\* James reads the French accounts as if Bruix was credited with the determination to attack the British, of whose advance he had heard. Troude, vol. iii., p. 158, says distinctly that Bruix was forbidden to fight until joined with the Spanish, and that he weighed to avoid the British.



sail of the line; and there he learnt how, a fortnight before, that which it should have been his sole aim to prevent had occurred, and that the combined French and Spanish fleets were in his rear at Cartagena; not only this, but that on the 24th of June this same combined fleet had sailed, and was on its way out of the Mediterranean.

So here was failure upon failure. The very reinforcement which had been detached from the Channel was a dead loss. It had been taken away from the point to be defended, and sent to a point where no attack was to be apprehended; 40 sail of the line, and a good show of frigates, were bowling away to take the command of the Channel and carry the great invasion scheme into execution, rolling up the feeble British squadrons as they went, and the only force of a size even to observe him was a fortnight behind the enemy. There was nothing for it but to follow with all speed, and this Lord Keith set himself to do.

The combined fleets, with the fine start which fortune and error more than skill had given them, got into Cadiz on the 12th of July, and were out again on the 21st, making a goodly show of 59 sail, of which 40 were of the line.

Lord Keith's fleet having only partially watered at Port Mahon, was obliged to put into Tetuan to complete with that necessary, and so did not reach Gibraltar until the 29th of July, just three weeks behind the Franco-Spanish fleet, and a week after it had quitted Cadiz for Brest.

While these early and aimless movements had been carried out by the British in the Mediterranean, Lord Bridport had been lying unemployed in Bantry Bay with his 26 sail, waiting for the fleet which never came his way. And thus the retirement north-west of one part, and the retirement south-west of the other part, rendered it an easy matter for the 5 Spanish ships which had got out of Ferrol at the end of April to find their way into Rochefort. But here fortune, which had so far befriended the enemy, deserted him. These 5 ships were never able to rejoin their companions in Brest, and though there were 90 pendants flying there, the little reinforcement of 5 Spaniards was forced back into the port it had sailed from, and lay in Ferrol for the remainder of the year.

The condition of things was now, however, that there was a force at Brest absolutely overwhelming should any ulterior ideas of invasion set it in motion, and far away at the other end of the line the genius which was alone competent to wield it was hurrying back to France, where he did not set foot until the 9th of October,

which may account for the quiet which subsisted all along the line till the close of the year.

The British were fortunate at the northern end. In spite of the losses of Camperdown, the Dutch fleet remained very strong. There were 8 sail of the line in the Texel, 6 at Amsterdam, and 8 in the Meuse, besides frigates and small vessels. But it was known, on the other hand, that there was a large and growing party in Holland absolutely inimical to Republicanism and French domination. The fleet was less willing than it had been to waste its strength in the endeavour to achieve an object for which it had no liking. The result of these conditions was that when, in the months of August and September, an English land force possessed itself of the Helder, the 8 line-of-battle ships and 2 frigates which were lying in the Texel surrendered to Admiral Mitchell, as representing the Prince of Orange, without firing a shot.

The simile which occurs to my mind as best illustrating the various operations all along the enemy's coast, from Toulon to the Helder, is that of a smouldering fire, every now and then breaking out in a fresh quarter, and as often being stamped out by the firemen who were watching it. It was all over at the close of 1799, and all through 1800 it remained apparently subdued, but to be alone likely to break out at Brest, where its real strength lay.

But while men turned their attention in this direction, the fire suddenly blazed up in a place altogether beyond the bounds of the old fire. There sprang up a confederacy between the Northern Powers—Russia, Denmark, and Sweden—against England, which was nearly the most alarming incident that had yet developed itself in the course of the great struggle. It is not necessary here to dwell upon the policy and events which brought about the battle of Copenhagen, and broke the confederacy up as rapidly as it had been formed.

This being done, the enemy concentrated his endeavours upon augmenting and improving the invasion flotilla, and in preparing, by exercise and experiment, as far as they could be carried out in the face of constant interruption from crowds of British cruisers, for the day when the great force might cross. The Peace of Amiens, however, put an end for the time to the whole of the operations of every kind, and left this country still uninvaded, still secure, and still in command of the sea.

As I observed on introducing the consideration of the operations on both sides from 1797 to 1805, they were more or less governed by the invasion idea. It is quite possible that the control of this



idea may have been more indirect than direct, but I have felt that if this is even so, some brief study of them is a necessary introduction to the undoubted invasion movements of 1805.

I think that if the outline story I have told be regarded not so much by way of detail as of general effect, it will be seen that the enemy's views were indefinite and generally fallacious throughout; that, having a strong position, he misused it, and that the main cause of his misusing it was the prevalence of the double idea of command of the sea and of something to follow it, as if the command of the sea was not itself all in all. There was, I think, in the mind of the enemy the inconsequent belief that though he might not be strong enough to gain and to hold the command of the sea by direct and simple attack on the forces which then held it, he might be strong enough to achieve purposes which only the command of the sea could enable him to achieve.

And with his mind fixed on these remote and misty purposes, he failed to play the simple but powerful game which a great strategical position and many fortunate chances put into his hands.

We begin with the Franco-Spanish combination in the Mediterranean in 1797, when, by the strange defection of Admiral Mann, St. Vincent was left with only 15 sail face to face with 38. Unless we credit the Allies with a condition of panic fear which should have kept them in their ports, we have nothing to fall back on but some more or less indefinite ulterior purposes for an explanation of why St. Vincent was not instantly fallen upon, or at least followed up and fallen upon, when such very superior force was available. It seems impossible to suppose that had there been a single eye to conquest at sea, such as we have seen to pervade the whole of the Dutch operations in those earlier wars, St. Vincent could have escaped disaster.

And then how can we account for the waste of Spanish force off Cape St. Vincent on the 14th of February? The histories tell us that the Spanish fleet was really bound for Cadiz, and consequently the meeting with the British was for it an untoward accident. But it is exceedingly difficult to believe that any accident could have taken the Spaniards so very far west of their intended port. The battle of St. Vincent appears more likely to have arisen out of the vague and unsettled views which seem to have characterized the whole proceedings of the Allies.

In like manner there is no explanation forthcoming which bears sound sense in its wake for the waste of Dutch force at the battle of Camperdown. It was *apropos* of nothing, and could lead to

nothing more than mutual loss and bloodshed, and the causes of it seem to lie more amongst passionate reactions after the collapse of the invasion idea, than amongst any of the cold designs of a reasonable State policy.

In a somewhat wild way, Napoleon's adventure to Egypt with a "wing of the army of England" was intended to have a direct effect on ultimate command of the Channel, but in drawing the fleet with the land expedition, Napoleon was repeating the mistake of Medina Sidonia, and the intended mistake of Conflans. Force enough to cover the landing, which would probably have been a frigate force, was all that was necessary. The French may be said to have courted the fate which overtook them at the Nile, which was a much less severe one than would have overtaken the whole force had Nelson only followed up the sight he got of them on the evening of the 22nd of June, after leaving Cape Passaro.\* Had the French line-of-battle fleet been left at Toulon, Nelson would probably have been unable to quit his watch of them, and the whole course of affairs might have been changed. At the most, the proper employment of the French line-of-battle force would have been masking the British near Gibraltar or Cadiz.

Passing on to the exit of Admiral Bruix from Brest in April 1799, and the movements and combinations that followed, a single eye to the destruction of any one of the three British squadrons, Lord Keith's, Duckworth's, or Nelson's, must certainly have brought about an attack which should have promised success. Bruix arranged his orders as Minister of Marine and carried them out as Commander-in-Chief. What those orders actually were has not yet, I believe, been shown, but they certainly involved a number of possibilities. Possibly Keith was to be attacked; so, possibly, was Minorca and Duckworth; so also, possibly, was Nelson. Possibly Malta was to be relieved. Possibly Napoleon, in Egypt, was to be succoured. Something of the total failure to do anything whatever no doubt followed on the want of seamanship, which was general in both of the Allied fleets; but, to my mind, much more lies on the shoulders of the false notions of naval warfare which pervaded the minds of the Continental nations. If there had been a single design of crushing the 15 sail of Lord Keith off Cadiz, with the 25 sail outside him and the 17 or 18 sail inside him, might it not have been carried out? Though a gale of wind was blowing, it was not necessary that it should have carried the French up to and past Cadiz; care might have been taken to delay

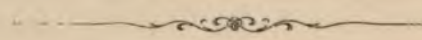
\* Nelson's *Despatches*, vol. iii., p. 43.

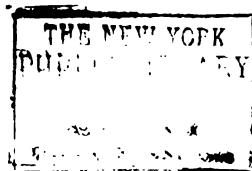


the approach, by lying-to till the wind abated. Or when the junction was ultimately effected at Cartagena, what was there but these same ulterior purposes to have prevented the carrying out of any decided programme which had for its object the destruction of British naval force in the Mediterranean?

And then, the last movement of all, the combined return to Brest, was clearly a false one. The strength of the strategic position consisted wholly in the division of the Allied fleets in secure ports whence, under direction from a central station, they could issue and strike in combination on the isolated squadrons which their presence in port compelled the masters of the sea to keep in watch upon them. It was their sudden issue and their unexpected stroke which gave them their power; as soon as their fleets were concentrated in one port, the danger to the masters of the sea had passed away, for they could concentrate too, and were no longer open to unexpected attacks by superior forces. Quite possibly this knowledge only arrived to those who were directing the movements of the Allied fleets when too late, and when it was clear that by their concentration in one port they had ceased to become of any account during the remainder of the war.

*(To be continued.)*









Edge Hill from Radway Grange

## The Battle of Edgehill.

By THE REV. G. MILLER, M.A., VICAR OF RADWAY.



ABOUT four weeks after Charles had raised his standard at Nottingham, he marched to Shrewsbury, where he arrived on the 20th of September. As soon as his army was formed, he determined to march upon London. With this intent the King left Shrewsbury on the 12th of October, with an army of about 10,000 men. He marched through Bridgenorth, Wolverhampton, and Kenilworth, arriving at the little town of Southam on the 21st.

During the march, it became apparent that a considerable amount of jealousy existed between the superior officers. The Earl of Lindsay had been nominated to the office of commander-in-chief; but when Prince Rupert joined the army, a clause was inserted in his commission that he should take orders only from the King himself. There was, therefore, an *imperium in imperio*, a fruitful source of disagreement and weakness.

The next day, as the King was marching through the village of Shuckburgh, he saw the owner of that manor, Richard Shuckburgh, hunting with his hounds. "Heaving a deep sigh, the King asked who that gentleman was that hunted so merrily that morning, when his King was going to fight for his crown and dignity. Being told that it was Richard Shuckburgh, he ordered him to be called into his presence, when he was received most graciously by the King. Upon this, Mr. Shuckburgh went home immediately and armed all his tenants, and the next day attended on the King in the field, where he was knighted; and the day after was present at the battle of Edgehill."

Two days after the royal army left Shrewsbury, Lord Essex, who had been quartered at Worcester, marched out of the town to



intercept the King in his march upon London. The two armies marched in parallel lines, in the first instance, about twenty miles apart. As the march continued, this distance was considerably lessened.

As evening drew on, the King's forces entered the little village of Edgecot, on the borders of Northamptonshire, about four miles from Banbury. A council of war was held, and as there were no tidings of the position of Essex's forces—a remarkable fact when they had not been, all the day, above twelve miles apart—it was determined that Sir Nicholas Byron, with his brigade, should, on the morrow, storm the Castle of Banbury, while the rest of the army should continue its march on London. The council broke up and the officers returned to their quarters, which, as the troops were bivouacking over a large extent of ground, were in some instances a long distance from head-quarters.

Rupert's quarters were at Mollington, about four miles off, a village partly in Warwickshire and partly in Oxfordshire. An old map of Warwickshire marks the position of his tent. This map gives a considerable amount of information on the subject in hand, as well as on other matters of historical and antiquarian interest. It is stated that Rupert himself spent the night at Wormleighton, the seat of Mr. Spencer, an ancestor of the present Earl. Rupert had pushed forward his vedettes to occupy the range of the Burton Hills, a spur of the Edgehill range, which runs out at right angles into the vale of the Red Horse, about three miles from the town of Kineton.

When night closed in, the watch-fires of Essex's army lighted up the valley in front of Kineton, and disclosed its position just in front of that town. Tidings of the close proximity of the two armies was sent by Rupert to the King, and a message arrived at Edgecot at midnight, saying that the rebel army was within seven or eight miles—the distance really was ten miles—and that it would be in the power of His Majesty to fight, if he thought fit, a battle next day. Orders were therefore given to stop the march of Byron's brigade on Banbury, and that, instead, the army should rendezvous the next day on the Edge Hills.

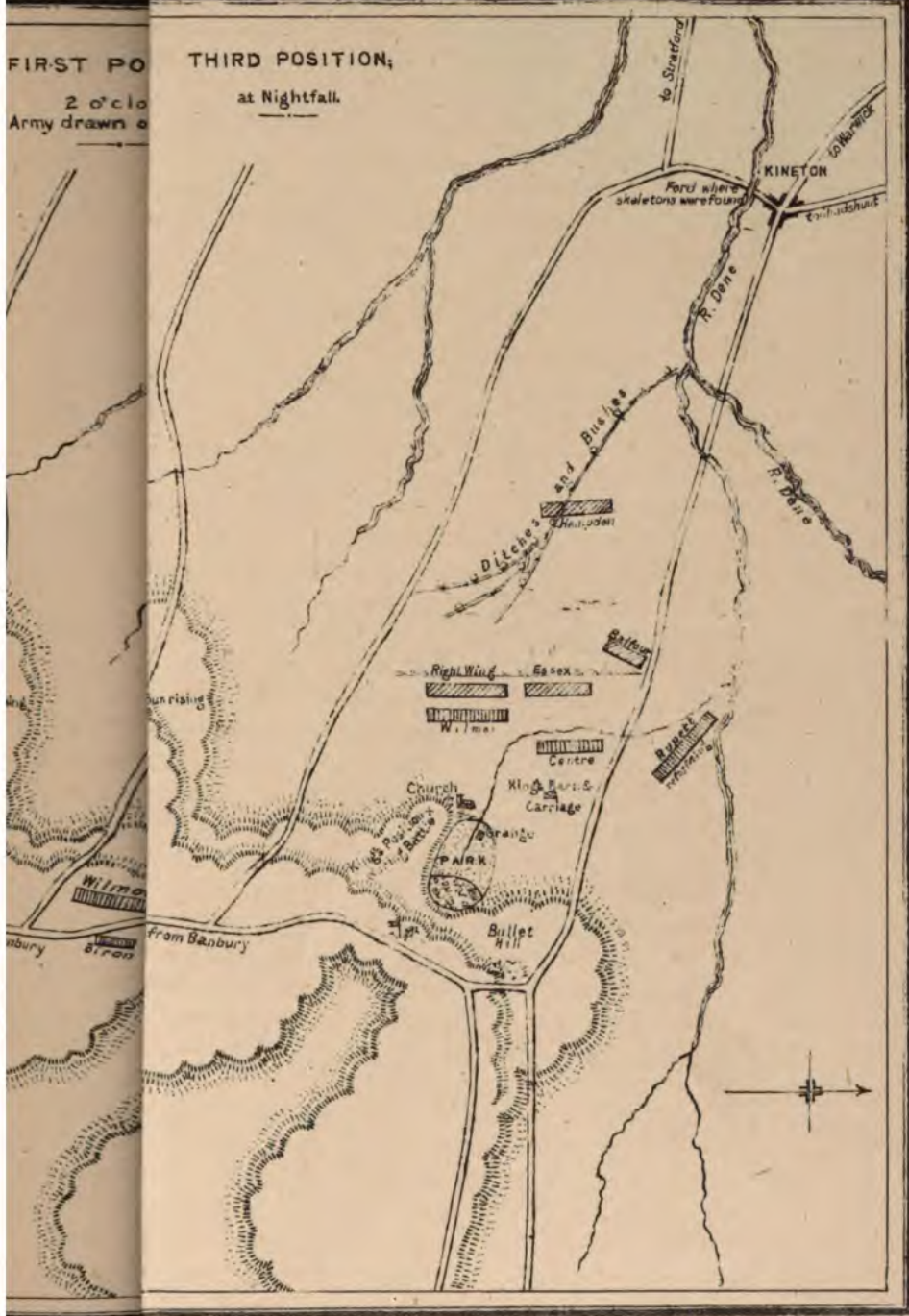
At 8 o'clock the next morning, the King left the hospitable home of Mr. Chauncy, of Edgecot, and, with the head-quarters, marched for the Edge Hills. As the distance was quite ten miles, it was noon before the King arrived on the hills and saw the army of the Parliament drawn out in the plain below.

FIRST PO

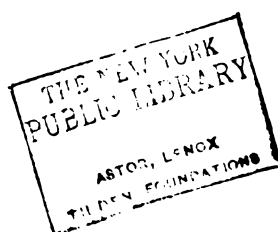
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Army drawn o

### THIRD POSITION;

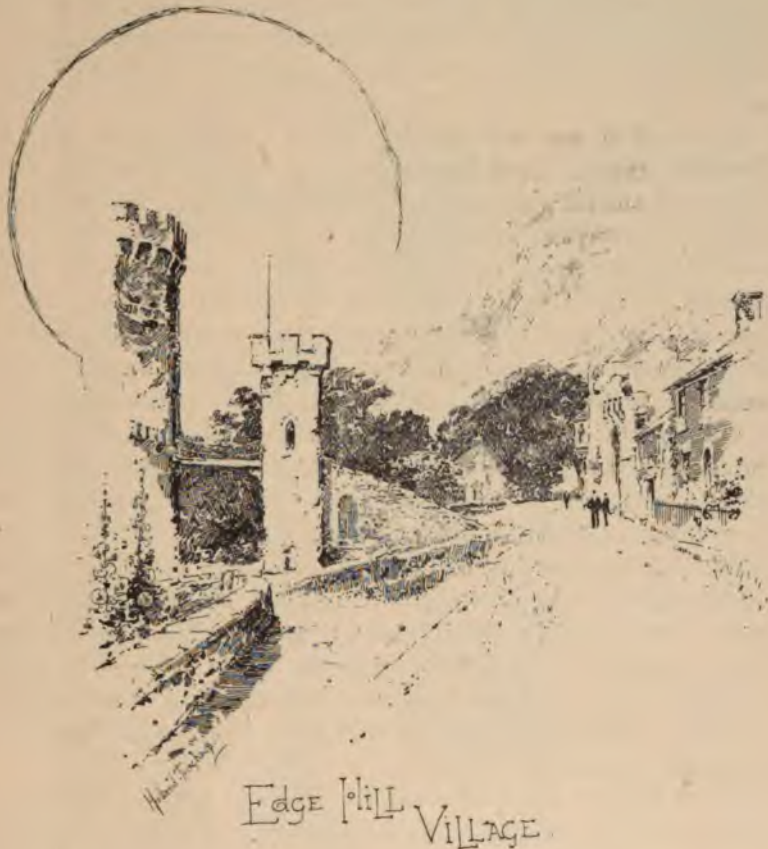
at Nightfall.







Early in the morning Rupert's troops had occupied the hills. This operation gave to Lord Essex the first intimation that his road to London was barred by the King's forces. As the soldiers on the hills increased in number, Essex drew out his army in front of Kineton, the advanced guard taking up a position about a



quarter of a mile below the village of Radway, having with them a few guns.

When the King arrived at the hills he made a careful survey of the enemy's position with a telescope, from a point of the hills called Knoll End. The spot on which he stood was raised into the shape of a crown, and planted with a clump of trees, by Sanderson Miller, owner of Radway Grange, early last century.



The enemy was near enough to distinguish the King, at whom they discharged their guns. The shot fell short into a field beneath him, still called Bullet Hill. The firing of the cannon was followed by cheers from the enemy.

The position of the King was an extremely strong one. The Edge Hills rise gently, from Kineton to the village of Radway, to the height of one hundred feet; the rise from the village for the next three hundred yards is very considerable, and from that point the hills rise precipitously to the height of two hundred and eighty feet.

A council of war was held to decide upon the next steps that should be taken. Lord Lindsay strongly advised that they should remain on the hills and await the enemy's attack. This advice was opposed by Rupert, whose success at Worcester over some of the best of Essex's troops made him inclined to hold the enemy very cheaply. The King was appealed to for his decision. He was anxious to engage the enemy at once, as shown by the words he spoke when the enemy fired at him. There was, too, great difficulty in obtaining supplies for his army, as the country was in these parts so much under the control and influence of Lord Brook, and the people were averse to provide the King's troops with food as so many false reports had been spread abroad respecting the bloodthirsty and cruel conduct of the Cavaliers, of which robbery was one of the least. Charles gave the order for descending the hill, an order which Field Marshal Lord Gough, when surveying the position some few years back, said was evidence that Charles was not only no general but a — fool. The position, even in these days of rifles and improved ordnance, would be difficult to take; in the time of the Civil War it was simply impregnable.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that if a battle was to be fought there, the King must have descended the hills, as Essex would never have ventured on an attempt to storm the King's position. It would have been madness to do so.

The line of battle was formed in the following order:—On the right wing was Rupert with his Cavaliers, Carnarvon in his rear forming the reserve; next to him were the brigades of Digby, Astley, Willoughby, and Aston, the left wing being commanded by Wilmot, the commissary general.

The Edge Hills above the village of Radway were not then, as now, clothed with woods; they were for the most part open ground,



ON EDGE HILL





like that part of the range above the village of Tysoe. There was, however, one small wood close to the present Radway tower, and a park around Radway Grange surrounded by a thick belt of trees. The occupant of Radway Grange was John Washington, most probably the John Washington who emigrated to America later on with his wife and his sons, the direct ancestor of George Washington. He was a descendant of Sir Laurence Washington of Sulgrave, who married Miss Light, heiress of Radway Grange. The King's standard, near to which the King stood, was close to the spot now occupied by the tower, which was opened in March 1751 to mark the position of the Royal standard. After having carefully surveyed the enemy's position, Charles descended the hill with the centre of his army. The small wood and the thick belt round the park obliged him to bear somewhat to the left. He therefore passed the village of Radway to the south of the old church.

The bells were ringing for afternoon service as the troops marched into the vale. The Rev. Jeremiah Hill was Vicar of Radway. He seems to have been ejected from his living during the Commonwealth, but to have been restored to his own again after the Restoration. The afternoon was therefore, at that season of the year, far advanced, and only a little more than two hours would remain before sunset.

Essex's army was ready to receive the attack. Starting from the right wing, his line of battle was drawn out as follows:—First came the regiments of Balfour, Mildmay, Stapleton, Constable and Colonel Essex; then Ballard, Lord Brook, and Hollis; near to them, and forming the left wing, were Wharton, Mandeville, Cholmondeley, Lord Essex's regiment, Fairfax and Ramsey; Fielding's regiment being in the rear. Essex's position, in the centre, was a strong one. He had taken advantage of a ridge between Radway and Kineton on which to draw up his line of battle. The ridge which Essex's centre occupied was covered with bush and furze, affording good shelter for the troops; and while, too, all the country between Radway and Kineton was unenclosed and open field, one solitary hedgerow ran parallel with the centre of the army of the Parliament. At the foot of the ridge there is a small brook. These advantages of position were to be found on Essex's right wing, though in a less degree. The left, on the contrary, being drawn up on open ground, and that, instead of rising, falling off towards the little river Dene, not only presented no advantage to the troops of the Parlia-



ment, but, on the contrary, was eminently favourable for cavalry operations.

To strengthen, as he supposed, this wing and to prevent his position on the ridge from being out-flanked, Essex extended his line in this direction: tactics as faulty as those of Marmont at the battle of Salamanca, where a Wellington not a Charles was in command.

Arriving on the plain, Rupert charged fiercely the enemies' left wing, and at the same time the troops of Sir Faithful Fortescue, which had lately arrived from Ireland, discharging their pistols on the ground, wheeled round and joined the forces of the King. The enemies' left was instantly routed, and so impetuous was the charge of Rupert that his opponents fled with loose rein to Kineton; some galloping away to Stratford-on-Avon, where they reported that Essex had been totally defeated. Rupert himself did not draw rein till he came to a spot between Kineton and Chadshunt, near to the keeper's house, which still bears the name of Rupert's headland.

At the head of Rupert's troops, the King's body-guard led the charge. They were anxious to answer the jeers of the common soldiers, who thought but lightly of these gaily-dressed Cavaliers, by showing that they were ready to go first into battle. The troops of Carnarvon's regiment were ordered to remain in reserve; but as soon as they saw the success of their comrades, their officers were unable to hold them in, and they followed the charge of Rupert to Kineton. These two things, as we shall see further on, were amongst the greatest of the many mistakes of that day.

When Rupert arrived at the headland, he wheeled his troops round, and fell upon the baggage of the enemy, carrying off Lord Essex's carriage. Near to the bridge at the bottom of Bridge Street, where the new road was made a few years ago, some skeletons were discovered which, from the position in which they were found, makes it probable that they were the bodies of some of the troops which were defending the ford.

After a while the Cavaliers were disturbed in their pillaging operations by the near approach of Hampden's regiments, who on hearing the guns of the combatants hastened to join their companions in arms. Opening fire with their guns, Rupert and his Cavaliers fell back and retired towards the battlefield. Had Rupert held his troops in hand, as Cromwell did at Naseby, and, having defeated Essex's right, formed on his flank and



RADWAY  
GRANGE

*W. H. Sturt*



charged the centre with the same decision as he had charged the left, Essex's army must have been completely rolled up, and Edgehill, not Naseby, would have been the decisive battle of the Civil War.

While Rupert was routing the enemies' left, Commissary-General Wilmot began his attack on their right. At his first onset, he appears to have driven back the foe; but when he arrived at some hedgerows and enclosures his advance was stopped, as these were lined with Essex's musqueteers. Clarendon states that these hedgerows were near to Kineton, while most of the writers of the Parliament made out that they were within the lines occupied by Essex's soldiers.

The farms of Thistleton and Battleton were not existing at that time, as, except in the case of an old house or two still remaining where once there was a village or hamlet, single farm-houses were hardly, if ever, met with in the old open fields. Tradition states, as has been previously remarked, that there was only one hedgerow between Radway and Kineton, that which ran through the midst of Essex's centre.

It is also mentioned that Wilmot's horses were impeded in their charge by certain water-courses and ditches. These water-courses must have been somewhat in the rear of the enemies' position, as on the ridge there were no old ditches; but a hundred yards or so on the Kineton side there are some of rather large dimensions. Here, then, we have the clue to solve the difficulty. Wilmot drove back the enemy in the first instance, but was afterwards driven back himself.

Some authorities, following Colonel Fiennes' account, and those of others of the enemy, state that Wilmot was driven back to the hills, while the followers of the King say that he held his ground.

This and other disputed points have lately been elucidated by the deep draining and cultivation of the land, which has brought to light in these days many bullets, shot, and other *débris* of the battle which had been buried in the earth. The actual area on which the battle was contested can now be shown with great clearness.

I have carefully traced out the area over which bullets, cannon-balls, and other relics of the fight have come to light by these operations, so that I can point out to within a hundred yards or so, the area over which the combatants were actually engaged.

That Wilmot was driven back must at once be allowed; that

he was driven back to the hills is plainly an incorrect statement, as no remnants of the battle, to any extent, have been found on the King's left beyond the first field or so in the parish of Radway or the hamlet of Westcote. That both in the King's centre and left wing a number of raw recruits, when the fighting began and the enemy stood firm, fled to the hills, is beyond all doubt. The wonder is that the King's troops, which had been only formed into an army for less than a month, should have stood so well as a whole against the army of Essex, which was well-officered, appointed, and brigaded at Northampton before the King set up his standard at Nottingham. About one-third, it is true, fled, but the rest fought, and fought well. Simultaneously with these movements on the wings, the King's centre moved on to engage the foe. After leaving the village of Radway, the ground falls considerably to the Radway brook. On the other side of the brook the ground rises to the crest of the ridge above mentioned. Thus when the King descended the hills, he not only gave up his advantageous position, but as he proceeded to attack Essex's centre the advantage of position was lost. He had to make his attack from the lower ground. While, too, his troops were in the open the enemy's were concealed, and found protection amongst the furze and thorn bushes which covered Essex's centre.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the Royalists drove in the enemy's outposts, and drove back their line through the broken ground. They were not stopped in their advance till they came to the hedgerow. This was lined with musqueteers, who poured in a deadly fire upon the advancing troops. Here it was that the fate of the day was sealed. The King's troops fought valiantly, but were unable to break through the lined hedgerow. If only Rupert had been at hand to deliver one of his fierce charges on the flank, nothing could have saved Essex from seeing his army annihilated. Once through the hedgerow, the centre of the enemy would have been pierced, the battle would have been won.

The carnage here must have been great, as we see by the amount of relics that have been lately turned up close in front of the hedgerow in a plantation, once called the Little Graveyard, just behind the spot which is still called the Grave.

The left flank of the King's centre was now somewhat exposed by the failure of Wilmot's attack. The enemy, therefore, brought up their cavalry and charged fiercely on that side. Report states that Balfour, forming on the King's right, now left bare by Rupert's reckless charge, fell upon the King's centre on that side.



This view is endorsed by Major Ross, in his studies of the battles of the Civil War. The number of bullets found hereabouts is a confirmation of this opinion, which is also strengthened by the fact that one of the graves, that of the officers, was dug hard by.

The King's centre was now in danger of being utterly routed. Charles himself, seeing that the battle was likely to end in a disaster, hurried to the front and tried to rally his soldiers. At one time the King was in the greatest danger of being captured; his body-guard having, as we have seen, left him at the beginning of the battle. The gallant Lord Lindsay did all that a soldier could do to rally the troops around; but advancing too far forward, he was shot in the thigh and taken prisoner, together with his son, Lord Willoughby, who tried to save his wounded father.

It was Lord Lindsay who, before the battle, uttered those well-known words: "O Lord, thou knowest how busy I shall be to-day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me. March on, boys!"

The King's troops must have contested the ground inch by inch, and, in the end, were only driven back about a quarter of a mile. Once on the Radway side of the brook, and they appear to have been safe. It was at this time that the royal standard was taken, and afterwards recaptured. Sir Edward Verney, the standard-bearer, having been killed, Secretary Chambers, attended by six troopers, was carrying it off in triumph. Just then Captain Brown, of Skilts, a Warwickshire squire, who belonged to Wilmot's division, and had been left behind, his horse being killed in the charge, heard a boy cry out: "Mr. Smith, they are carrying off the standard!" Captain Smith, having put on the orange scarf of a dead trooper to disguise himself, and calling to half-a-dozen soldiers to follow him, attacked Chambers, running him through with his sword, and though wounded with a pole-axe in his neck, he killed one of the troopers, and the rest fled. Mounting the horse of one of the troopers, and calling to a soldier who was near to hand him up the standard, he rode off with it. Soon after, meeting with some of the King's horse that had been rallied, he handed the standard to Robert Hutton, who carried it to the King. The next day the King bestowed on Smith the order of knighthood for his gallant conduct.

Rupert's troops, as we have seen, were disturbed in their plundering of Essex's baggage by the arrival of Hampden and his



RADWAY

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troops. They retired in straggling order to the battle field, when, to their dismay, they found that the victory they had thought now gained had been, by their unfortunate conduct, turned almost into a defeat. On their return, according to Roper, Balfour's troops at once retired in the rear of Essex's centre.

The King, whose presence of mind never failed, endeavoured to collect a sufficient number of Rupert's straggling soldiers to charge the enemy on his left flank. Had he been able to do so, the events of the day might have been altered, as the enemy seemed disinclined to stand to their arms in the face of the few cavalry that the King was able to collect.

Now was seen the folly of allowing the King's body-guard to charge with Rupert; now was seen the misfortune which arose from Carnarvon's troops disobeying their orders, and not remaining in reserve. Had they been ready to act when required, the King's centre would have fared far differently; and even at the end of the battle they would have afforded a nucleus around which Rupert's cavaliers would have been able to form into line, when a charge from the combined force would have probably driven Essex from the ridge on which his centre was posted.

The men and the horses, however, were weary, so that neither side took any decided action, but stood looking at each other till night, the friend of wearied armies, closed in upon them. Then the King ordered his cannons which were nearest to the enemy's position to be drawn off, and he spent the night with his army on the field.

The King's carriage had been left on the top of the hill, near to Knoli End. In the evening it descended the hill—the track it took is still called King Charles's Road—and drew up at a place called the King's Leys, where a plantation was made by Sanderson Miller early last century, to mark the spot where the King passed the night. This spot is also marked on the old map before alluded to. The little wood was cut down to enlarge the farm-yard in 1863.

This landmark is important, as it enables us to ascertain the exact position of Charles's army the night after the battle. The carriage, when it came down the hill, would draw up in the rear of the army. As, then, the distance from the King's Leys farm-yard is just about half a mile from the front of Essex's position, the front line of Charles's army could not have been above four hundred yards from that of the enemy. The statements, therefore, that the King was driven back to the hills, and



that he suffered a defeat, are entirely untenable. The battle was drawn.

The next day the King walked into the village of Radway, when he breakfasted at a cottage that was standing till 1882, and contained, fastened into the wall, the old table on which the meal was served.

Neither party was anxious to resume the battle. The enemy had a wholesome dread of Rupert's cavalry, which were now again assembled under their fiery leader. The King, too, had seen that his raw levies were more than matched by Essex's better drilled infantry.

A small troop under the command of Captain Smith went forward, and brought off four guns that had been left in front of Essex's position. This they were allowed to do without any opposition from their foes. Towards noon Charles sent Sir William Neve, with a number of proclamations of pardon to those who would lay down their arms. These he was not allowed to distribute. He was, however, able to bring back tidings to the King of the death of Lord Lindsay, who had died because there was no one to attend to his wounds.

In the afternoon Essex drew off his troops towards Kineton, and the next day marched back to Warwick. Rupert followed the retreating army almost to the walls of Warwick, and found that they had left many of their wounded and several of their carriages and wagons at Kineton.

The King returned to the hospitable quarters of Mr. Charing at Edgecote.

When the royal army was numbered on the Wednesday after the battle, the numbers were found to be greater than was expected, as many of those who ran away in the battle had rejoined their regiments.

The number of soldiers engaged on both sides was about 10,000. The dead (which were buried on the field of battle in two graves; one near the hedgerow, and the other one field from the brook on the Kineton side, and one field from the old turnpike gate—this was the officers' grave) were stated by Mr. Fisher, vicar of Kineton, who superintended the burial, to amount to 1,200.

This seems a large proportion. It must, however, be remembered that if Lord Lindsay died from his wounds because there was no one to attend to him on that cold, frosty night, the numbers of soldiers whose lives might have been saved must have been great.

- The royal army, finding that they were left in possession of the battle-field, and that Essex had failed in stopping their route for London, marched to Edgecot, and from thence proceeded on the road for London, having first taken the Castle of Banbury.

The following traditions of the events connected with the battle still remain in the district.

On the morning of the battle a squadron of cavalry passed through the village of Tysoe, the adjoining parish to Radway. As they passed a farm-house occupied by a Mr. Wells—the farm is still in the occupation of the same family—the soldiers being hungry, and finding that the farmer's wife was baking, went into the bake-house and took all the bread out of the oven. The farmer, seeing what was going on, went into the house, and collecting all the silver and other articles of value put them into a pot and sunk them in the well. The soldiers having got a supply of bread, rode through the village till they came to a little street, where was a farm-yard. Here they unsaddled their horses, and turning them into the yard, proceeded to make their meal, washing down the eatables with beer and cider obtained from the farm. After resting a while, they resaddled their horses—which proceeding has since given the name of Saddling Street to the lane in question. As they passed through Temple Tysoe, a farmer fearing lest his favourite cob should be taken by the soldiers, cut a hole in the barley mow and therein hid the horse; being at the same time in mortal fear lest the animal, hearing the tread of the cavalry horses, should neigh and discover his place of hiding. All, however, in this respect passed off quietly; but as the troop was passing the farm-yard gates, a stalwart youth stood there gazing at the bright accoutrements of the Cavaliers. Being asked on which side he was, he answered the Parliament. Thereupon, to frighten him, some of the soldiers discharged their carbines over his head. The youth, fearing for his life, fell down and pretended that he had been shot dead. Nor did he rise up till the troop were well on their way towards Radway, when he ran off to the hills and hid himself for two or three days. This was told to the writer by an old man over seventy, who had it from his grandmother, who lived to be over ninety, she having heard it from her grandfather, who was alive when the battle was fought.

It is recorded that when the people of Tysoe heard the battle roar, while they were in church, they left the sacred edifice at once and ran off to see the battle. The vicar was not a Richard



Baxter, who could, under adverse circumstances, hold his congregation together by the eloquence and impressiveness of his sermon.

A house at Radway, called Gunby Hall, was in those days a baker's shop. The day after the battle the baker stood at the bake-house door, with sword in hand, to guard his bread from the hungry soldiers.

In the Church at Radway there is a monument to Captain Kingsmill who was killed at the end of the battle, as he was riding a white horse. He was buried in a field about a quarter of a mile from the present church. There is also a monument in Warming-ton Church to Captain Gandin, who was buried there.





CLIVE ON THE HUNTING-BOX AT PLASSEY.  
*Vide Malleson's Decisive Battles of India, chap. iii.*



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## Polo in India.

By CAPTAIN G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, QUEEN'S OWN CORPS OF GUIDES.

### V.



IT may be of interest to those who have not yet started Regimental Polo Clubs, and who are anxious to do so, to learn what several systems have been tried by different regiments, and with what success. The subject of Station Polo Clubs need not be entered upon here, for their finances are regulated on the simple basis of providing a polo ground, balls, &c., at the lowest possible rate of subscription. A regimental polo club has, on the contrary, many difficult and complicated financial problems to solve before it can put a good team into the field. The main object of regimental clubs is to save the members of the team, and the officers of the regiment generally, from feeling too severely at one time the pecuniary strain which would, without this provision, fall upon them on entering for a tournament. As far as we have been able to learn, there are at present three methods of running a polo club now in vogue amongst regiments serving in India.

Firstly, there are those clubs which are worked on the system of having club ponies—that is, ponies purchased out of the club funds for the use of the members of the team and others. The club also pays for all tournament and out-station match expenses, and for the feed and keep of the club ponies. It also advances money to officers for the purchase of polo ponies; refund being made by monthly instalments of Rs. 50.

In the second category may be placed those clubs which are entirely money clubs, and which do not own club ponies. Their object is to advance money to individual members for the purchase of approved ponies; refund being taken by easy instalments. The club also pays all out-station match and tournament expenses.

Thirdly, there are those clubs which confine themselves entirely



to defraying the expenses of out-station matches and tournaments, and which do not either buy club ponies or lend money to members for their purchase.

Of these three systems, the third is, of course, the cheaper for non-playing members; but expense falls very heavily on the regimental team, who have to mount themselves without any aid from the regiment.

The first system is, taken all round, the most expensive, unless worked with considerable skill and luck; the skill and luck coming in in the purchase of raw ponies, which, after being carefully trained, rise enormously in value, and can be sold for the profit of the club, either to members of the club or to outsiders, according to circumstances. Personally, I am rather against this system of having club ponies, after having seen it given a very fair trial for several years. This on the grounds that a club pony is no particular person's property, and very possibly is not ridden twice in a fortnight by the same rider; the consequence being that a pony, unless it is a very old stager, gets into all sorts of bad ways. It is most necessary at polo for rider and pony to be in complete accord, and though we often take upon ourselves to decide that a certain club pony suits Jones but does not suit Robinson, we often forget to consider whether the pony on his part also agrees with us in thinking Jones a more suitable and friendly man to play with than Robinson. Again, Brown has one way of communicating his wishes on a certain point to his pony; Jones another, and Robinson another. If either one of the three rode the pony regularly, the animal would very soon understand what was wanted of him; but when all three are taking turn and turn about on him, the poor pony loses all patience, gives up trying to please, probably shows temper, and is immediately voted a bad pony by all three riders, and cast accordingly. With regard to the purchase of club ponies, the system in vogue is for the club to buy ponies either in the rough, or trained, up to a certain limited number, varying generally from six to twelve. When this number is exceeded, owing to the purchase of fresh ponies, the surplus number are offered for sale, either in or out of the regiment, at a price fixed by the polo club committee, according to the market value of polo ponies at the time, members of the regiment being probably given a preference at a lower rate, and the price being recovered in easy instalments from them. The club ponies are either stabled all together and placed under the supervision of a non-commissioned officer, or else, to save expenses, they are billeted about in the

different officers' stables, or in the troop lines; and a couple of rupees a month extra pay is given to the officer's or non-commissioned officer's syce who looks after each pony. All the arrangements for the grass and grain for the club ponies is most carefully made, grain being bought and grass stacked when rates are lowest, so as to tide over bad times, and to save as much as possible the finances of a club.

The remaining system, the second of those enumerated above—that of making the club a purely money club—appears to us to be, on the whole, the best. The club runs no risk of loss in ponies, nor does it have to stand the cost of the feed and keep of the club ponies and their attendants. At the same time, it is always prepared to advance money, without interest, for the purchase by individuals of ponies approved of by the committee as likely to be suitable for playing in a tournament. As these loans are recoverable, the actual expenses of the club are limited to paying for the railing of the ponies to tournaments and a few incidental expenses which may be incurred in connection with out-station matches. The tournament expenses will, of course, vary according to the distance the competitors are by rail from the place where the tournament is to be held; but, taken one year with another, Rs. 500 per annum ought to cover the expenses incurred by a regimental team at a tournament.

To successfully float a club of this sort, every officer on joining should pay an entrance fee of Rs. 50, and all officers a monthly subscription of Rs. 10. When the club is fairly under way, and has accumulated a certain amount of capital, the monthly subscription can be reduced. If the club is at any time wound up, each member will get back his share of the capital in hand, which should be, if the club has been well-managed, something over and above his entrance-fee.

## VI.

Ponies can be conveyed by rail to a tournament either in cattle-trucks or horse-boxes, a single fare being charged for the return journey. A cattle-truck will hold twelve ponies, and a horse-box six; so that the cost of conveyance in trucks will be very considerably less than in horse-boxes; but, at the same time, it must be remembered that in a cattle-truck the ponies are more or less loose, and liable to injury, and that it is imprudent to carry stallions and mares in the same truck. In a horse-box, on the contrary, each pony has his own compartment, and is comfortably bolstered up on all sides, with a manger to feed out of, and a trap-door for the



removal of dung. Moreover, the railway companies undertake no responsibility for ponies travelling in a cattle-truck, whereas they are liable for an accident happening to ponies in a horse-box. On the whole, therefore, it would seem advisable to use horse-boxes, at any rate, for the most valuable ponies in a team.

The ponies should arrive at their destination several days before the tournament begins, for many ponies are completely upset by a long railway journey, and would be quite out of form if immediately played in a game. Arrangements for grass to be stacked and grain collected should have been made well in advance, so that everything may be found ready on arrival. It is advisable that both ponies and men should play once, at least, on a strange ground before the tournament commences, so as to get into the ways of the ground, and to feel their legs generally.

## VII.

With regard to polo tournaments in India, perhaps the following notes may be of use to those who have never yet entered for a tournament, and whose ambition it is to do so. "Rome was not built in a day"; and, to compare small things with great, nor is a polo team. The winning team in a tournament is generally the outcome of years of training, years of expense, and years spent in the selection of men and of ponies. "It is as easy for a camel to go through the eye of a needle" as for four individually good players to win a tournament from a disciplined team. All, then, a new team can hope for, during the first few years of its existence, is just to keep its head above water, and, perhaps, even to get through the first ties of a tournament. Then, as confidence grows, as year by year indifferent ponies are weeded out and good ones take their places, as feelings of mutual support and reliance amongst the members of the team are developed, so, in corresponding proportion, that team rises in the polo world. Between a very inferior team and a middling good one is an enormous, unspeakable gap of comparison; between a middling team and a first-class one is but a little step, up which it is possible to step in a few months. I refer, of course, to teams of the same *genus*, so to speak, and in the same category; for it would be absurd, judging by actual historical facts, to say that a second-class station team, for instance, could in a few months rise to the level of the winners of the Open Cavalry Tournament. What I want to lay stress on is the difficulty of beginning; once mediocrity is reached, the rest must come with a little perseverance, and may come with a bound.

It is, perhaps, worth noting that hitherto it has almost invariably been a regiment which has put in a long period of Indian service which has won the open Cavalry or Infantry tournaments, and no case has yet occurred of a regiment new, or comparatively new, to the country winning either. In the same way, almost invariably an old and seasoned team wins the Native Cavalry Tournament. A young team should not, therefore, be disheartened because it does not win straight away; let it but use the experience it gains, year after year, and it may rest assured that its time will come. Bearing this in mind, it would be unwise for a new team to rush into violent expense in the matter of ponies; and nothing will cripple and, perhaps, ruin the finances of a polo club more speedily than buying up made ponies at fabulous prices, at the last moment, before a tournament. Rather buy steadily and gradually, as chances offer, building up your team pony by pony in a wise and business-like manner. All failures should be immediately cast, and sold to the best advantage, for a good pony eats no more than a bad one; and the "failure" is an institution which in most regiments seems to hang on indefinitely. It is better to make the plunge, and sell at a considerable loss, than to go on feeding a useless mouth for months and sometimes years, on the chance of selling well. How often do we see forty or even fifty ponies belonging to a regiment, out of which number it is most difficult to find eighteen fit to play in a tournament! Now, instead of keeping on that crowd of twenty or thirty useless ponies, would it not be wiser, from the owner's point of view, and also to the general interest of the regiment, if, instead of useless ponies, each man kept one or two ponies fit to play in the regimental team. Some will at once exclaim, "Oh, but I can't afford to buy a pony up to tournament form." Believe me, if you only bide your time, and buy with discretion, you will get an animal which is fit to play in the regimental team, and yet whose initial cost is not a rupee more than that of the three-legged old screw you are at present keeping. The senior officers in regiments and regimental doctors, all of whom draw high pay, can, with little or no extra expense to themselves, keep ponies fit to play in any tournament.

It is, as we say, a self-evident fact that a good pony will eat no more and cost no more to keep than a bad one, and his initial cost will, if the pony is bought with judgment, be merely money invested; for a good pony will always fetch his price anywhere. Of course, accidents will happen, and ponies will get screwed occasionally, but that is the fortune of war; and, I imagine, few men in the position



of those I have mentioned would grudge the loss if entailed by fair wear and tear and for the good of their regiments. To young officers the loss might be serious, and no doubt arrangements could be made by which they would be entitled to some compensation from the polo club fund.

Simultaneously with the selection and training of the ponies, a like process should be going on with regard to the men who are to compose the team. Certain men show a certain aptitude for certain places in the game, and it is manifestly right to play men in the places that suit them. The "places," of course, are "back," "No. 3," "No. 2," and "No. 1," or "flying man," or, as they are sometimes named, "back," "two half-backs," and a "forward." It is only when certain problems arise that we can offer any advice. For instance, a regiment may contain three very good "backs," and no one else worth anything. Or it may have a plethora of "flying men," or two or three "No. 2's," and so on. It will, I think, be conceded that the two best all-round men should play "back" and "No. 2" respectively, for these two are the most important places in the game. Of these two, if there is no special aptitude shown by either for "back," the best all-round man of the two should be put there; for I think it will be conceded that "back" is the most important man in the team, both offensively and defensively, and more especially in the latter rôle, for no position requires greater nerve, resolution, and pluck than to play "back," for instance, in a losing game. The best ponies, too, should, on these grounds, go to the "back"; for without the best of mounts he is unnecessarily handicapped, and, in the presence of a "No. 1" mounted on superior ponies he will find it impossible to hold his own or guard his goal. It used to be an old-fashioned idea that you must put your *heaviest* man "back," and your *lightest* "No. 1." This idea was exploded by a series of light-weight "backs," superbly mounted, who played right up in the game, and turned the rôle of "back" into an offensive as well as a defensive rôle, and demonstrated the fact that this was the right place to put your best and safest man, and not necessarily your heaviest. In the same way, it was found that a heavy man *suitably mounted* made as good if not a better "No. 1" than the light man, for in hustling weight must necessarily tell. "No. 1," then, should be a hard and good rider, with knowledge of pace, and should be up to all the "dodges" which a "back" has necessarily to resort to to elude his vigilant adversary. It is generally, therefore, customary to put "No. 1," the man who is the least sure hitter in the team; and

he is directed to turn his attention mainly towards preventing the opposing "back" from hitting the ball, and not to hitting it himself. "No. 2" is the offensive member of the team, and should be a hard, clean, and straight hitter, mounted on fast and handy ponies. The remaining member is "No. 3." This is the least responsible position in the game; in it the new hand may well be placed until he feels his feet, and shows what he is capable of.

### VIII.

#### *The "Back."*

The "back" should, as a rule, be mounted on the best ponies in the regiment, for on him depends both offensively and defensively very largely the success of the team. A "back" mounted on slow or unreliable ponies is not merely a weak point in his team, but deprives it of that backbone and stamina which it has a right to look for in him, and which is very essential to enable the rest of the team to play in their places, with confidence both in a losing and a winning game. The general duties of a "back" are both offensive and defensive, according to the state of the game. Offensively his duty is to hit the ball well up into the game; to make long shots at goal; and on occasion, when opportunity offers, and "No. 3" is ready to fall back and take his place, to make runs. Until within the last few years, it was a hard and fast rule that the "back" was *never* to go up or make runs; but experience has proved that a "back" may often do invaluable service to his side by going up, provided always that "No. 3" takes his place and that the "back" gets back to his own place as soon as possible after performing his temporary service. Nothing disorganizes a team more than having a "back" who can never be relied upon to be in his right place at the right time. Defensively the "back" is all in all to his team; a steady determined "back" will often wear out and break the most spirited attacks of a superior team, and may even turn the tide of victory. The "back's" position during the ordinary course of the game should be close enough up to it to enable him to take an active part in the game, sufficiently near to guard against that disjointed play which is noticeable in those teams in which the "back," either doubting his own powers or owing to the inferiority of his mounts, stands afar off and acts entirely on the defensive. When the team is hard pressed and the enemy are within the thirty-yards flags, the "back" will find that his best position is between the goal-posts, where he may meet or turn aside many a



well-directed shot at his goal. The most valuable strokes for a "back" to practice are clean and hard driving, straight ahead, and back-handers, both on the near and off side of his pony. In hitting back-handers, it is next to useless hitting the ball back in a half-hearted way straight back in the direction you are coming down, for by doing so, in nine cases out of ten, you will merely send the ball straight into the hands of the enemy's "No. 2," who will, you may be sure, make hay with it immediately. Back-handers must be hard hit, and if possible in a line diverging slightly to right or left from your own line of retreat. By this means the chances of the ball falling into the enemy's hands will be minimized, and it will escape the risk of being accidentally stopped by one of the ponies that are following you. In meeting a ball which is travelling towards you at any pace, it will be found safest to hold the stick with the head just clear of the ground, and to make your first a dribbling stroke or even almost a "blocking" stroke, to use a cricket phrase; this sets the ball going in the right direction, gives you the right of way, and obliges everyone to clear off from your front, thereby allowing you a more or less free hit. One of the chief aims of a "back" is to free himself from the unwelcome attentions of the hostile "No. 1," by putting him "off-side" as often as possible. Some "backs" are remarkably clever in this respect, and the opposing "No. 1" finds himself doing little or no harm to the enemy, and for half his time is "off-side," and therefore lost to his side. I am afraid it is beyond my powers to describe on paper several very useful little artifices which a "back" may with advantage employ; I can only recommend the reader to play "No. 1" against a really brilliant and experienced "back" like Dufadar Hira Sing, of the 12th Bengal Cavalry, and he will very soon see how difficult a job it is to keep "on side," and to "stick to" a man of his powers. Finally, our advice to a would-be "back" is, to sit tight, to keep perfectly cool, and not to allow himself to be bothered or flustered by a "flying man." In nine cases out of ten it will be found that the "flying man," if stoutly ignored, will very soon get sick of his job, and the "back" for the rest of the game becomes a free man. This has been particularly noticeable in late tournaments.

*"Number 3."*

Next we come to "No. 3," working up the team numerically from "back" to "No. 1." The general duties of "No. 3" are to prevent his "back" from being unduly hustled, to hustle on

every possible opportunity the enemy's "No. 2"; and lastly, to be always in readiness to drop back and take "back's" place in the event of his "going up," or making a run. He should be proficient in all kinds of strokes, but more especially in hitting back-handers, and should be able to make his strokes with judgment, both as to strength and direction, so as to place the ball in the most favourable position for his own "No. 2" to take it on. "No. 3" should be careful not to crowd too close on to his own "No. 2," for in the event of the latter missing the ball he would, if too close, miss it also, and leave the field open for the enemy. In hustling the enemy's "No. 2," he will do well to hustle with discretion; that is, to hustle only where his hustling will be effective. For instance, it is no good hustling a "No. 2" who is riding nose to tail with one of your own side who is just about to hit a back-hander, for even if the back-hander is missed, the hostile "No. 2" is too close on his opponent to take advantage of the miss. Rather, draw rein and place yourself in such a position as to be ready either to turn and take on the ball hit back to you, or else to cut in and hit the back-hander missed by your friend. In fact, play with your head; a most useful piece of advice to give, no doubt, but one which only first-class players appear to be able to follow.

"Number 2."

"No. 2" is *par excellence* the playing man in a team, and his rôle is almost entirely offensive. He should be a brilliant, hard, and sure hitter, hitting with equal ease both on the near side and on the off side; and he should be a good judge of strength and direction, and a deadly shot at goal. He must be mounted on very fast and, above all, on very handy ponies. His play should be a nice combination of discretion and dash; discretion in knowing where and when to gallop, and dash in picking up each fleeting opportunity of cutting in and scoring. When "No. 3" or the "back" are hitting to him either straight drives or back-handers, he should know their strength exactly, and be ready, if facing in the right direction, to pick up the ball and take it on; or if facing to the rear, ready to turn and take it on before any of the enemy can meet it or cut in. Fancy strokes are permissible to "No. 2," but we submit to no other member of the team; this player's stick should be as handy as a racquet bat in his hands, and strokes in any position or direction possible to him. To save wear and tear of horse flesh, it is a good thing to practise



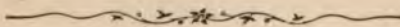
strokes off a wooden horse. The rider sits on the horse, and all his servants stand around and bowl balls at him, one after another, from every point of the compass. Dumb-bells and Indian clubs should also be daily used.

*"Number 1."*

"No. 1," or "flying man," lives only to hustle the opposing "back," and to make his existence burdensome to him. From start to finish, he should never relax for a minute his attentions; ever present, ever in the enemy's way, he is a most invaluable man if he will only stick to his business. How difficult and disheartening that business is is only known to those who have experienced the difficulty of trying to collar a good "back." But still if he will only stick to it, the time will assuredly come in a game when his perseverance will be rewarded. A "flying man" cannot expect to thwart a "back" on every occasion on which he tries to do so; but every now and then his efforts will be successful, and successful, too, very possibly at a time most critical for the enemy's goal. To carry out his duties effectively, the "flying man" should have one eye on the ball (*not* with a view to hitting it) and the other on the enemy's "back," and should so time his riding as to intercept himself, his pony, or his stick between the "back" and the ball on every possible occasion. The only occasion on which it is permissible, I submit, for a "flying man" to hit a ball at all is when he has a free shot at goal at close range. It is a very good education for a "No. 1" to play only with a hockey stick, removing thereby the almost irresistible temptation he feels now and again to make runs instead of sticking to his own business.

Having impressed these the broad rudiments of the game upon the different members of an aspiring team, it behoves their captain to put them into the field with a view to trying their strength, and as a preparation for the future. It is advisable to play at least once a week a foreign match, or against a scratch local team, so as to give the regimental team constant practice in playing together, and thereby gaining confidence in themselves and each other. During the game absolute discipline should be enforced, and no other member of the team, except the captain, should have a word to say whilst the ball is in play. It is well to inculcate from the very beginning a spirit of calmness and silence into a team. The game is in itself so exciting, especially if two teams are very closely matched, that the impulse of most men is to shout and yell, and

make a noise without gaining any commensurate advantage from doing so, but rather, on the contrary, suffering loss of power. A team, too, that is habitually silent and self-contained is not likely to let slip those blossoms of speech which often make a polo ground an unvisitable spot for the ladies of a station. The next thing to be inculcated is the absolute necessity of sticking to one's place in a team, through thick and thin, in defeat or victory. It may not seem to pay at first, and scratch teams playing all anyhow may defeat our young team badly to begin with, but let them only stick to their places steadily and manfully, and play the game on the set lines taught them, and the tide of victory is bound to turn. We have seen this occur over and over again. The scratch team of brilliant players start off by hitting goals as easily as shelling peas, then they slacken off a bit, and the disciplined team begins to make way slowly but surely. From slackness the scratch team go to rot, and then fall completely to pieces, leaving the disciplined team to romp in easy winners. The mounting of the team must be most carefully looked to and regulated, for the ponies constitute three-quarters of the elements which bring success to a team. It is as hopeless to play on very small or slow ponies against a fast, well-mounted team, even though the players themselves may be first class, as to attempt to win the Derby with a troop horse. Every man in a team should be in hard training; no one, till he has experienced it, has any idea how bodily training tells in the last ten minutes of a tournament game. Dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and hitting about balls from a wooden horse, all strengthen the muscles of the arm and wrist. Hockey or football or paper-chases on foot are good for the wind, and a regular hard game of polo should be played at least three days in the week. Too many long cigars, port wine and a plethora of whisky pegs should be discouraged, and "wet nights" tabooed.





## Men, Manners, and Manners:

OR, THE IMPRESSIONS OF A COLONIAL VISITOR IN LONDON.

### II.



“

YOUNG lady of attractive appearance, with previous experience and good references, desires a situation as barmaid.”

The above and similar advertisements constantly meet my eye in the daily papers. We have heard much lately of the straits into which various noble and gentle families have fallen by reason of the general depression in land, &c. &c.; and it is evident, from the fact of so many young ladies applying for a position which one would at first sight deem unsuitable for them, that there must be a good deal of truth in these statements. It is evident that the young persons who apply for, and in due course obtain, this kind of employment must belong to noble families or, at all events, to those of old descent; but I am not aware whether the tradesmen who utilize their services, and sometimes drive them out on Sundays in very high dog-carts, require the production of the family papers, ancestral tree, rent-roll, &c., before concluding their engagement.

It is, however, evident that a very strict process of selection is observed, for not only the appearance of these damsels, but the aristocratic hauteur of their manners, lead directly to the inference that they are, for the most part, offshoots of ducal houses.

I understand that a short time ago they were all adorned with golden tresses in great profusion; now we are more indulgent as to colour, but require a good deal of fringe. Their garments are fearfully and wonderfully made, and they have usually a great deal of bust and very exiguous waists.

I am informed, and am fully disposed to believe, that after a short appearance at the bar, many of these modern Hebes revert,

through matrimonial alliances, to the lofty spheres from which they have deigned to descend for a short while; so that, in accordance with the laws of heredity, we may look forward with confidence to future generations for a constant supply of this enchanting type.

It is true that their chances of the highest prizes in the matrimonial market are somewhat interfered with by the great popularity of the equally lovely beings who adorn the burlesque stage; for while the barmaid at a really good bar in the west of town has great opportunities of displaying the charms of her person and manners, and a glass of sherry, with or without bitters, can be poured out with a rounded grace of elbow and wrist action perfectly entrancing to behold, she is debarred, by the very nature of her functions, from displaying the graces of her ankles and continuations in the manner which gives a somewhat unfair advantage to her fair competitor.

However, what opportunities are hers of conversing with some eligible person, partly shrouded from the vulgar gaze by a bower of wine-glasses! How well she displays her ineffable scorn for the simple and thirsty mortal who comes in for the sole purpose of quenching his thirst or supporting his tired frame!

A thousand opportunities are hers of showing her distaste and disregard for the profane vulgar, as contrasted with the easy familiarity of her address to the distinguished young person whom she consents to encourage.

Here I may remark that the manners of the young men of the present day are never seen to such advantage as on these occasions, and that, although one has occasionally been forced to regret a certain want of consideration in their manners towards young ladies not so fortunately circumstanced as to be barmaids, their manner here is marked by much politeness and *empressement*.

Decidedly, the bar of a good restaurant or hotel is a very valuable school of manners!

It has happened to me several times to enter the portals of some of these gorgeous establishments, generally decorated in a floridly ecclesiastical style, and, after addressing to one of the lovely presiding nymphs (or shall I call them priestesses of Bacchus?) a modest and frequently repeated request for a glass of sherry or a small brandy-and-soda, to retire in confusion, with the overwhelming conviction that I had committed a frightful solecism in addressing her without an introduction!

Female practice at the bar is not confined to these lofty temples;





"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

some there are of a more modest character at which officiate young ladies of a somewhat less elevated social standing, probably the daughters of mere baronets, Irish peers, retired general officers, and professional people; these, when not too busily engaged with an admirer, will condescend to notice your request without a formal introduction, if made in a proper tone of humble entreaty; but make no remark to these beyond a simple request for what you desire, for they tolerate no familiarities.

Should you chance to enter at an unfashionable hour, when the young gentlemen who are their chosen companions have not yet made their appearance, you will generally find some two or three of the young ladies in busy consultation, probably discussing the merits of a photograph, or something of that sort; be careful not to interrupt them; do not obtrude upon their graceful mirth the importunate presence of a thirsty plebeian, and before you address one of them, wait till the last echo of the last giggle has died out and "mingled with the celestial harmonies."

One of them will probably, after a lapse of time, glance negligently in your direction, when you can go forward and, "with bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness," formulate your petition, when she will look you up and down with proud disdain, and resume her conversation; but if you are patient and unassuming, and have plenty of time to spare, one of the assembled fair ones may, after a fitting interval, attend your wants.

The suburban barmaid is not quite so haughty, and I have sometimes been startled to find one address some observation to me, about the state of the weather, for instance. This has always been deeply gratifying to my feelings, but on these occasions I have seen reason to believe that the "young lady" was probably the daughter or niece of a publican, and more directly connected with the plutocracy than the aristocracy. In such a case her presence behind the counter is not so much dictated by a desire to "get into society," as by a distinct commercial instinct, and her regard for a casual customer is not so much regulated by the extent of his collar as by the capacity of his stomach for liquids.

Sometimes the wife of the proprietor will herself preside at the bar. She may be instantly recognized by the imposing portliness of her form, the size of her diamond ear-rings, and the extraordinary size, weight, and intricacy of the golden chains which support her watch, and other pretty trifles. These, and as many brooches and bracelets as can be stuck or hung about her, are



generally well thrown out by a black satin dress ; the whole forming a very chaste and beautiful combination.

I have found the cabman, especially the driver of the hansom variety, a very interesting person, full of character and of little pleasing and harmless idiosyncrasies.

I will venture, for the sake of aspirants to a profession which I am told numbers many persons of considerable social standing but fallen fortunes, and which is directly under the patronage of the English aristocracy (considerable cab-owners), to offer a few hints for their conduct towards the public.

First, then, every person who is not in your cab, and who, from some miserable motive of economy, or some absurd notion on the subject of exercise, prefers to walk, is directly pointed out by the laws of right and justice as your proper victim.

It is well to draw the line at manslaughter, as it would necessitate an inquiry, and you might be inconvenienced thereby ; a magistrate having been known to lay down the stupid dictum that the road is for foot-passengers as well as for cabs. The absurdity of this proposition is evident to all right-thinking minds, but the interests of the cabman have never been properly considered, and will never be until he is properly represented in both Houses of Parliament.

A good deal can, however, be done short of actual pedestrianicide ; as, for instance, you go out for a crawl, and, of course, take care to draw up your cab in dirty weather (and when is the weather not dirty in London ?) well across the paved footways when you see people wishing to cross the street ; or should you sight a nervous person well in the middle of the crossing, you will whip up your horse suddenly, and rush at him, or still better at her, with a yell. It is most amusing to watch the terrified scamper which ensues, and you will naturally immediately slacken your speed to enjoy it ; yours is a hard life, and must not be robbed of its little distractions and amusements.

If you drive quite close to the kerb, you can make advantageous use of every puddle which a thoughtful vestry leaves there to splash trousers and dresses efficaciously, and little perspicuity is wanted to perceive that the proper way to hold your whip is in such a manner that the lash shall sweep well over every hat and bonnet on the pavement. I often wonder that a small fish-hook has not been introduced, with a view to increasing the effect of this method.

Some of the London streets and roads are admirably adapted for sport; take, for instance, the roadway of Piccadilly, as it divides a little above Apsley House Gate. There is a good straight run down, and then two roads running off at a very acute angle, which enables you, by the exercise of a little dexterity, to make a



"HI! HI! HI!"

pedestrian imagine that you are going straight down towards Knightsbridge. This will lead him to venture across in the direction of Constitution Hill. Immediately turn and go at him at your best rate of speed; the effect is magical.

This can be managed at almost all points where streets intersect,



but it is difficult to get up such good speed elsewhere, and at this particular point you are never bothered by the police.

All these effects can be very much heightened by the use of language ranging from light and playful badinage to forcible vituperation; I fear that I cannot here attempt to give anything like a lesson in the art of rhetoric as applied in these cases, but the youngest cabman, by carefully listening to the flowers of oratory that constantly drop from the mouths of his elder colleagues, and a diligent perusal of the speeches of Parnellite members of Parliament will soon furnish himself with a perfect arsenal of useful and picturesque phrases.

When you have secured a fare, should he or she appear to you likely to prove unsatisfactory in the matter of payment, you can, under pretence of lashing your horse, flick into your hansom and whip your fare instead of your horse; you may depend he deserves it more.

When arrived at your destination, should you be paid considerably over your fare, drive off at once without being weak enough to give thanks; but should the legal fare, or but little over, be tendered, you can begin by examining it carefully on the palm of your hand, as if you could scarcely see it without a microscope (which, of course, you do not usually carry), and then you can ask in accents of withering scorn "What's this 'ere?" The miserable impostor who has had the impudence to undervalue your services, and who seeks to shelter himself behind the wretched provisions of an oppressive tariff, if inexperienced in the ways of the fraternity, will probably say "Your fare," when your further conduct will be regulated by an attentive consideration of surrounding circumstances.

Should he seem to you acquainted with the distance and legal fare, and the hour be early and neighbourhood frequented, but no policeman in sight, you may indulge in a little abuse until he can obtain shelter within the house, and then knock twice or thrice loudly at the door; should he be uncertain as to the aforementioned important points, you can boldly double distance and fare, and should he have got down for a moment to post a letter, compute the halt at not less than a quarter of an hour; and in the case of a late hour and a deserted neighbourhood, should you have to deal with a small and weakly, or fat and plethoric looking man, your best plan will be to immediately get off your box and offer to fight him.

Beware, though, of the neighbourhood of railway stations; that

malignant and meddlesome personage, the policeman, is apt to lurk about, and nothing seems to afford him more pleasure than to interfere with your innocent diversions.

A friend of mine, whose hair and ample beard have been whitened by time, told me that once he dismissed a cabman at the gates of Euston Station late one night, and on handing his fare to the gentleman on the box, the latter expressed dissatisfaction at the amount, descended from his box, assumed a very correct pugilistic attitude (my friend was somewhat of a judge in these matters), and apostrophising him as a "oary-headed old villain," proposed



"WHAT'S THIS 'ERE?"

combat; but the h.h.o.v. had observed an official in blue behind a pillar, and walking unconcernedly up to him, said, "Do you think it is worth my while to fight this man for his fare?" Now one would think that the cabman would have been glad of the opinion of a disinterested spectator on this point, but I understand that he hastily remounted his box, and departed at speed.

On a fine evening, should you observe a gentleman in evening dress smoking his cigar as he strolls leisurely homewards from some dinner or ball, you must drive close alongside of him as far as you can, reiterating your offer of "Cab, Sir!" You may pos-



sibly force him in sheer despair to take refuge in your vehicle ; at all events, be certain that you will cause him a good deal of annoyance.

On the other hand, in rainy weather, when called by a lady or gentleman in the full pride of spotless raiment, gorgeous as the lilies of the field, be careful to drive up slowly ; you can pretend to look the other way, so as to give them plenty of time to get wet through. This will teach them that your carriage is not to be made a convenience of by the public. You have on this account been accused of connivance with tailors and dressmakers, and even with members of the faculty of medicine, but you can afford to scorn these base insinuations. Which of us is not occasionally assailed by the breath of slander ! If people did as they ought to do—that is, call a cab before leaving one place to go to any other—they would not be surprised by showers, and it is well that you should enforce this lesson.

For the lower orders of people there are underground railways, trams, and omnibuses, and walking must be discouraged ; as for umbrellas, mackintoshes, and all that rubbishing paraphernalia, words cannot express your just contempt for them ; it is only to be equalled by that of a good pig-headed skipper of the old school for all sorts of life-saving apparatus. He says, “If the ship goes down I go down with her, and everybody on board with me” ; substituting the word cab for ship, your position is the same, and equally unassailable.

One important point I had almost forgotten to notice. If any person should show a want of generosity in rewarding your valuable services, you are not to neglect to inform him that he is “no gentleman” ; you, of course, must be an admirable judge on this point.

I may here notice that no altercation ever takes place in the streets without its being initiated by this useful phrase, and that, apparently, the lower the social standing of the persons addressed, the more he seems to take it to heart ; and he appears to protest vehemently against it, as who should say, “No, no ! Call me a blackguard, a thief, a scoundrel, a swindler, a dynamiter, or an accessory after the fact in Phoenix Park murders, but do not say, oh ! do not say that I am not a gentleman ! ”

The British workman is indeed a noble fellow ! There is about him a directness of purpose, evinced by his determined and uncompromising manner of going through a crowded thoroughfare,

an entire absence of formality, and a noble independence of spirit which we cannot sufficiently admire. To walk behind him in the street and listen to his conversation is very refreshing, his vocabulary, though perhaps a little limited, being very choice and strong. The frequent recurrence of an adjective which has been described by philologists as a corruption of the phrase "by our Lady," lends a good deal of colour to his language, and, coupled with a word I find described by Johnson as "a term of endearment among sailors," is evidently his first favourite; a child, for



"WHY DID HE RUN AGIN ME, THEN?"

instance, is playfully and endearingly described as a "by-our-Lady little term of endearment among sailors."

One could wish that when these noblemen of Nature's making leave their work and troop home through the streets at nightfall, all the sharpest instruments did not project to quite so great an extent from the tool-bags they carry over their brawny shoulders, and that, for instance, their saws were shorter or their bags longer; but who can expect these hardy sons of toil, as they wend their way homewards, enlivening the road with merry quip and cheerful jest, and that character of play which has invidiously been called "horse," to be very sedulous to avoid the ripping open of a sleeve or two, or to take pains to avoid elbowing an effete aristocracy or a degenerate *bourgeoisie* into the gutter?



Let them make place for a proud proletariat! If the painter, carrying home his paint-pot, should smear your favourite inexpressibles, or the dress of the wife of your bosom, with its contents, is he not fulfilling his vocation? He is a painter, and he paints. Would you have him do otherwise? Go home and do your duty, and let him cheerfully do his.

We have heard captious people object to his habit of free expectoration, but he smokes very strong tobacco, as you will observe when you come into his close neighbourhood, and it is necessary that he should expectorate; and though he does so very



THE PAINTER'S VOCATION.

close to you, he is exceedingly expert, quite as much so as any Yankee or Spaniard of them all, and you need have no apprehension of his missing the portion of the pavement aimed at.

Again, some of these critics, who are never satisfied with the hearty and spontaneous manners of an open and generous nature, and would assimilate everything to the finnikin fashion of a fustian Grundyism, have asked why, when he walks in bands of ten or twelve, as he usually does, does he always direct his conversation to the companion farthest from him, which necessitates a stentorian tone; why, when he stops you and asks for a light, does he

call you "guv'nor" or "master," or sometimes, with a fine nautical discrimination, "mate"? Why, when he gets into the same omnibus or tram-car with you, will he, though there is plenty of room, always sit almost upon your knees?

Why this is in the very essence of his free, candid, and open nature. Though he has pronounced opinions upon the subject of the . . . capitalist (every man who does not wear corduroy is a capitalist), and thinks that the time is approaching when society shall be remodelled, and established upon a proper basis, by the complete reversal of the present social strata, he wishes it to be seen that he does not plot in darkness and secrecy; hence his loudness; that, though he abhors in the abstract the wealthy (?) classes, he is too generous to place them under a social ban in the concrete and individual form, and would as soon have his elbow in the ribs of a gentleman as in anybody's else's.

In the hotels, restaurants, and cafés of London, and, indeed, throughout the country, the ubiquitous and polyglot German waiter has quite superseded the waiter of native growth. It has been stated that all the German waiters in London are officers of the Prussian Guard, but I hardly believe it; I think that in the smaller establishments, at all events, officers of the line must occasionally be admitted.

The uncritical mind is, at first sight, struck by the extent and variety of their linguistic attainments. You must prepare yourself, however, for disappointment upon a more careful examination, and you will observe that, although the Teutonic napkin-wielder speaks English with great fluency, and with that added charm given by the guttural pronunciation with which he adorns every language known to him, his powers of speech are not equalled by his powers of comprehension, and that though his vocabulary is sufficiently copious for all the requirements of gastronomic language, he often fails in understanding your demands.

Nothing, however, can shake his composure or disturb his equanimity, and he forces upon you the conviction that if he has not understood your request, it comes from the fact that you do not speak your own language with sufficient correctness and precision.

Should you enter a restaurant at a time when business is slack, you will find him deep in the study of Ahn or Ollendorf, and will find him ready to enter into conversation with you, with engaging familiarity. Although, as a Teuton, he is no doubt acquainted



with the most complex and recondite problems of metaphysical science, he will be ready to practise on you with such simple phrases as are to be found in the pages of the above-mentioned authors, and will condescend to familiarise himself with the idiomatic language of your country, and to make you an amateur teacher of languages.

His manner is marked by an air of patronising condescension, and if he has mastered the rudiments of English, which he will consider he has done if he has been three months in the country, you will find him ready to give a valuable opinion upon any of the institutions of your native land.

Indeed you will find that this young man is full of engaging qualities, and you will be especially pleased at the absence of all ridiculous *mauvaise honte*; he has none of the absurd shyness which might prevent his conferring upon you the benefit of his advice upon any topic.

Indeed, the captivating self-confidence of the German character generally is very refreshing and pleasing, and nothing can be more gratifying than to observe how everything that is done by less enterprising races is better done by this great people.

Is it not notorious that their honest and industrious manufacturers can turn out metal work which not only resembles the cutlery of Sheffield, but has a strong likeness to its trade-mark; the only thing in fact which serves to distinguish it from its English rival being that it will not cut?

Do they not make for us swords and bayonets which take a most beautiful polish? They break or bend in action certainly, but they look just as well as the real thing.

Is it not known to everyone, who is not numbered among the absolutely and hopelessly ignorant, that the very best wines of Champagne, Burgundy and Bordeaux come from Hamburg? At all events, all through the glorious Fatherland, wines bearing these brands are to be procured at far more reasonable prices than they are sold at in France. It may be objected by hyper-critical persons that these admirable products of German industry and chemical skill are apt to derange the vital economy, but we confess that we can have no sympathy with those who seek too closely to examine into the merits of benefits conferred upon one in this cheerful way; this is the sort of person who would look a gift horse in the mouth.

Take the cigars of Hamburg and of Bremen again, what can be more delightful than the playful way in which the boxes that

contain them are labelled with Spanish inscriptions? It is quite enough to make one fancy that they are made of tobacco, and even of Cuban tobacco.

After all this you will hear it said that the German, though profound and honest (his honesty of course is proverbial and undoubted), and full of noble sentiments, is wanting in the lighter graces of imagination and sportiveness.

But it is of no use, it is absolutely idle to attempt to combat the prejudices of those who cannot or will not admire this truly grand nation.

I have heard, actually heard, people here in England compare the frequent and pleasing German with the Chinese coolie in Australia and in California, and even with the plagues of Egypt, and say that there are plenty of Englishmen to do the work of England, and that it might be better to pay one's own countrymen a little more, than pay less wages to a greedy and unscrupulous foreign adventurer, and pay the balance in additional poor rates.

But, of course, it is useless to reason with people who talk in this way, and we are departing from our subject, which is the German waiter who, with the German bandsman, is so useful and agreeable a missionary of modern Teutonic civilization and culture.

Should you have any knowledge of his own musical tongue and address him in it, he will invariably answer you in the choicest German-English, for he is here not to talk German, but to perfect himself in the idiom of the country; and, after a stay of varying duration here, and a brief sojourn in France and Italy, he will return to the Fatherland and obtain a post as interpreter or *portier* in some hotel, and eventually blossom into a hotel proprietor himself, marry, and bring up a large family, who will eventually succeed to the parental napkins and swarm in their turn over the surface of the civilized world.

No one has ever seen an old German waiter, any more than anyone has ever seen an old tadpole; he stands in the same relation to that dignified official, the foreign hotel *portier*, that the tadpole does to the fully developed frog. He is thus always young, and frequently a well-grown, well set-up fellow enough—the German military system conferring those advantages upon him—and he is far from being a bad waiter, except for the fact of your having to submit to his linguistic atrocities, and that he possesses a considerable share of national superciliousness and conceit. He has



been, we know, vehemently suspected by the French of having acted as a spy before the war of '70, and this is more than likely, for it is tolerably certain that those who possess sufficient intelligence for this unsavoury work are not likely to be hindered in its performance by any undue scrupulosity; but, unfortunately, the French see spies everywhere.

It appears strange that the functions the German waiter fills cannot be performed by some of the many people of our own blood who are continually complaining of want of employment, but it appears that all the feeding trade of London is gradually and surely passing into the hands of the foreigner—Frenchmen,



THE ITALIAN WAITER.

Italians, and Swiss, for the most part—and that the first duty of a waiter is to be a German.

His only rival in this branch of industry is the Italian, who, in many of the small eating-houses which have been opened in various parts of town, to the great convenience of the public, replaces the Teuton, and in most cases is a more civil, obliging, and cheerful fellow than his northern compeer. An exception must be made in the case of one or two well-known refreshment-houses, where the waiters of Italian nationality have evidently been recruited from the bands of brigands which the Government of the Peninsula have broken up. They evidently regret the free-

dom of their former life, and their manners and appearance are eminently suggestive of the stiletto and the blunderbuss.

These few sketches, taken almost at random from jottings in a note-book kept during my first visit to England, were originally intended solely for the amusement of a friend in the colony from which I hail.

During my stay I observed many things which went to increase the pride I always felt in being a citizen of the greatest empire the world has ever known, and, if it should be considered that I have taken an apparent pleasure in pointing out chiefly the faults I have met with, I will only say by way of extenuation that I consider him but a false friend who will not strive by all the means at his command, however humble, to correct the faults of those he esteems, and that, on the other hand, he who would desire to point out the many excellencies of English life must go deeper far than I have been able to do in the short time I remained in England during my first visit. The faults lie on the surface; the strong healthy current of English life flows calmly underneath, unpolluted by the follies and absurdities which float like an ugly scum upon its broad bosom.

My colonial friends are not likely to think, or think that I believe that every young Englishman was a vapid and offensive masher; they know as well as I know that the sweetest type of girlhood is to be found among English girls; that every London cabman is not brutal and extortionate; that the London workman is often a capital fellow, polite, intelligent, sober, and honest, who "scorns delights and lives laborious days," and that every waiter is not a German or a Neapolitan brigand.

Let the reader but glance into the columns of any of the daily papers, and he will not unfrequently come across instances of rare heroism which shall effectually guard him against the presumption of making any sweeping condemnation of his countrymen and countrywomen.

We would mention, as an instance, the case of a young girl, almost a child, who saved three children from a house in flames, at the imminent peril of her own life, showing, in a moment of danger which might well appal the strongest and most courageous man, a bravery and devotion beyond all praise; then, to prove that all this is the work of a real woman not without the pretty weaknesses of her sex, lapsing into hysterics, when her work is done and only her own life, which she was so ready to give for



others, is to be saved. Let us be thankful that it was saved, and let us hope that she may live to be the mother of brave Englishmen and virtuous and devoted English wives.

But our business was not with those deeper shades of character which sway men and women on great occasions, but with the lighter traits of manner which affect the common intercourse of daily life. We would then claim that if we have "nothing extenuated," we have "set down naught in malice."

I may, perhaps, at some future time have something to say, in the same familiar and informal style, about the manners and customs (should I find that they possess both) of some of the Continental peoples of Europe.

During my stay in this capital, I have been applying myself to the study of some foreign languages with a view of making some stay in Europe before returning to ——. My French master, who is the very quintessence of politeness, being a Frenchman of the good old type, assures me that I speak French "full fair and fetishly," after the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe. Whether this is intended for a compliment or not I do not care to inquire too minutely.

I am at present doing everything in my power to strengthen my jaws, so as to learn to speak a few words of German without fatal consequences.

I may mention, incidentally, that a friend to whom I applied for advice as to what languages it would be best to get some knowledge of, in preparation for a lengthened European tour, recommended me to learn Basque, Roumanian, and that form of the Celtic tongue spoken in Brittany. I have seen reason to withdraw my confidence from this perfidious friend.

And so, hoping that we may meet again, I trust the reader will hold it well that we "shake hands and part."

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# The American War, 1861-1865.

By T. M. MAGUIRE, LL.D.

## I.



THE American War of Independence and the consequent loss to England of a mighty Empire, have been rightly regarded as among the most important events in the history of the world. But before it had celebrated a century of freedom and greatness, the young Republic of the United States had to submit to the severest of ordeals in a far more desperate civil strife than that which so unfortunately separated it from the mother country. For four years North America was the scene of an awful struggle, which can only be paralleled in modern war by the religious convulsions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the mighty efforts which at last delivered Europe from the despotism and the genius of Napoleon.

The minds of many military writers seem to be so overwhelmed by the triumphs of German organization and discipline, as to have no room for recognizing any other forms of martial and national excellence. By such critics the lessons of the war of 1861-1865 are deemed of trifling significance because it was not conducted by hordes of regular troops, hardened masters of their art, after long lessons in drill and manœuvring, led by myriads of highly trained officers, and supported by reserves of "nations in arms." Of course these critics are right in the main. Abstract reason and practical experience alike support the old maxim to prepare for war most carefully in peace time, even in the interests of peace. But they may carry their theory too far. They may be induced, by the lessons of 1870-71, to disparage unduly armies of volunteers. Just one hundred years ago the French Revolution turned a rabble of peasants and artisans into conquerors of Europe. The admirably-drilled legions of the old German Empire, and of



the Tzar, and soldiers brought up under Frederick the Great, soon became accustomed to retire before raw levies directed by young adventurers whose only teachers were strong native talents and stronger necessity.

So the citizens of the Western Republic rushed to war from their farms and their shops, and, without any preparation, at once displayed undaunted heroism in the midst of unprecedented carnage. Their dogged resolution in the face of every variety of difficulty and danger, suffering and death, both from the ruggedness of nature and the ingenuity of man, would have done credit to the veterans of Wellington. It will be well for England if her sons in a crisis do as much to preserve the unity of their Empire against external insolence or internal faction.

As there had been a small regular army before the beginning of the war, some of the American troops on both sides were taught their business as they were marching to the front by leaders of technical proficiency; but the vast majority of officers were civilians in uniform, whose skill was developed by patient observation under the strain of actual campaigning. Of course, as the contest was long continued, ability, energy, and daring found their way upwards, and, before it was over, the strategists of Europe began to find in its records illustrations of the highest conceptions of their art; tacticians observed with imitative interest new forms of improvised defence, and the best schools of this and the next generation will justly be proud if they can produce generals in "fame's eternal bed-roll worthy to be filed" with Sherman, Sheridan, and Grant, or with Jackson, Stuart, and Lee.

In truth it was a very great and ennobling war, and Mr. Bright was right in regarding it as well nigh sublime. The people of the United States look back to it with legitimate satisfaction, and, now that the passions generated in its progress are appeased, the peoples of these isles admire the nobility of character displayed by their kinsmen.

What is a great war? In what element of greatness is the history of this war lacking? Each side firmly believed that it was "thrice armed" by having its quarrel just. Those who called themselves Confederates unquestionably interpreted the Constitution of their country as meaning that each State had a right to secede from the others when its individual interests dictated such a step; the question of the extension or even retention of slavery was not by any means the only issue. They held that their political independence was about to be trampled upon by a political

faction in the north; of this the election of Abraham Lincoln, a very decided opponent of their views, as President, appeared conclusive evidence. They therefore banded themselves together in a great confederation, from the Potomac to the Mexican Gulf and from Florida to Texas, in support not only of their material prosperity, which, they thought, depended upon slavery, but also of their rights as citizens. On the other hand, the people of the northern States and the new territories of the West were not mere abolitionist fanatics, and philanthropic worshippers of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom*; they saw that their mighty nation could never survive claims on the part of each of its constituent parts to leave it at pleasure for any cause, wrong or right, and they were resolved to maintain the Imperial power of the central government. Was northern Anglo-Saxon America to follow the miserable example of southern Spanish America, and break up into an anarchy of petty and hostile republics, or were the United States to be one and indivisible, and to go on expanding into a consolidated community of unrivalled magnificence? The dispute about negro slavery could be postponed, but there must be no tampering with the Union; the future of the English-speaking race and of mankind was at stake. This was a cause worthy of the utmost effort; success would repay every sacrifice. The Federals risked their all for this, and won; already the children of their opponents rejoice in their victory.

Burke says that war never leaves a people where it found them; the result is either elevation or degeneracy. These combatants were distinctly elevated. It was much that an untrammelled democracy should willingly submit to the strict bonds of military discipline; it was still better that the Yankee should prove himself not altogether a child of Mammon, but quite as ready to part with wealth and life for his principles as were his Puritan ancestors.

The loss of life was enormous; it is variously calculated. Mulhall says 656,000; if so, the mortality was as great as any recorded in authentic history. The most moderate calculations make the number of victims half a million. In ten engagements no fewer than 10,000 perished on each side! Grant's campaign of 1864-65 cost 180,000 lives; this seems incredible to one who has not followed with some care the severe and unremitting exertions of both armies in this period. Sherman's celebrated march through Georgia to the sea cost 125,000 lives. Of course, the loss of life does not represent all the suffering; wounds and



wasting diseases left permanent marks on myriads of survivors. In November 1862, no fewer than 100,000 Federal soldiers were on the sick list; the zeal and charity of non-combatants had abundance of scope in providing for the stricken soldiers. The desperate character of the assaults delivered will appear from the fact that, whereas at Sadowa the ratio of men *hors de combat* was 8 per cent., and at Gravelotte 15 per cent., at Gettysburg it was 40 per cent.

The expenditure of money on the war was also enormous. The National Debt was increased in four years by about £550,000,000; in fact, all the resources of the State and of all its citizens were devoted to the maintenance of the vast forces in the field; there was no disposition to grudge expense, there was no stinginess, no cheese-paring. The Exchequer was ever open to the demands of the men, and its contributions were liberally supplemented by individual generosity; as Lord Wolseley says: "The men were splendidly equipped, abundantly fed, provided with all sorts of artillery and engineer material of the most approved patterns, and upon the most lavish scale."

At the commencement of the war, the regular army was about 15,000 men all told, of whom many of the best officers and men were afterwards found in the Confederate ranks. Now, in July 1861, there were 660,000 men in the Federal army, and no less than 1,500,000 in 1865. A similar rapid development is observable in the fleet. In 1860 it consisted of less than 100 vessels of all kinds, but, in October 1862, there were 256 vessels, many of them very novel and formidable instruments of destruction. Few officers of any navy would be ashamed of Admiral Farragut's record. The whole system of maritime warfare was changed by the performances of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*; future privateers could not do better than imitate the example of the *Alabama*.

This is not the place for an enumeration of the leading principles of strategy and tactics, but it would not be hard to prove that they are fully illustrated in the American campaigns. Rüstow makes many valuable deductions from its history, and Sir E. Hamley repeatedly refers to its incidents to support the views set forth in his *Operations of War*. Take the principle of interior against exterior lines, or, as Hamley would say, combined against independent movements, the operations of Joseph Johnston and Beauregard in 1861, and of Jackson and Lee in 1862, are excellent evidence of its value. Capital examples of skilful changes of base and flank movements, in spite of an alert enemy, are found in

McClellan's operations from the Chickahominy to the James in 1862, and in Grant's movements from the Rapidan to south of Richmond, 1864-65. How to dislodge an adversary who is too strong to be attacked in front, is set forth in Sherman's march from Chattanooga to Atlanta, 1864; and how to traverse an enemy's lines and destroy his communications, by the same officer's brilliant, though ruthless, advance from Atlanta to Savannah, and northwards to Goldsboro', 1864-65. For skilful handling of independent cavalry, the raids of Sheridan and Stuart—the American Murat—are brilliant lessons; nor, indeed, are the exploits of Forrest and Kilpatrick of much less interest. Railways played such an important part in America, that engineers can follow their influence on warfare better there than in any other war, and in the destruction of railroads the Federal officers attained a marvellous degree of efficiency. Vicksburg and Richmond are among the seven most remarkable sieges of recent times, Sebastopol, Kars, Metz, Paris, and Plevna being the other five. Does a powerful and numerous community wish to crush out an enemy feebler in numbers but devoted and brave, let it study the process of "attrition" whereby Grant exhausted the Confederates. Does a small but high-spirited State propose to maintain its liberty against overwhelming odds, let it meditate on the theories of Beauregard and the practice of Lee.

The use of the spade in modern war was first recognized in America, and there all the appliances of the most elaborate machinery and the ingenuity of the ablest artisans were utilized for the invention of effective engines of destruction. Stupendous engineering works, rivalling any of ancient or modern times, were undertaken. An attempt on the part of the Federals to divert the course of the Mississippi, near Vicksburg, in 1863, reminds us of the capture of Babylon by the Medes and Persians.

But enough of generalities; it is time to come to details.

The Northern Free and the Southern Slave States had long disagreed as to the authority of the Central and State legislatures, as to trade policy, and above all as to the peculiar institution of negro slavery. The Missouri Compromise, 1820, supposed to settle this latter question with regard to future additions to the Union, satisfied no party; the folly of fanatical abolitionists, such as John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry, aggravated the tension of public feeling, and the people of the South saw with dismay the triumphs of their enemies at the election of November 1860. The election of President Lincoln was immediately followed by



the secession of South Carolina, December 26; in January 1861 Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, followed its example, then Texas, Tennessee, North Carolina, Arkansas, and Eastern Virginia, as well as New Mexico and Arizona. Western Virginia remained faithful to the Union.

In Missouri, parties were evenly divided: Kentucky wanted to remain neutral, but its sympathies were with the Union. After some agitation and mob rioting at Baltimore, Maryland passed over to the same side.

Lincoln entered upon the discharge of his duties March 4, 1861, and announced his decided resolve to maintain the integrity of the United States. For some time party leaders on both sides indulged in a war of words and complicated wire-pulling, till the bold policy of Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, in defying the Confederates of Charleston, diverted public attention from lawyers to soldiers. Richmond had been selected as the Confederate capital by a congress of the seceding States assembled at Montgomery in February, and Jefferson Davis, a practical soldier and statesman, became the first President of the new community. He ordered General Beauregard, an old West Point officer of very considerable ability, to bombard Fort Sumter; this was done effectively, and in a few days the brave garrison had to surrender.

Thus the war began.

The theatre of operations was immense beyond precedent, and distinguished by every variety of natural characteristics. The thirteen states of 1783 had become thirty-four, with a population of about 32,000,000, and now extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

Of course it was impossible for even the great multitudes that ultimately formed the contending armies to fight all over this enormous field, and at the beginning, when the forces were comparatively small, it was evident that some steps must be taken to localise the contest. It was clear that the principal fighting must take place in the border territory. To quote General Badeau:—"The belt of territory reaching from the Atlantic westward, and comprising Maryland and Virginia east of the Alleghanies, and Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri west of these mountains, was the stage on which the first acts of the drama was performed. The Potomac and the James at the east; the Ohio, the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and the Mississippi at the west, are the great streams, the control of which, and of the populations and regions that lie in their valleys, is indispensable to a mastery of the conti-

ment. The Ohio flows westward from Pennsylvania to Missouri—a thousand miles—Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois lie along its northern bank, while Virginia and Kentucky form its southern shore; it was the natural line of demarcation at the west between the Slave States and the Free. The Tennessee and Cumberland, rising in the recesses of the Alleghany Mountains, flow southward into the State of Tennessee, and then run west for hundreds of miles, the



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larger river making a wide *détour* into Alabama and Mississippi; when, turning to the north again, they traverse Kentucky side by side, and empty into the Ohio, near the point where that still greater stream becomes itself a tributary and pours the water of its hundred affluents into the Mississippi. The Mississippi, recipient and greatest of them all, divides the continent for 4,000 miles, bounds ten different States, and enriches all the regions between the Rocky and the Alleghany Mountains."



The States abounded in every form of mineral and agricultural resources ; they had a thriving commerce, and the material prosperity of the people was far beyond what had been hitherto known among the masses of any nation.

The area of the Confederate States alone was greater than France, Spain, Portugal, and Great Britain put together. Most of the inhabitants were well educated ; all were quick witted, fertile in expedients, shrewd to a proverb, a mixture of several leading races, physically of a superior type : above all, like Goldsmith's Britons—

Proud in their native hardihood of soul,  
True to imagined right, beyond control.

Though the northern States were more than twice as populous as the southern—of the total 32,000,000 they had 22,000,000—and very much richer, their industrial and trading habits did not fit them so thoroughly for the trade of arms as the open air life, sporting tastes, and pride of caste which were the distinguishing traits of the white dwellers south of the Potomac. The regular army of the Union, about 15,000 strong, was scattered in various frontier forts ; it broke up after the commencement of the war, and many of its best officers joined the Confederates, and materially promoted their rapid organization. By the end of April they had 35,000 men ready ; they proposed to raise 100,000, and a loan of 5,000,000 dollars. They also revived the practice of privateering. Every American was liable to military service in the militia for national defence, and 75,000 soon answered the call of the northern President, but they were only obliged to serve for three months, and went home just as they were beginning to be useful. Lincoln soon tried to remedy this by calling for 42,000 volunteers for three years' service, and 18,000 sailors, serving from one to three years.

It is not to be supposed that at first all the populations of the Federal States were unanimous ; it is never possible in such issues for all the populace to be of one mind. The wire-pullers and factions were scheming and intriguing before and during the course of the hostilities ; many of the Democratic party actually sympathized with the south ; the timid shrank from an armed conflict ; and the doctrinaires were eloquent in opposition to Coercion. But, on the whole, the north and south were resolute, and their determination became desperate as the war went on.

It can scarcely be regarded as an ordinary civil war, as each

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belligerent had from the start a complete separate political organization.

Beyond doubt the northern army, like our own forces in the Great Rebellion, fancied that the struggle would be short—"they would whip Jeff Davis in six weeks"; but they were doomed to severe disappointment. The first affair at Sumter (April 11-13) was quickly followed by the destruction of warlike stores at Harper's Ferry and Norfolk, lest they should fall into the hands of the Confederates; the southern ports were blockaded, and the Federals seized upon the Arlington heights on the opposite side of the Potomac to Washington and began to fortify them. Some fighting occurred in the month of June in Missouri, where General Lyon surprised the enemy at Camp Jackson after a few skirmishes, and secured Jefferson city for the Union. The importance of possessing commanding positions on the Mississippi, which led to dreadful conflicts later on, induced the Confederates to send General Polk to seize Columbus in Kentucky, a hostile act which caused this State to abandon its neutrality and join the Union.

But the most important political event, as well as strategic lesson, of 1861 was the campaign in Virginia. As this State was the scene of the most desperate and most decisive fighting from 1861 to the end of the war, its topography must be studied. It stretches from Maryland and Pennsylvania in the north to South Carolina on the south, and covers an area of 60,000 square miles. It is traversed in its entire length by the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge, which run parallel with each other and with the sea. From the sea the land rises from a low broad belt on the coast, in a tolerably regular gradation of plains and plateaus, first to the Blue Ridge and then to the main ridge. West of the Appalachian chain, the country stretches in a medley of hills to the Ohio River. Between the two is the valley of Virginia—sometimes called the Shenandoah Valley—a rich and beautiful region, about sixty miles wide. Two great rivers, the Potomac and the James, rise in the Alleghanies, at a distance from each other of more than 150 miles, and crossing the valley and the Blue Ridge, widen into fine expanses before joining the Atlantic. The Potomac is the northern boundary of Virginia, and on its northern bank lies Washington, the Federal capital, while the James waters the richest region of Central and Southern Virginia, and upon it stands, at the head of its navigation, Richmond, an important strategic point with regard to the railway system, and hence of the utmost value as a base of supply. To its north ran the Fredericksburg and Virginia Central railroads,



connecting it with Washington and the valley of Virginia. South, the Richmond-Petersburg railway went to Weldon in North Carolina, and thence along the Atlantic coast as far as Florida, also, by another branch, to Lynchburg, whence there were lines to Chattanooga and into the valley. There was another line from Richmond to Danville. There was also a line from Petersburg to Norfolk, parallel with the James. Therefore ample resources, both of food and other materials, were at the disposal of the Confederate capital. The James runs south-east, from the Blue Ridge to the Atlantic; but the Potomac earlier in its course makes a southerly deflection, and then in a winding course goes on to Chesapeake Bay, fifty miles north of the James. The space between these rivers is watered by the Rappahannock, the Mattaponi, the Pamunkey, with its affluents, the North and South Anna, and the Chickahominy; this last is a tributary of the James, but the others flow into Chesapeake Bay. Of course, all these streams are joined by numerous creeks, and the country is in many places very difficult for manœuvring, for example the wilderness or wooded country near Chancellorsville, through which Grant had to force his way in 1864, and the swampy forests between the Chickahominy and the James, through which McClellan retreated in 1862.

The West Virginians, promptly repudiating those of the East, declared for the old flag, and started practically a new State with Wheeling as its capital; but it was necessary to clear it of Confederate troops. These had been sent from Staunton, at the southern end of the Shenandoah Valley, across the mountains to Beverly, under Porterfield. This officer began to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio railway when General McClellan, a West Point officer of about 40 years of age, with a very brilliant record of services, and high in the favour of the Commander-in-Chief, Scott, started from Wheeling, May 26, and his troops, after a fatiguing night march, surprised and defeated the enemy at Philippi. Garnett superseded Porterfield; but his force, after some stiff operations on both sides, in very bad weather, amid pathless forests and rugged mountains, was beaten at Rich Mountain; and, again, after a very skilful pursuit by McClellan, at Carrick's Ford, where he was killed, July 23. This campaign, though very insignificant as to numbers and losses compared with the later efforts, was followed by striking results. It gave McClellan a great reputation. His despatch put his success in such a favourable light as to gain him the epithet of the "*Young Napoleon*," though as old as was the latter at Wagram, and made

all eyes turn to him as the probable saviour of the North after the disaster of Bull Run. All these operations, however, were incidental; the really decisive events took place in the Shenandoah Valley, and along the little river Bull Run; these gave the Confederates the status of serious belligerents, and were as valuable to the party of Secession as was the English defeat at Saratoga in 1777 to the cause of independence.



MAJ.-GEN. IRWIN MCDOWELL.

The following was the posture of affairs east of the Alleghanies in the beginning of June. The first care of Scott, a fine old veteran, who had defeated the Mexicans fifteen years before, was to protect the capital. In it, and around it, and in the entrenched camp of Alexandria, he had 45,000 men, and he commenced strong works for its defence. He entrusted the command of his troops in this quarter to Major-General Irwin McDowell, a West Point officer



of experience. At Fort Monroe, in the York Town Peninsula, was a division under General Butler; this position was to serve as a kind of *tête de pont* in the event of movements on Richmond in this direction. At Hagerstown, on McDowell's right, was another force which was to operate in the valley under the veteran General Patterson, who had fought against the English in 1812, and also in Mexico, 1845-47. Opposite to Butler was a line of Confederate entrenchments, between the York river and the James, with its left on the fortified place of York Town. General Lee, who got command in Virginia, April 23rd, did not countenance Beauregard's plan for forthwith attacking Washington, and the mass of the forces under the latter officer was assembling opposite the works of Alexandria with the object of obstructing an attack from the Potomac. On the left, General Joseph Johnston, who had been Quartermaster-General of the old army, with a very feeble force at first, but one which was constantly reinforced, occupied the town of Harper's Ferry (Harper's Ferry to Washington, 50 miles). The superiority of numbers was decidedly on the side of the Federals.

Although the possession of Harper's Ferry was of some significance, it was far from being a decisive strategic point, and Johnston, recognizing this, notwithstanding the wishes of his Government, resolved to abandon it when it was seriously threatened in flank. Patterson, after the collapse of the disturbances in Maryland, determined on attacking this post. He moved by way of Hagerstown and Williamsport; but, although he made great fighting professions, and wrote to the Secretary of War, "If you place forces at my disposal, shoot me if I do not use them to advantage," his progress was so tardy that Johnston, who had barely 6,000 men, was able to spike his guns at Harper's Ferry, destroy the bridge over the Potomac, and retreat with impunity on Winchester, about 25 miles distant. After some hesitation, the Federals followed on June 16. For two weeks the armies remained in observation, and indeed Patterson, whose caution was becoming timidity, retired again behind the Potomac. Now, as a Federal movement from Alexandria on Manasses (distance 26 miles), against Beauregard was in preparation, General Scott ordered Patterson, if not able to beat his adversary, at least to take such measures as would keep him in the Shenandoah Valley, and thus prevent all chance of his joining Beauregard through the passes of the Blue Ridge (Manasses to Blue Ridge 35 miles); the odds were 20,000 men against 9,000, ultimately reinforced to 12,000. The Federal leader crossed the Potomac again at Williamsport, and



moved to Martinsburg and fought a skirmish at Falling Waters, which induced the enemy to fall back again to Winchester. Now Patterson began to lose his head altogether; he imagined his force was not sufficient or trustworthy, and although General Sandford was sent from head-quarters to stiffen his resolution, and to warn him against allowing the Confederates to steal a march away from him westward, after a feeble effort towards Winchester, he retired towards Charlestown (July 17). Johnston was as able as Patterson was weak. At midnight of that day he received orders to go to Beauregard. The next day he started, leaving orders to Stuart, the afterward celebrated cavalry officer, to interpose between him and Patterson. At nightfall his advance-guard passed through Ashby's Gap of the Blue Ridge; by eight next morning it was at Piedmont, and entraining for Manasses. Another detachment arrived there on July 20, and the remainder in time to decide the battle of Bull Run (Winchester to Manasses Junction 50 miles). Patterson's failure to defeat, or at least hold Johnston at Winchester, ruined his military reputation.

It is seldom, indeed, that campaigns are conducted under the influence of strategical considerations alone; even Napoleon had an eye to prestige and political considerations as well as to strategy. France was saved from the grand designs of Marlborough by the spite of English factions. The plans of both Federal and Confederate military chiefs were overruled by popular folly or administrative prejudice. The mass of the people were eager to see immediate fruits for their expenditure, energy, and courage; they were impatient of the delays of organization, and the prudent hesitations of strategists, whose schemes required ripening by time. General Scott was disinclined to undertake any active operations on a large scale with three months' volunteers. He would have been quite content with the enterprises already set forth, and with a skilful defence of the capital. He proposed to turn the new three years' militia into an efficient army; this would occupy the remainder of the summer. He was, as events proved, wise; but what avails wisdom against the clamour of a multitude of voters? The streets resounded with cries of "To Richmond!"—the popular journalists made such brilliant campaigns and "whipped" the enemy so easily in their newspapers, that soon the pride of the nation was highly irritated, enthusiasm conquered common sense, and McDowell's proposal to attack Beauregard in the direction of Manasses with 30,000 men and 10,000 more in reserve was accepted by the Government.



The strategical importance of Manasses Junction was recognized by both parties; the Federal General pointed out that he could beat Beauregard alone, but not if Johnston was allowed to join him; and Beauregard himself, in his very interesting account of the battle of Bull Run, says, "Its value was that, with close proximity to the Federal capital, it held in observation the chief Federal army, then being assembled by General McDowell in the quarter of Arlington, under the immediate eye of the Commander-in-Chief, General Scott, for an offensive movement against Richmond, and, that it had a railway approach in the rear for the easy accumulation of reinforcements and all the necessary munitions of war from the south; at the same time another, the Manasses Gap railway, diverging laterally from the left to that point gave rapid access to the fertile valley of the Shenandoah, then teeming with live stock and cereal subsistence, as well as with other resources essential to the Confederates. Thus, during the period of accumulation, seasoning, and training, the Confederate army might be fed from fertile soil that otherwise would fall into the hands of the enemy. But on the other hand, Bull Run, a petty stream, was of little or no defensive strength, for it abounded in fords, and, although for the most part its banks are rocky and abrupt, the side from which it would be approached offensively was in most places the higher, and therefore commanded the opposite ground."

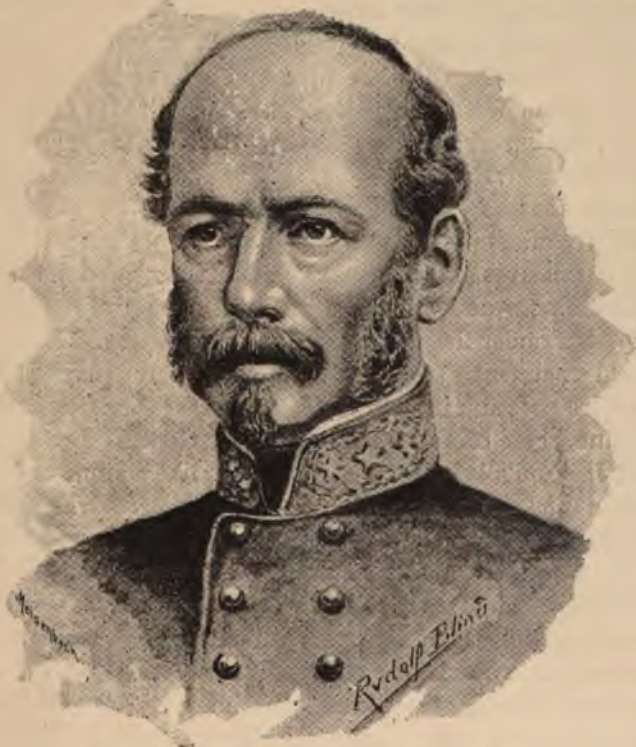
The exact number of men engaged is hard to ascertain, the general opinion being that the Federals were decidedly superior in this respect. On the other hand, Nicolay (Lincoln's private secretary) says that there were actually engaged: Federals 28,568 men and 49 guns, and Confederates 32,000 men and 57 guns; this, of course, including Johnston's reinforcements.

On July 16th, McDowell issued his marching orders, and started from Alexandria, moving by Fairfax Court House on Centreville (five miles), July 18th; this position having been abandoned by Beauregard. A skirmish occurred at Blackburn's Ford (Centreville to Blackburn's Ford  $2\frac{3}{4}$  miles), which Tyler, the leader of the Federal advance, drifted into.

Already both armies had had unpleasant experiences of the defects of raw levies, and could bear witness to Napier's remark, that in other situations than the battle-field the value of veterans is soon apparent. The Federals say their men could not march, and would not keep order in the ranks. Lads fresh from shops, and delighted with rural objects, used to stop to pick blackberries, and in other ways break the monotony of their journeying;

and Beauregard confesses that his splendid youths, the cream of the southern aristocracy, at first came to the front with baggage and servants, commissariat luxuries, and linen shirts, and manifested a decided disinclination to the labours of entrenching.

The affair at Blackburn's Ford induced the Confederate leader to believe that he would be attacked in the centre of his long line, six miles from Stone Bridge to Union Mills, while it determined McDowell to find some unfortified passage whereby he could



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turn the enemy's *left* instead of right flank. A feint was kept up at Blackburn's Ford, while the engineers sought, during the 19th and 20th, for a passage, which they found at Sudley's Ford. While one division (Tyler's) was to march to Stone Bridge, two others (Hunter's and Heintzelman's) were to make a secret and circuitous night march of about seven miles to Sudley's Ford, cross there, and descending on the enemy's side of Bull Run, cover the passage at Stone Bridge, two miles south-east, and by a march on Gainesville,



four miles west, interpose between Johnston and Beauregard, of whose union McDowell was then ignorant. A division (Miles') was to remain in reserve at Centreville, and a brigade was to watch Blackburn's Ford.

Beauregard had proposed a vigorous offensive, no less than a converging advance across the fords on Centreville, and an attack on the enemy's camp. But the Federal movement against his left prevented this, and he resolved to advance his right in the direction of Blackburn's Ford, and to stand on the defensive with his left in the neighbourhood of Stone Bridge.

The battle which ensued on Sunday 21st, was creditable to the persistency and courage of both sides, and showed how much of the hereditary aptitude for war had been transmitted to the English in America during generations of peace. Again and again these untried soldiers advanced to the attack under a withering fire; in the struggle for the possession of Henry Hill, for example, undisciplined volunteers displayed undaunted resolution; the officers sacrificed themselves gallantly, and fresh artillerymen worked their guns with coolness and accuracy. Military prestige and tradition were respected under fire; raw troops were as true to their colours as any old regiment. At a critical part of the day when the Federals were pressing in Johnston's troops on the left of the Confederate line, some of them gave way, and General Bee cried out, "Look at Jackson's brigade, it stands there like a stonewall!" and thus gave a nickname to a famous commander. When the disorder seemed irretrievable, Beauregard ordered the colours to be planted out to the front so that the men might rally round them. The standards were advanced forty yards, the men recovered order, and formed on the line of their flags. A national banner is not, even in practical America, a piece of silk and nothing more.

As has been already stated, most of Johnston's force had arrived from the valley, and was actually fighting through the day, and its commander was doing good service, though really the senior officer, as Beauregard's second. When the last instalment of the valley troops arrived from Piedmont by rail at Manassas, six miles in rear of the battle, they were forthwith sent to the front, and arrived on the scene about three o'clock, under General Kirby Smith, who was soon wounded, and replaced by Elzey. The appearance of this force on the Federal right flank decided the fortunes of the day. The Federals fled over Bull Run in a panic such as is usual when an inexperienced army is pressed suddenly on a flank. Once driven back, they "went to pieces, like the adjournment of a mass





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meeting"; but there is no careful student of the history of any country who would sneer at them for this. The men were physically exhausted as well as panic-stricken. Can professional European soldiers ridicule them? How did the Prussians fare when Bernadotte turned up at Apolda? How did the French retreat after Woerth?

Beauregard says his pursuit was not as effective as it might have been had he not been persuaded to proceed with two fresh brigades to his right on a false report of a Federal return in that direction.

He also denies a story which is generally circulated, and is countenanced by Sir E. Hamley. It is said that "just as the Southern troops were about to flee, the Federals were surprised into doing so by the arrival on their flank of the Shenandoah forces marching from railway trains halted *en route* with that object." This anecdote is clearly a mistake, but in his *Peninsular War* Napier points out how ready the public are to believe in the extraordinary, and to fasten on some striking incident, while oblivious of sober fact in regard to military as well as other transactions. There was nothing very unusual about this battle, as Beauregard says, "Like any other, it was a progression and development from the deliberate counter-employment of the military resources in hand, affected by accidents, as always, but of a very different kind from that referred to. My line of battle which had twice not only withstood the enemy's attack, but taken the offensive, and driven him back in disorder, was becoming momentarily stronger from the arrival, at last, of the reinforcements provided for; and if the enemy had remained on the field till the arrival of Ewell and Holmes, they would have been so strongly out-flanked that many who escaped would have been destroyed or captured."

The successful general also holds that McDowell's flank march to Sudley's Ford was wrong, and would have resulted in utter ruin but that, owing to some misapprehension, one of the Confederate officers on the right (Ewell) did not press on to Centreville, by McLean's Ford, early in the day, and thus threaten his communications.

Much confusion characterized the retreat, but rather from disorganization and the folly of the Federal commander of the reserve, who got on the spree during the day, than because of much danger from either the cavalry or infantry of the victors. Night fell upon a decided success for the Separatists, and the dispirited Unionists did not even stand at Centreville. Covered by two brigades that maintained discipline, they hurried back to their camps near



Washington. The Federal loss in killed, wounded, and missing was 2,583, the Confederate 1,893. The results of the victory were not as complete as they might have been; it appears that the Government at Richmond did not approve of the concentration of all its forces for a bold stroke on Maryland and against Washington itself. Beauregard, a really skilful strategist, holds that the Confederate army might have been reinforced and made an active and victorious war machine, but, instead of this, Jefferson Davis refused to take men from other places to strengthen the army on the Bull Run. It, therefore, did little that requires comment for the remainder of the year. It advanced to the posts which it had occupied before the battle, and the Manassas position was turned into an entrenched camp. On the Federal side the "three months' volunteers" began to return to their homes, and General McDowell was superseded by General McClellan, to whose services in West Virginia reference has already been made.

Congress ordered the enrolment of 500,000 volunteers for three years' service. It was a most difficult problem to organize and instruct, without proper *cadres*, such a mass of soldiers; but McClellan, who became Commander-in-Chief on the retirement of Scott, took the duty in hand, and he contrived to have ready for action, in Washington and the fortified places in its vicinity, no less than 190,000 men by the end of the year. This was the origin of the celebrated Federal Army of the Potomac, which, in spite of many reverses, and the tenacity and courage of its opponents, and the strategy of Lee, ultimately wore out the South. But how its operations were conducted in the year 1862 must be the subject of the next article.

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# Wanderings of a Way Artist.

NEW SERIES.

## THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

By IRVING MONTAGU.

### CHAPTER IX.



APPLY that fickle jade Memory inclines—as a rule—in her retrospective glances, to the sunny side of past events. Though, once or twice in our lives, most of us have experienced, at some time or other, a sense of utter dejectedness which we may never forget; of course innumerable causes, physical and mental, bring about such conditions, and it might be argued that the latter is more depressing than the former. On this occasion, however, a combination of these seemed to affect us, for as night wore on, we found ourselves in that rapidly accumulating snow-drift becoming more benumbed and incapable each moment.

As far as the eye could penetrate into the black, starless night, might be seen that white canopy which so effectually prevented the possibility of our knowing in what direction to go, even were locomotion—by some superhuman effort—possible at all. The silence, too, became appalling, every moment the prospect of a coming end to all things being more evident. At first, we fought against the intensity of the cold; then we struggled with that fatal drowsiness, which, like some intangible creeping thing, settled upon us, till we felt nature rapidly giving way under the subtle influence which such intense cold produces. Truly, it was a night which we could neither of us easily forget.

Up to this point we had literally been ploughing our way; our horses, dead beat before we had traversed four miles of our route, now refused to move altogether. We were at a standstill, utterly,



helplessly, and almost hopelessly snowed up. Fortunately we both had a fair supply of brandy in our flasks, but this amongst four was soon exhausted. The horses being unhitched, and a quantity of sacking having been wrapped about them, the Captain's servant, in company with the drosky driver, coiled themselves up underneath the ramshackle vehicle; as far as myself and fellow traveller were concerned, we were reduced to making a night of it, as best we could, in the open conveyance. Then came the renewed dread of sleep and its fatal consequences; to provide against this, we



roused the other two, who were already half stupefied, and explained to them the necessity for one always being awake so as to arouse, after a short interval of rest, the remaining three, and thus providing, as far as possible, against what seemed, despite all our precautions, to be almost inevitable.

I was not only the first to suggest adopting this course, but curiously enough—for, in fairness to the other two, we drew lots—the first on duty. I lit my pipe, and for about half an hour tramped backwards and forwards in front of that curious group of *misérables*. Presently I heard the distant tinkling of bells, sledge or drosky bells, coming nearer and nearer, yet never near enough to be within hail; then, when they sounded loudest, the tinkling would be

wafted in another direction, and they would become fainter and fainter, till again all was silent—silent, aye, as death itself. They were probably going—as we had also gone—in circles, which I understand is common in such cases. The Captain next took my place. Though wrapped in a huge fur coat, I was nearly perished, and seemed to drop off to sleep with the suddenness of one who had taken some strong opiate. Then we in turn aroused the men, and so on, through that seemingly interminable night, the stillness of



FORWARD !



NEW  
1911

which was only relieved by the occasional howl of a distant wolf or the uncanny screech of a half-famished night bird. However, as the longest night must have an end, so morning at last dawned, and a gruesome dawning it was too, for when the first streak of daylight lit up the eastern sky; we were literally unable to put one foot before the other. Our chests were painfully congested, and though all young, we were bent almost double, and stooped like four decrepit octogenarians. It was with the greatest difficulty we re-attached the horses, they being almost as dead beat as ourselves. At last, with our mutual assistance, the drosky man was again hoisted upon his seat, and we continued our way, at a funereal rate, we knew not whither.

Hope, however, was revived as the morning advanced, for we descried at some distance a scattered collection of mud huts on a slight elevation. Towards these we made the best of our way; nor were we a moment too soon, for we were in an utterly exhausted state. On our arrival, the Bulgarian villagers did all that lay in their power to revive us, and happily, at a sort of cabaret in the village, vodka was obtainable; of this we partook in large doses, one of which, under other circumstances, would have made us intoxicated, but which now took some time before ordinary animation was restored at all. We ascertained we were about ten or twelve English miles out of our course, but after having thoroughly rested we found little comparative difficulty, in broad daylight, in finding our destination, where ambulance doctors made up for lost time by building us up again with restoratives.

\* \* \* \*

Now on my return to Porodim, two days later, there was a certain air of mystery about Coningsby which was not a little disconcerting, and sure enough he presently confided in me his doubts with reference to our being able to hold on in our present quarters.

It appeared that certain envious sutlers had been throwing out hints that our supply-waggon was a delusion and a snare; that, in short, we were no better than we ought to be, and had even gone so far as to give information at head-quarters with reference to us as interlopers. Indeed, his suspicions were too well founded, for that very night the *commandant de place* at Porodim came to our hut, and told us, in excellent French, that the double part we had been playing had been discovered, and, further, by command of the Grand Duke, we were to clear out at daybreak. We professed to be totally ignorant of the French language, so avoided further dis-



cussion of what we felt would be a hopeless argument. Being quite satisfied, however, that he had made himself thoroughly understood, he retired, leaving us to speculate through the long hours of the night as to what our next move should be.

At daybreak we were aroused by thundering blows with the butt ends of muskets at our cabin door; the commandant had returned, bringing with him six Cossacks as an escort, to see us—in homely language—off the premises. Thus, having no alternative, we had to get together, as well as we could in the short time allowed us, our baggage, horses, servants, and stores, and precede



those wily horsemen who had been appointed to see us well out of camp.

No sooner, however, were we left alone, and those Cossacks were well out of sight, than we made for the Roumanian lines, hoping we might there find more favour; but we discovered afterwards we were actually being watched from the roof of a squat little Bulgarian church tower by no less a personage than the Grand Duke himself, from whom a Cossack messenger came to say—again in French—that, “although His Royal Highness admired British persistency, he intended to exercise Russian vigilance, and that the

bearer of the message should be our guide, *en route* for the Danube, to the next village.

Ours had not been by any means an easy part to play. When in Porodim we were nothing if not camp-followers, while when out of it, in quest of material for our papers, we should have been at once arrested in that garb; hence it was that, when at the front, we assumed the semi-military costume necessary to the occasion, always wearing very conspicuously the Russian brassard on which—in silver—on a field of black, white, and yellow (the national colours), was fastened in bold relief the word “correspondent”; thus we passed muster for specially privileged representatives of the press when in the redoubts, while at head-quarters we were to all appearance only humble vendors of supplies. Happily for us, the Czar interceded in our favour, and we received special permission to return to our respective literary and artistic duties at the front.

\* \* \* \*

The Russians were by this time thoroughly sick of it, if the judgment of those who were with them may be taken. To all intents and purposes Plevna was as impregnable as ever, although more than half discredited rumours of Osman's being shortly starved out were daily arriving; so the necessity for making a winter of it, as a matter of national prestige, staring them in the face, a large number of the besiegers went into such quarters as were available to the rear, even as far back as the islands which dot the Danube between Sistova and Zimnitza. But there was a hopeless doggedness about the way in which they went to work, as if accepting the inevitable with the worst possible grace; and I verily believe that at this moment, had a junction been possible between Osman Pasha and the outside world, or had the most unsubstantial shadows of allies put in an appearance, such relief might considerably have altered that particular page of European history. There was certainly something indescribably unique in the war-smitten aspect of the country, as one rode through it at that time, not only in the evacuated villages lying, in some cases, between the Russian and Turkish lines but in others still occupied it was even more terrible.

It is a thrilling memory, which will last me a life-time. Take, for instance, the village of Telish; it is occupied by Russians, who are passing through, and whose camp-fires, made out of all the available wood in the place, are blazing freely—for it is night—and they light up the otherwise semi-forsaken-looking place with a lurid glare, while dogs innumerable howl discordantly through the small hours. In the dark corners of empty, ruined homes they are

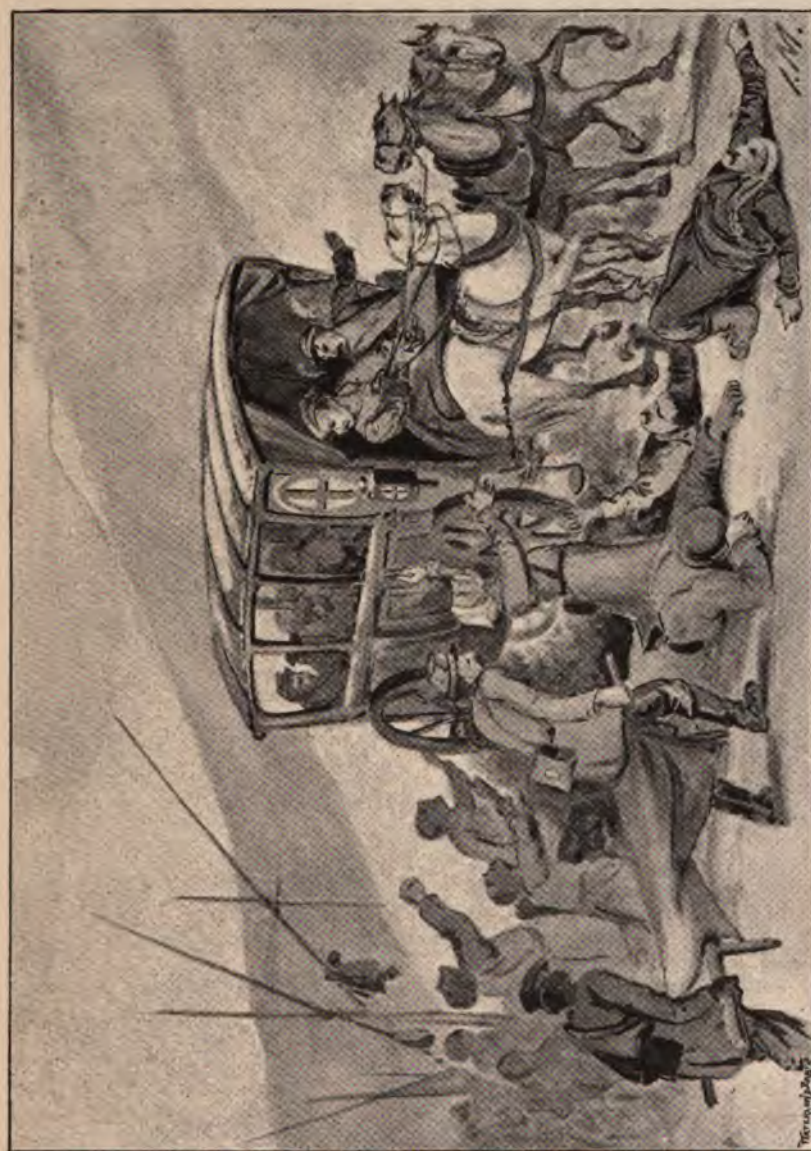


clustering together as if for mutual support in case of emergencies, their eyes glaring with a half-famished, wolfish glare on all intruders, their fangs reeking with the blood of dead horses, or—who knows?—of men, for how many hundreds of Turks and Bulgarians, aye, of both sexes, must have fallen before the Turks ultimately took up their position and stood at bay at Plevna. I heard of many cases: one woman declared she was the last of a large family, all of whom had been murdered, as she put it, by the Turks.

I believe there was, nevertheless, much exaggeration as far as atrocities were concerned. At Vraca, a number of homeless, starv-

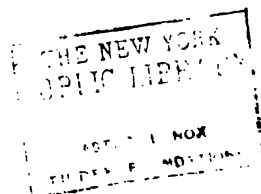


ing creatures, "gipsies and others, were sent in bullock-waggons as a *present* to Osman in Plevna, a grim joke which that general would hardly appreciate. The soldiers were very kind to them, sharing with them their rations, and giving them even what money they had," that they might go on their way with lighter hearts. Already the beginning of the end had come. The eyes of Europe were on that picturesque little town yonder with its two white minarets, its domed church, and its flat-looking square-built houses embedded in the sleepy hollow which seemed its nest. Apart from one's terrible surroundings, one could hardly suppose so "much ado about nothing"—at least nothing more than a very ordinary Bulgarian town; but there was little time even for reflec-



NO ROOM!





tion, the stern reality of the situation asserting itself every moment by the sullen roar of the big guns from the redoubts, or the sharp rattle from the rifle-pits of either side.

The actual fall of Plevna should occupy a distinct volume, were it not now an oft-told tale which it is not in my province at least to repeat *in extenso*. The whole world knows how magnificently Osman Pasha held out to the bitter end; indeed, none appreciated his heroism more thoroughly than the Russians themselves. That Osman meant to make a final sortie was known to them for some days previously, having been kept well posted up by spies in his probable movements. By the way, one of these, a Polish Jew, after being rewarded for his information, fearing that, as a spy confessed, his



life even with the Russians would not be worth much elected to decamp with his ill-gotten gains, which he did, and he at the present moment is carrying on the less profitable, but far less risky occupation of selling photographs of celebrities from an inverted umbrella in the streets of London. I know him personally, and am always a purchaser in passing.

Yes; the Russians, as I have said, were kept well informed of Turkish movements, whereas the information, on the other hand, which Osman obtained must have been very faulty.

On Friday, the 15th of December, it was well known that the Turks were about to make a final effort to escape. Regimental commanders were all on the *qui vive*, scouts were active and sen-



tries doubled, still, for two or three days, nothing of importance happened. Then more spies arrived, bringing in each case the news of an impending advance on the part of Osman, the truth of which was verified by events which immediately followed and the rapid movement of Turkish troops across the Vid. It was evident he supposed he had discovered a weak point in that girdle of Muscovite steel, with which, by a concentration of his forces, he hoped to be able to grapple. Thus it was, that having brought with him the greater part of his army, including a large quantity of artillery, baggage-waggons, &c., he opened a rattling fire on the besiegers, who replied vigorously with shell and shrapnel. One by one, down went the bullocks attached to those waggons, and the possibility of advance under their friendly cover was at an end. Now it was at this point that, with a degree of dash which would have done honour to any troops in the world, they made for the trenches occupied by the Sibirsky (Siberian) regiment, which, having nearly annihilated, they left behind, only to occupy the battery beyond. Then the Russian Brigade of Grenadiers came down like a whirlwind on the foe, fighting hand to hand, bayonet to bayonet, with inconceivable energy and indomitable pluck. Again and again did the tide of battle sway; the losses on both sides were terrible indeed before the Turks eventually retired, in the best order they could, into the mountain gorge from which, leaving Plevna, they had debouched.

The fight—a terrific one—lasted many hours, after which the cannonading, diminishing by very, very slow degrees, ceased altogether. Then there came that silence, an awe-inspiring silence, which told, more eloquently than words could ever do, that the army of Osman Pasha no longer existed as a fighting force, and that peace might from that very moment shine for centuries on devoted Plevna.

I write from records of the moment when I tell the tale of that surrender; how a white flag an hour later floated conspicuously from its battered walls, and then how there rose a shout from the Russians, when they saw that flag hoisted, as could only be the shout of a victorious army.

Next, in hot haste, came a Turkish officer, also with a flag of truce fluttering in the breeze, to negotiate with reference to the surrender. Then General Skobeleff with his brilliant staff rode down to one of the two bridges which immediately outside Plevna cross the Vid, himself and his officers waving white handkerchiefs as they went; this was answered by a huge piece of white muslin,

which, attached to a pole, now floated on the breeze from another vantage point. Then came more horsemen, each with a flag of truce in his hand, galloping out to meet the dashing General, to inform him that the great Osman Pasha himself would follow. Then, roughly remembered by one who was with the staff, came these snatches of conversation touching the great event now so imminent.

"Let us treat him as the gallant spirit he is," said one.

"He must have a soldier's welcome; the troops must present arms," said another.

"He is the greatest commander of the age," said General Skobelev, "for he has saved the honour of his country."



All around was carnage and confusion—uptilted arabas, dead and wounded men, horses, and oxen everywhere. Then came out two more bearers of white flags, one a rough-shod soldier, while riding near him was a handsome, fair young Turk, scrupulously well-dressed and most courtier-like in manner. Who could this possibly be? It was none other than Tewfik Bey.

"Osman is wounded," he said, in excellent French.

The concern was, of course, general. The next inquiry was as to His Excellency's whereabouts.

"Over there," said Tewfik, pointing to a small house facing the bridge.

Then slowly, rather in sadness than in the mad enthusiasm of



victory, did groups of generals make for the house where the wounded hero lay, Generals Ganetsky and Strukoff settling the terms of capitulation.

In three great battles had he worsted the armies of the Czar of all the Russias, not only entirely changing their plan of action, but actually holding at bay from his stronghold at Plevna some of the finest troops in the world. Surely he well-sustained the title of Osman Ghazi (the victorious), by which, in the chronicles of war, his name will be handed down to posterity, and one of which no reverse—even the fall of Plevna—can deprive him.

The Grand Duke and Prince Charles of Roumania next interviewed the fallen foe who had been so worthy of their steel, each in turn congratulating him on his brilliant defence, thus ending with heroic magnanimity a great day in the world's history.

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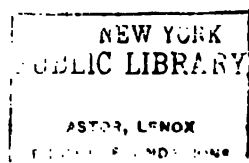
There is a certain martial freemasonry about heroes which at such supreme moments as the foregoing eclipses altogether the comparatively petty rivalry of nations, an admiration springing up which banishes the elation of victory, a feeling of true hero-worship existing apart from creed or nationality.

By the way, talking of ties of friendship, brings one to the solicitude expressed by the gentler sex in war time for "those who fighting fell." I have been myself much with the Red Cross doctors and nurses, to say nothing of those of the Red Crescent, and think I never saw in any campaign such unostentatious devotion displayed as by the women of the many Russian ambulance corps which followed in the wake of the armies before Plevna. For her voluntary aid to the sick and wounded in war generally, England is, I think, *facile princeps*; but as far as patriotic devotion was concerned, the women of Russia during that great siege certainly held their own. Though little at the time was heard of them, and their glories were unsung, they were far from sighing for that bubble reputation which is too often the mainspring of good deeds. They came, saw, and conquered, as far as the hearts of men were concerned, women, in many cases of the highest rank, accustomed to all the luxuries which wealth and station supply, devoting themselves during that bitter winter not only to their husbands, brothers, and lovers, but still extending tender care to those amongst the Turkish wounded who were from time to time brought into the hospitals at Sistova, Zimnitza, and elsewhere. Such



A RUSSIAN NON-COMBATANT.





women, however, have no nationality; they rise to the occasion whenever great events touch the human heart. Indeed—

To the poet's assurance we all of us bow,  
That when sorrow or anguish be-wrinkle the brow,  
Those fair ones who, when we are living at ease,  
Are fickle and coy and *not* easy to please,  
Will be—'t was e'en so since the great world began—  
Like angels of sweet ministration to man;  
And I think, had you seen them as I have, when night  
Spreads her canopy o'er the arena of fight,  
On the blood-soddened field, midst the unburied slain,  
As they listen for welcome old voices in vain,  
You would say that when soldiers for fatherland bleed,  
*Such* women are merciful angels indeed!

Pray follow me closely; I haven't yet said  
That the Holy Red Cross idly grieve for their dead.  
While with womanly sorrow they mourn for the brave,  
Their primary mission, of course, is to save—  
To succour the wounded, tend them with care,  
To touch them with pity, support them by prayer,  
To help to restore the maimed heroes who fall,  
That again they may answer the clarion's call;  
Or if, in their agonies gasping for breath,  
They but wait to obey the grim bugle of Death,  
With gentle solicitude, mingled with tears,  
They soften their passage to happier spheres.

Yes; woman in trouble, in sorrow, in woe,  
Is angelic indeed; and this most of us know.  
But yet, on the other hand, woman can be  
A Pluto in petticoats—frightful to see!  
Apart from those saints who, regardless of self,  
Come to succour and heal, some come only for pelf;  
*Their* mission is money, watches, and gold,  
Which is cut off the uniforms, melted, and sold.  
They affect the dead heroes, of course, though if they  
See one who is wounded, and think it will pay—  
Such facts are on record—commensurate gains  
Have led them to tamper with jugular veins!  
There are women and women, though happily few,  
Who are found to belong to this vulture-like crew.  
I merely suggest their existence, and now—  
Place the chaplet of honour upon the chaste brow  
Of the fair Rosierucian, whose merciful care  
Brings Sunshine to Sorrow and Hope to Despair!

From a picturesque point of view, too, the women of the Russian Red Cross seemed (when nature is combined with art) to excel their sisters in the matter of becoming costume, since the wearing of the emblem of their office, not only in the shape of an ordinary brassard, but on the breast of their white aprons, gave an additionally



vivid touch of colour to those hospital wards, where, on their errands of mercy, they untiringly went from bed to bed. Thus, it has seemed fitting to add a sketch of one of them to my other illustrations; indeed, it would be ungracious in bringing this record of my experiences to a close not to do so.

\* \* \*

If, when the time came, the unconditional surrender of Osman Pasha created wonder, then, it may be briefly said, that he had no alternative. That sortie had been his final effort, by which he vacated (in concentrating his forces) all the vantage points from which he had so long kept the enemy at bay; in the valley of the Vid, his last brilliant struggle for liberty having failed, he was helplessly in their power.

No higher estimate could be formed of Osman than that by the Russian commanders who that day assisted at his overthrow. Osman's name should be written in letters of gold by the historians of the future. His magnificent defence ended, as one of the correspondents to the *Daily News* happily put it, "in a halo of disastrous glory."

Nor must it be forgotten that from a military standpoint he had, roughly speaking, nothing more than raw levies with whom to face well-equipped and thoroughly disciplined troops. Patriotic peasants, rapidly educated in the arts of war on the field, were, with few exceptions, all he had to depend upon. Thus it naturally suggests itself, what marvellous results might have been brought about had a well-trained army been at his command.

But this day of days in the world's military annals is already closing in; silent shadows are creeping over the surrounding hills, taking weird shapes, gliding like night birds with out-stretched filmy wings down into the valley of the Vid. Here are oxen, great meek-eyed creatures, slowly dying where they fell, forming as they did Osman's last defence. Then up the hill-side, stretched in grim disorder, are Russians, Turks, horses, over-turned arabas, and arms of all descriptions. Those shades of evening stealthily creeping on would have effectually hidden the horrible scene, had it not been brought back by the appealing voices of the wounded, who, in many cases, must have awoke as from a trance, induced by loss of blood and pain, to realise the terrors of the situation and penetrate the stillness of the night with their cries. True, no darkness could ever blot out such a scene from one's mind's eye, even were the night as black as Erebus. Then, again, all was still, pending the birth of that smiling dawn which, banishing the

black shadows of war, would herald the advent of long hoped-for peace.

\* \* \* \*

Cambridge Studios,  
Linden Gardens, W.

It is a crisp frosty night, the fire burns brightly, throwing its fitful light and shade on many a memento of the vanished past, each appealing curiously to me as I glance from one to another, smoking the pipe of peace the while, with the blue clouds from which old memories mingle, losing themselves in quick succession, till they disappear amongst the rafters.

Before me, on an easel, is a full-length portrait of Hobart Pasha, to which I have recently been putting the finishing touches—a Turkish admiral, with his honours thick upon him, as I first saw him years since at the War Office at Constantinople—a commission from him only a few weeks before his untimely death at Milan, when England lost one of her most devoted advocates, Turkey her ablest naval commander, and all sorts and conditions of men a thorough friend.

I am lost in the realms of long ago.

There hangs the quaint Asiatic camp kettle which played such an important part in connection with our evening meal at the front, while by its side, as if to balance its suggestion of sobriety, depends the bibulous-looking brandy flask from which I supplied that ill-fated Circassian with "fire-water."

Saddle-bags of curious Eastern workmanship, which have in their turn been receptacles for every imaginable commodity under the sun, now form part of a trophy in which yataghans and other Asiatic and European weapons play a conspicuous part; a rudely-painted wooden Servian water-bottle, and a camel's tail which I picked up on the field of Zevin, adding two more to my collection of curios. A bright red Carlist boina lights up the opposite wall, surmounting a Russian sheep-skin greatcoat and several French cavalry sabres, which as the flickering firelight now and again catches them, brings back in shadowy array before me ghosts from the battle-fields of three campaigns; while in a dark corner, as if hiding themselves, ashamed of the deadly nature of their calling, was to be seen a miscellaneous collection of arms of all shapes and sizes, from cross-bows to long Armenian guns and Berdan rifles.



Such are the blood-thirsty surroundings of the sanctum in which I sit smoking that pipe of peace, through the fumes of which familiar scenes and faces come and go in strange variety, till, aroused from my reverie, my studio factotum brings me the evening paper. My eye, on opening it, catches the following heading—"Bones from Plevna." The paragraph runs as follows:—

Thirty tons of human bones have just been landed at Bristol from Plevna, carted thence to Rodosto; they now go to enrich English soil. To those who do not give to such matters much consideration, it may be well to mention that 30 tons of human bones mean the skeletons of some thirty thousand men.

The pipe of peace had gone out; memory bringing back to me the heroism of those Moslems and Muscovites who had deserved so well of their respective countries. Then my musings presently seemed to strike a poetic chord, with the result of which I may not inappropriately conclude my wanderings on the war-path.

Some thirty tons of human bones, some thirty thousand men,  
Who for their gods and fatherland did dreadful havoc then,  
Fell for the flag of Islam, the standard of the Czar,  
The Double-headed Eagle, or the Crescent and the Star.

Do Allah and his angels cast a glory round about  
The heroes who at Plevna held Gravitz's grim redoubt?  
How shall we gauge their glory? What halo may we shed  
Athwart the silent sepulchre of war's unburied dead?

Each, with an invocation to his deity on high,  
The soldiers of the Sultan and the Czar went there to die.  
War, pestilence, and famine, grim death at every turn;  
Where the frost of Plevna freezes and the fires of Plevna burn.

Had you seen the stubborn Tartar and Mahomet's soldier sons  
In the deadly din of battle, where the thunder of the guns  
And the groans of dying warriors rent the air on either side,  
You'd have seen how nobly heroes for their country's glory died.

*Sic transit gloria mundi*—the hero's left to rot,  
While worms remain to chronicle the victory they've got.  
The page of modern history was made by men like these,  
Whose bones are shipped and sold in tons to us across the seas.

No sculptured urn records their deeds, no single line their loss,  
Who fell in deadly conflict for the Crescent and the Cross.  
And so in story and in song let future heroes find  
The heritage of battles are the bones they leave behind.





## Artillery at the Paris Exhibition.

### III.



THE interesting exhibits of the *Société Anonyme des Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée* have been described *in extenso* in the *Revue d'Artillerie* with all the knowledge and industry brought to bear by Captain Veyrines on the artillery material recently displayed in the Champ de Mars. Inasmuch, however, as the space at our disposal is limited, we shall content ourselves with a brief description of two or three guns constructed on the Canet system.

Let us begin with a light field-gun of 0.75 mm. (Fig. 1), which is mounted on a carriage with funicular checks, on the system Lemoine. The piece has a total length of 24 calibres, and weighs 263 kilos; its charge is 1 kilo of powder, and it carries a projectile weighing 5,200 grammes, and having an initial velocity of 430 metres. The weight of the carriage and limber, with their load, is 1,945 kilos. The gun is made of forged steel tempered in oil, and consists of a tube strengthened by a long jacket, which carries the trunnions, and in front of which is the coil of compression. The after part of the jacket projects so as to protect the mechanism of the breech.

The firing apparatus is constructed thus: a rectangular bolt A works in a vertical groove made in the posterior surface of the breech-screw (Figs. 2 and 4). Towards the top of this bolt there is a rack *b*, composed of several notches (Fig. 3), and on the left-hand side a cup *c*, which is actuated by a nose *d* moved by the bolt on which the lever-handle is mounted. Underneath the cup is found a rectangular aperture *e*, also the striker B enveloped by a small spiral spring. Lower down, a recess is found in which the heel of the hammer C revolves on an axis. The heel of the hammer is caught, between the breech-screw and the bolt, by the action of a small spiral spring. A flat spring (which is not repre-

sented in the diagram) is affixed to the left of the bolt, and carries a nose which, when the bolt is in the proper position, fits into a notch in the breech, and clamps the bolt.

A pinion *h*, which revolves on an axis, is mounted on the left ear of the breech-screws. It is provided with a nose *k*, gearing with the rack *b*. The breech also has an extractor, whose extremity *m* fits into a circular groove, and is constantly pressed upwards by a spiral spring *n*.

Let us now consider the action of these various parts. When the breech is opened and the lever raised, the nose *d* pressing on the cup *c* causes the bolt to descend. The head of the hammer *C*, revolving on its axis, leaves the bolt, while its heel compresses the spring, thence ascending towards the upper part of the insertion of the latter. When the heel has passed by the axis of the spring,

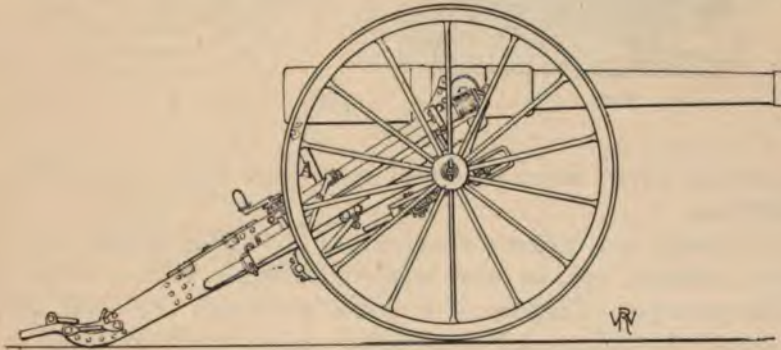


FIG. 1.

the latter will exert its pressure in an opposite direction, and keeps the hammer at full cock, while the flat spring, of which we have spoken, clamps the bolt by means of the nose with which it is provided. The lever can then be drawn back without raising the bolt. In this position the striker is no longer in front of the friction tube chamber, which is seen in the centre of the aperture *e*.

In the rotary movement of the breech, the head of the extractor *m* is stopped by a projection formed by a screw placed in the grooving of the screen; it revolves and throws back the friction-tube, after which, under pressure from the spring *n*, it resumes its position. The discharge is effected by means of a cord which is attached to the nose *k* of the pinion *h*. When it is drawn, the bolt re-ascends, the striker takes its place opposite the friction-tube, and the hammer, describing a movement in a contrary direction to



that described above, hits the striker, which explodes the detonating priming.

The elevating apparatus of the light field-piece of 75 m.m. is fixed between the brackets of the carriage, and consists of two arms joined by a hinge; the upper arm A supports the piece to which it is united by a pin. The elevating screw turns in a socket on one of the transoms of the brackets. Training is effected by means of

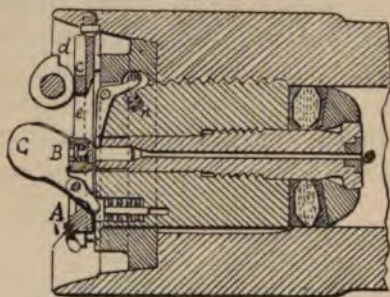


FIG. 2.

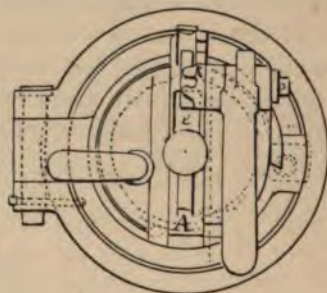


FIG. 4.

a wooden lever, which fits into rings with which the trail is provided.

The siege and fortress disappearing guns (Fig. 5) are also of great interest, but we shall content ourselves with a notice of their carriages. They are on a central pivot, and are fitted with hydraulic checks, and two recuperators with compressed air for returning to the firing position. The gun rests, by means of its



FIG. 3.

trunnions, on two movable cast-iron elevators A, heavily transomed towards their upper parts, and revolving round two hollow drums B, which are fixed upon the brackets F forming part of the circular frame D. The gun is also supported in front by two connecting rods M, which are jointed to the coil *f* at the extremity of the coil of compression.

These rods are joined at their lower ends by a pin, supported by two tenons *s*, moving into the circular grooving *t* which is in front of the brackets. Two jointed connecting rods unite the tenons *s* to two arms which prolong the elevators beneath the drums. The revolving platform rests upon steel rollers and sleepers. The hydraulic check is to be found between the two brackets F. When the gun has been fired, its recoil causes the elevators A to revolve round the drums B; the arms which prolong

the lower extremity of the elevators, which are not represented in the diagram, are impelled forward, and by means of the connecting rods react on the hydraulic check, the gun itself descending and disappearing from view. A buffer *r*, which encloses Belleville springs, is placed so as to deaden the recoil in case it should exceed the usual strength.

To replace the gun in firing position, a screw is undone by means of a wheel *p*, so as to admit of the forward action of the hydraulic check, when the piece slowly ascends. The advantage of this con-

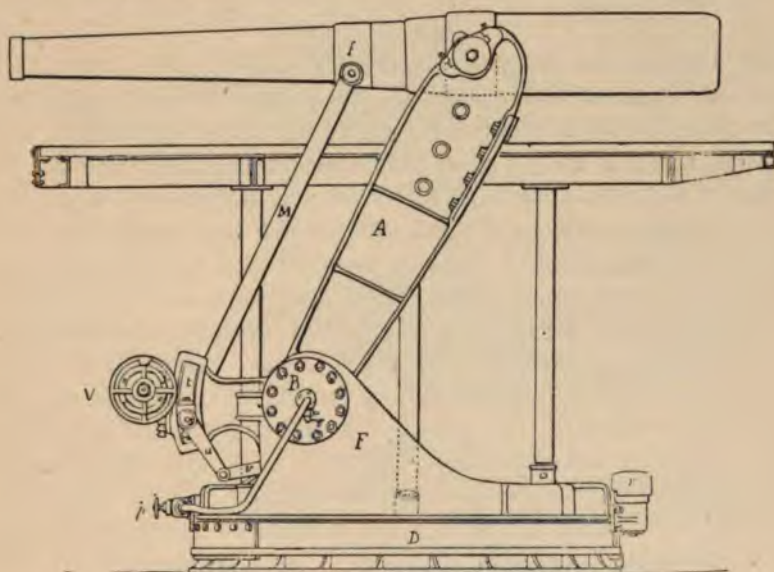


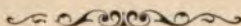
FIG. 5.

trivance is, in addition to its simplicity, the power of lowering the gun in a direction *parallel* to its axis, while preserving the elevation which has been given it by acting on the tenons *s* by means of the training-wheel V.

Such, in broad outlines, is the mechanism of the carriage of Canet's disappearing gun, which seems to us superior in some respects to another of the same description exhibited by the *Compagnie des Forges de Saint Chamond*.\*

R. W.

\* This gun-carriage is, of course, but a modification of Colonel Moncrieff's.—ED.



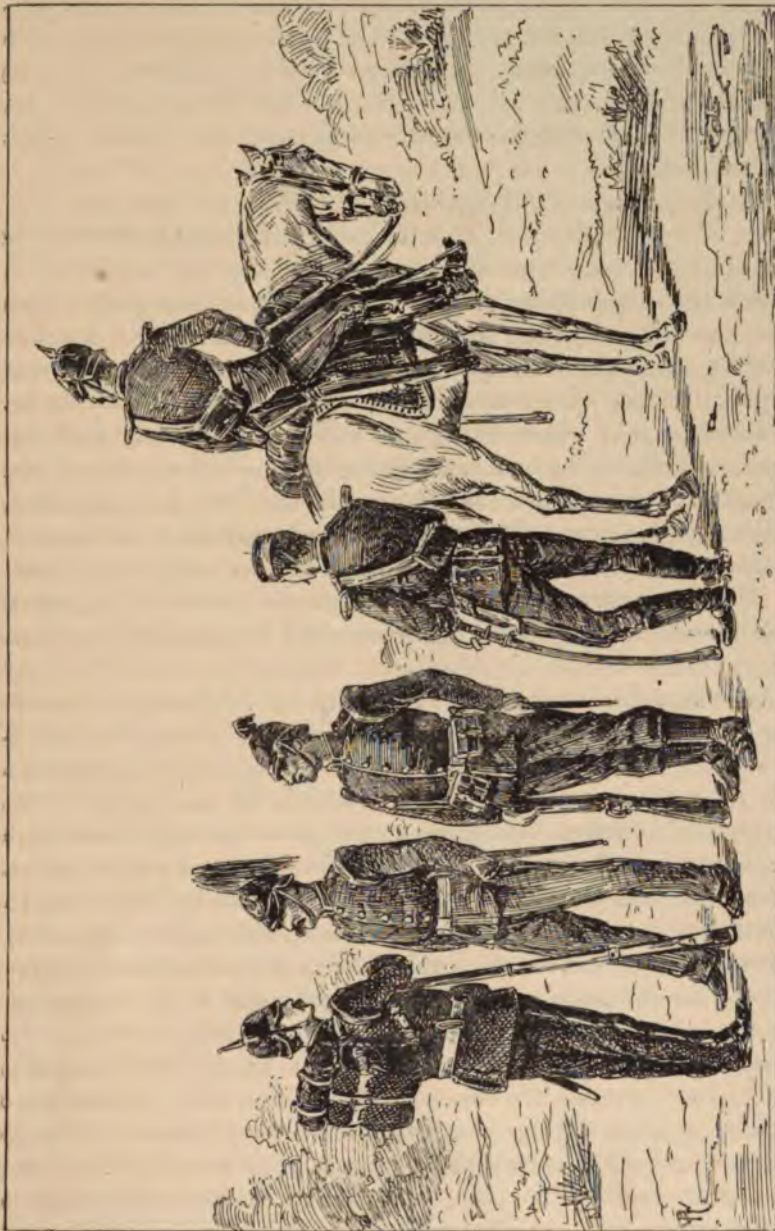


## Clippings from the Foreign Press.

THE PORTUGUESE ARMY.—Opportunely enough, there appears in the *Internationale Revue über die Gesammten Armeen und Flotten* for December an account of the military reforms of the late King Lewis, who was known as an able and instructed soldier. At the present moment, difficulties with Portugal having supervened, the question arises, what could we, with all our vast expenditure effect against a puny kingdom like this upon dry land?—and suggests an instructive comment on the comparative expense of compulsory military service and the ancient system of voluntary enlistment.

When King Lewis succeeded to the throne in 1861 he found the Portuguese army, recruited by enlistment, at a strength of 1,481 officers (exclusive of 440 general and 300 staff officers) and 16,633 non-commissioned officers and men. In 1864, without waiting for the catastrophe which was soon to overtake other Continental States, he obtained a law by which enlistment was abolished, and the principle of universal liability to service recognized. The yearly contingent of recruits was fixed by the Cortes in accordance with financial exigencies, the recruits serving three years with the colours and five in the 1st Reserve, while the 2nd Reserve consisted of untrained recruits, who had never been enrolled to serve. By this measure the war strength of Portugal was raised to 72,000 men, with an *ersatz* reserve of 24,000, sufficient to furnish two strong army corps and an independent cavalry division.

Twenty years later these reforms were extended. The length of service was increased from eight to twelve years, the additional four being spent in the 2nd Reserve, whereby the available military strength of Portugal was augmented by four annual contingents of trained soldiers. The yearly contingent being fixed at a minimum strength of 12,000 recruits, 130,000 men were thus made available for the active army, with a reserve of untrained men of equal strength. This considerable force is divided into three army



TYPES OF PORTUGUESE SOLDIERY.



corps and one cavalry division, each of the six infantry divisions having its own cavalry regiment attached. The arrangements for mobilization and supply are said to be complete and in accordance with modern requirements; while the territorial system has quite lately received its fullest application by the creation of military districts wherein the various regiments are both recruited and quartered. This year the infantry is to be armed with small-bore magazine rifles.

The Portuguese Field Artillery is divided into six regiments; three of them contain eight batteries apiece, and are destined for the divisions, the remaining three, containing six batteries, constitute the corps artillery. Three hundred guns are ready for the field, and there are two regiments of Garrison Artillery. All these reforms, writes the *Revue*, are due to the firmness and intelligence of the late King. From an insignificant force of 16,000 men he has created an army which, on a peace footing, numbers 30,000 effectives, and which, without over-taxing the resources of the State, can place double the number of men in the field that were available at his accession. Trained and armed with the most improved weapons, the army of Portugal, thinks our contemporary, is able to wage an active defence against a far more powerful aggressor. The present king, Charles, has received a careful military education.

The same Review contains "A Study on the Relations between England and Russia in Asia during a Voyage in the years 1887-88 and 1889." The writer takes a gloomy view of British prospects in the impending conflict with the Colossus of the North for the possession of India. So great is the power of superstition over the human mind that, because all previous conquests of Hindostan have come from the North, and only the English invasion from the South, *ergo*, it is tacitly assumed by many that a Muscovite inroad must result in permanent empire. The Russians have on their side all the influence which the mysterious and unknown exercises on the imagination of the vulgar. The writer, evidently the commander of a war-ship, states that dread and admiration of Russia pervades the whole of Asia, and the diminution of British *prestige* is proportionally great. According to him, the Persian army is in a miserable state of inefficiency; "the sentry of course, sleeps on his post; officers and men associate together like brethren, and one often finds a lad 17 years old in the ranks by an old man of 60." He fails to understand why we evacuated Afghanistan after so many sacrifices and so much effort, justly



concluding that the difficulties attendant on its occupation decided our course of action. There is, nevertheless, a particle of comfort in this mass of dark forebodings. "How immensely difficult it is," he writes, "even but a few years beforehand, and having an exact acquaintance with facts, to draw just conclusions from them, is shown by the travels of Hübner in Japan (1873), wherein that traveller, usually so clear-sighted, foretold a catastrophe in the East Asiatic Island-State in consequence of the universal zeal for reform which was manifesting itself." May the prophecies of this German seaman prove equally futile!

An intelligent article on our NAVAL MANŒUVRES of last year appears in the same Review, which confirms the judgment recently passed on them by Admiral Colomb in these pages:—"The engine now works more smoothly, the wheels are better oiled, the rough places are avoided or removed, and its entire working is easier and more expeditious than before." The deficiency in *personnel* is keenly discussed; from Elizabeth's time downwards, this defect in our naval organization has been constantly experienced. The lack of stokers is touched upon, and the observation made that their services would rise to a higher premium on the outbreak of war, from the circumstance that sailing vessels would not be employed. The want of officers, and the consequent employment of warrant-officers in positions of responsibility, has impressed the writer, who points out that our victories in the last great war were partly due to the bad discipline of the French navy, the best naval officers, almost all Royalists, having retired after the Revolution. This is a circumstance which Admiral Jurien de la Gravière is fond of emphasizing, and, let us remember that the Royalists of France have now resumed their places in the service of their predilection. The efficiency of the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty, as shown during the latest manœuvres, receives its meed of praise. The shortcomings in the material, such as a low rate of speed and the failure of the monster guns, are duly recorded, and the maxim which is observed in the German navy that no gun is to be constructed which cannot be served by hand, is recommended for our guidance.

THE SUPREME COMMAND IN WAR.—The December number of the *Revue d'Infanterie* is very interesting. "Le Commandement," the title of chapter v. of an "Etude sur la Grande Guerre," deals with the peculiarities which have characterized the great commanders of the past, and incidentally hits some heavy blows at the system by which officers are now selected for promotion in the



French army. The qualities which recommend officers for advancement in peace are not usually those which go to make the efficient leader. *Severity* is especially emphasized as a quality indispensable for the conduct of armies in these days when discipline, owing to short service, is lax. "When the Romans incurred a disaster, the first thing they did was to restore military discipline. The consuls decimated the troops which had fled, and then led them back to the conflict." In other words, we presume the writer approves of the system said by Voltaire to be in vogue in these islands, where, "On tue quelquefois un amiral pour encourager les autres." History, we are told, is wrong in describing Turenne as mild in temper; that was a mere matter of form. Like Lambro, the "mild-mannered man" in *Don Juan*, his actions were governed by the precept of *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. "Messieurs," he once said, addressing certain Swiss officers who hesitated to cross the Rhine, "naturellement je ne parle durement à personne, mais je vous ferai couper la tête dans le moment si vous refusez de m'obéir"; words which the writer describes as *assez plaisantes*. Machiavelli, again, we are reminded, ranked the cruelty of Hannibal as one of his most striking qualifications for command; and it is true that among a diabolically cruel set of people one must be more savage than the rest to maintain discipline. When Bonaparte took command in Italy, he wrote to the Directory at home: "La discipline se rétablit mais il faut souvent fusiller." "Individual initiative," as an absolute maxim in troop-leading, is here deprecated. Though extolled by Von der Goltz, it is a pernicious doctrine. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." The most promising plan of action ever conceived may be shattered by its application. The writer insinuates that it was the helplessness of the German headquarter staff in 1870 which first gave it currency; if Moltke had been present in the field at Mars la Tour he would have been able to issue the necessary orders for the recall of reinforcements, which would have enabled him to resume the offensive on the 17th August instead of the 18th. The list of great commanders is then run through, in order to prove that their personal defects or their moral failings would have prevented their being selected for advancement under the modern system. Turenne, had it not been for his high birth, might have been taken for a rough and unprepossessing boor. How would he fare now-a-days in regimental life? The gusty violence of the Great Condé passed belief. He would strike a recalcitrant officer with his fist. How would he have figured in a modern "Confidential Report?" Eugene was

considered an idiot at the French Court, and not without reason. If Frederic the Great had been executed by his father after his attempted escape in 1729, he would have been regarded as a good-for-nothing milksop without principles or industry. He ate and drank to excess, used obscene language, and was of doubtful cleanliness as to his person. What sort of talk would he now-a-days indulge in at mess about his superiors and the women he disliked? How would his slovenliness have disgusted the frivolous and sneering world of modern times, careful only about appearances. Napoleon, in his youth, was described as "a young braggart, thrusting himself in and out of season into endless arguments, and wanting to reform everything," while his figure "had no grace or ease about it," and as to his face, "it would have passed for ugly, but for its extreme singularity." Much more to the same effect in this remarkable essay, which concludes by recommending a system of promotion by seniority "tempered," as the stereotyped phrase is, "by selection."

Another interesting paper in the *Revue d'Infanterie* is entitled "Quatre Hommes." We ourselves should be disposed to call it, "Trois Hommes et Demi," and the reader will no doubt acquiesce, having read the names of Skobeleff, Brooke, Grant and Riel. The first sketch is characterized by all the absurd idolatry of Skobeleff to which hatred of Germany has given birth in France. There both men and women completely lose their heads over this martial Russian. It is a harmless amusement to say that Skobeleff had the genius of a Napoleon. Anybody may predicate the same of himself or another; he will never be called upon to make good his pretensions. As a matter of fact, Skoboleff's best friends have admitted that there was more of the Murat than of the Napoleon in their hero. When he prophesied, as he is said to have done, that "Germany would be devoured by the Slaves," he committed "the most gratuitous form of error" to gratify a gullible audience. When he said that, in contradistinction to England, Russia would have no "pariahs" in Asia, he appears to have been labouring under the delusion that caste was an institution of English origin. A very good account of Sir James Brooke's career, and the conquest of Sarawak follows, Grant and Riel being reserved for future treatment.

The *Revue* likewise contains an article entitled "L'Australie Militaire," which we wish, for some reasons, had been omitted from its pages. It requires either effrontery or ignorance to launch forth the assertion that the mass of the population of Australia are the



descendants of convicts, adventurers, and bushrangers; and we know not what means M. Hackenberger has of knowing that the War Office, prior to his appointment to New South Wales, looked upon Lord Carrington as an indifferent cavalry officer. We should also like some independent confirmation of the story that the sum of £125,000 was paid by the New South Wales Government for torpedoes to defend the entrance to Port Jackson, and that the said torpedoes could not be found when the time came for examining into their condition. Apart from ill-natured sneers, the article is worth reading as a criticism of Australian military organization.

THE LATE ALFRED KRUPP.—The *Archiv für die Artillerie und Ingenieur-Officiere* deems it no detraction from the renown of Moltke and the German army to say that a great part of their military success was due to the efforts of this distinguished engineer. Founded in 1819 by the father, Fred. Krupp, the factories at Essen, deprived by death of their principal in 1826, were left under the supervision of his son Alfred, who was no more than fourteen years of age. The staff at that time consisted of but four workmen, and the young manufacturer for fifteen years had a hard struggle to pay their wages and provide for his own subsistence. In 1848, he had to sell the family plate to meet a financial crisis in the establishment. The first steel guns he sent to the Prussian Government were returned unexamined, with the reply "that the Prussian weapon was so perfect that no improvement was requisite." In 1858 the numbers of the workmen employed exceeded a thousand. In the following year, the breech-loading system was adopted by Prussia, and these guns rendered such conspicuous service in the Danish war of 1864 that Krupp obtained an order for 300 of them. In 1867 a contest took place, in the presence of William I., between an Armstrong muzzle-loader and a breech-loader on Krupp's system, to the disadvantage of the latter. The Prussians were within an ace of discarding Krupp and adhering to the muzzle-loading system, till by persistent efforts he induced the Government to give a trial to his new prismatic powder, which eventually gave him the victory. The number of workmen now employed at Essen is 12,000, and the production reaches 125,000 tons yearly. The works form a colony complete in itself, provided with every accessory for recreation, instruction, and supply. The physical wants of his subordinates were closely attended to by their late master, whose factories might serve as a model for the social reformer. He died on the 14th July 1887.

HEAVY GUNS IN ENGLAND.—The *Rivista Marittima* for December

gives an excellent *résumé* of the arguments for and against the use of monster ordnance in our navy which have recently appeared in the British Press. "England," it writes, "having obstinately refused to adopt the breech-loading system for ordnance, now finds herself ten years behind other nations in this respect. When she was obliged to yield to the force of circumstances, the remedy was applied with more zeal than discretion. She began the construction of monster cannon without adequate research and experiment, the result being what might have been looked for, and which experience has only too plainly justified, *i.e.* a serious uneasiness as to the quality of her naval armaments." Mr. Longridge's proposal to employ 50-ton guns with Moncrieff carriages is quoted with approval, and recent explosions on board both English and French vessels are attributed, firstly, to powders of slow combustion, which subject the muzzle to a pressure higher than intended, and again to the alteration through heat or attrition which sometimes takes place in the condition of pebble powders.





## Naval Notes.



THE past year has witnessed the launch of a large number of vessels of all sizes, and although no ironclad figures in the list, yet most important additions have been made to the strength of the fleet. Heading this list stands the *Blake*, the most powerful, and intended to be the swiftest, cruiser ever built for our own or any other navy.

She was launched at Chatham on November 23rd, is 375 ft. long, 65 ft. beam, of 9,000 tons displacement, and with an indicated horse power of 20,000. It is hoped she will rival the great Atlantic liners in speed, as her designers confidently expect, and that she will be able to maintain a real sea-going speed of 20 knots; and will have a coal supply capable of carrying her 15,000 mile at 10 knots. Her trials are being looked forward to with great interest; her sister ship, the *Blenheim*, is not yet launched, and it is believed that the Admiralty intend this year to lay down two others of the same class. Next to the *Blake* in importance comes the *Vulcan*, a torpedo-storeship, also intended to have a sea-going speed of 20 knots; she will be armed with eight of the new quick-firing guns and will carry a complement of second-class torpedo-boats, besides being fitted up as a floating factory for the repair of Whiteheads, &c. She is now nearly ready for her steam trials, which had been fixed for the second week in February; but unfortunately a serious defect has been discovered which may delay her completion. The transverse frames in the double bottom, about amidships, have developed such signs of weakness that the hull in the wake of the double bottom must be strengthened; the defect has shown itself just where the strain is greatest, and, therefore, at the point where adequate precautions should have been taken to prevent such a mishap. As the *Vulcan* is of great length and large dimensions the discovery has caused no small amount of anxiety.

The five cruisers of the *Pandora* type for the service of the Australian colonies have all been launched this year, and will be completed for sea during the ensuing twelve months; the last to take the water, the *Persian*, having done so at Elswick the 9th of December. They are all of 2,725 tons, carry eight guns, and are intended for a 19-knot speed; as they are relatively speaking short ships, being only 265 ft. long, it is very doubtful whether they will average anything near that speed. Six third-class cruisers varying from 1,600 tons to 1,100 tons, ten gun-boats of 800 tons, and six torpedo gun-boats of the *Sharpshooter* class have also been launched and, in most cases, completed for sea. These small cruisers and gun-boats are being commissioned as fast as they are completed, to take the place on foreign stations of the many useless and obsolete small craft which have so long been the laughing stock of other nations and the despair of our own commanders-in-chief abroad. Thirteen first-class and ten second-class torpedo-boats have also been added to the strength of the fleet.

Turning now to the ordnance question, we regret to have to say that the difficulties in supplying the new heavy guns do not yet seem to be surmounted; four of our most important battle-ships are waiting for their heavy armament, as they have been for months past. The *Victoria*, the future flagship in the Mediterranean, heads the list. She was selected for this service twelve months ago, and could have been commissioned, but no guns were forthcoming; and when at last, some three months ago, her two 111-ton guns were received from Elswick and placed on board, they displayed such evident signs of weakness after the trial firing that the Admiralty rightly refused to allow her to leave for her station with them; so there she is still, waiting until new and stronger ones can be supplied, and the *Camperdown* has been temporarily despatched to the Mediterranean to take her place. The *Sans Pareil* is similarly waiting for her two 111-ton guns; the *Hove* has only received two of her 67-ton guns, while the *Rodney's* defective ones have also not yet been replaced. Still things are not quite so bad as they were; and it is satisfactory to know that the *Trafalgar* received the last of her 67-ton guns on the 27th of December, and is now only waiting for her quick-firing 4.7 armament to complete her gun trials and be commissioned. The way this magnificent ironclad, at present without question the most formidable in the world, has been completed for sea in a little over four years from the laying of her first keel plate, reflects the highest credit on Portsmouth dockyard.



The close of the year also has, happily, seen the completion and arming of the last of the seven belted cruisers of the *Orlando* class, for although they all put in an appearance at the Naval Review and subsequent manœuvres, yet the armament of three of them, at least at that time, was only of a makeshift character. Before leaving the subject of the guns, we ought to state that the Admiralty have wisely determined that no more 111-ton guns shall be mounted in ships, and the new battle-ships will be armed with the 67-ton gun. Indeed, as a matter of fact, there is a school of officers growing up who believe that a gun of some 30 tons weight, which could be worked by hand if the machinery broke down, is quite sufficiently heavy for all offensive purposes; a larger number of such guns could be carried, and more weight could be devoted to the armouring of the ships.

Glancing now, shortly, at the ships which have been completed for sea during the past year, we find a fair list. Ironclads, *Anson*, *Camperdown* and *Trafalgar*; belted cruisers, *Aurora*, *Australia*, *Galatea*, *Immortalité*, *Undaunted* and *Narcissus*; unarmoured cruisers, the *Forth*, *Medea*, *Melpomene*, *Magicienne*, *Marathon* and *Medusa*; and of the smaller ships we have the *Beagle*, *Daphne*, *Nymphé*, *Melita*, *Pigeon*, *Maggie*, *Pigmy*, *Plover* and *Redpole*.

Considerable changes and additions have been made in the constitution of our squadrons abroad and at home, with a notable increase of efficiency. Not a day too soon, the Admiralty after the conclusion of the manœuvres determined to materially increase the strength of the Mediterranean squadron, which, in consequence of the disaster to the *Sultan*, the return home of the *Alexandra* without being relieved, the temporary absence of the *Agamemnon* at Zanzibar and of the *Orion* at Singapore, had been reduced to a state of dangerous weakness. The *Collingwood* left for Malta in the early days of December, followed by the *Australia*; the *Camperdown* sailed on the 1st January, to act temporarily as flagship until arrival of the *Victoria*; the *Trafalgar* and *Undaunted* are to follow in a few weeks, the *Trafalgar* being the future flagship of Lord Walter Kerr, who is to act as second in command of the squadron; while the *Agamemnon* has rejoined again, after her long absence on the East Coast, and the *Orion* is also on her way back to Malta. If all goes well, therefore, the squadron on that station by the end of March will consist of ten ironclads and two belted cruisers, besides the *Phaeton* and several smaller ships. It is an open question, however, whether the *Agamemnon* and *Orion* ought not to be withdrawn as soon as possible, and replaced by two better ships.

The *Agamemnon*, although a powerful ship in her way, is far too slow to be associated with the newer battle-ships on the station, and could only be a drag upon the mobility of the fleet; while the *Orion* is only fit to be relegated to coast defence, like her sister ship the *Belleisle*. In China, the *Severn*, a fast cruiser of the *Mersey* type, was added to the squadron last spring; while the *Mercury* is to take the place of the *Cordelia*, and three of the worn-out old gun-boats have been replaced by three of the latest type, the *Pigmy*, *Plover* and *Redpole*. On the East Indian station, the *Cossack* and *Pigeon* have taken the place of the old sloops *Osprey* and *Penguin*, and the *Brisk* is under orders to relieve the *Algerine*. On the North-American and West Indian station, the *Partridge*, one of the new gun-boats has replaced the *Wrangler*, one of the old types, but no other modern ships have been added. On the West Coast of Africa, the *Archer*, *Peacock* and *Magpie* have replaced older ships. Coming to the Channel fleet, we find that the *Anson* has taken the place of the *Agincourt*; the other three ships of the squadron are quite obsolete, but the Admiralty have it in contemplation before midsummer to completely reorganize it. The *Camperdown*, when relieved by the *Victoria*, comes home and takes the place of the *Northumberland* as flagship; while the *Howe* and *Rodney* are to relieve the *Monarch* and *Iron Duke*; it is also stated that the *Alexandra* and *Superb* and two belted cruisers are to be added to the squadron. When these changes have been effected, we shall, for the first time for many years, have two formidable squadrons ready to take the offensive immediately when needed. At home the *Northampton* has taken the place of the old *Duncan* at Sheerness, and at Plymouth the *Black Prince* relieves the *Royal Adelaide*. As soon as they are ready, the *Achilles* goes to Portsmouth and the *Triumph* to Queenstown, so the *Duke of Wellington* and *Revenge* will both become things of the past. One old ship, the last of a class which in their day did good work, last month finally disappeared, and her familiar form will no more be seen in the home ports; we refer to the old *Valorous*, the last of the paddle-frigates, which, after having been continually employed from the Crimean War downwards, was last month paid-off, completely worn out. She was one of the few links left connecting the new navy with that of the past, and as such was an object of interest to many.

With regard to the failure to realise the expected speed in so many of our new ships, it must in justice be said that, judging from past experience, it will probably be found that after



they have been a little time in commission, and the engineers and stokers have become accustomed to their engines and their work, a great improvement may in most of them be looked for in that respect. We find that the *Impérieuse*, which has now been in commission on the China station nearly two years, on her last full-speed trial made over 16 knots without using forced draught, a better result than was obtained when running on the measured mile. In Australia the *Orlando*, also now nearly two years in commission, made over 18 knots without apparently straining her engines or boilers in any way. In the Mediterranean the *Phaeton*, whose machinery for the first two years gave an infinite amount of trouble, now makes her 16 knots, when her bottom is clean and the weather is favourable, without any trouble. The *Fearless*, which, when first commissioned, could not go 10 knots without breaking down, now does her 14·5 easily. Other ships have improved in the same way; the *Archer* averaged 15·5 with natural draught the other day when steaming from Cape Town to Simon's Bay; we may, therefore, hope that even the *Medea* class, badly as they failed during the manœuvres, will considerably improve when once in commission. The Admiralty are also to be congratulated that at last they are taking steps to increase the *personnel* of the fleet; 500 more engine-room artificers and 1,500 more stokers are to be entered. It seems doubtful, however, if these men will be obtained until further inducements are held out in the shape of somewhat better pay and position. It is stated also that 2,000 additional boys are to be entered. It is high time that steps in this direction were taken, because it is quite certain that at present we have nothing like the number of either blue jackets or stokers which would be required in the event of war. The most pressing need of the service is stokers, and it is quite possible that the Admiralty will find themselves obliged to train up our stokers, as we do our seamen, from boys.

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## Sporting Notes.



THE most keen sportsmen have had reason to be satisfied with the excellent sport which has been obtained during the past shooting season. Partridges and pheasants have been more numerous than for several years past, the coveys of the former having averaged from eight to fifteen birds. Hares seem to diminish in number year after year. In Scotland the grouse season has only been a fair average one. On some moors immense bags were made, while others were almost depopulated by disease.

The Duke of Portland killed 95 stags in his deer forest at Langwell, Caithness, during the past season.

A satisfactory bag was made on the famous Phones Moors, near Kingussie. They extend to about 15,000 acres, and the average bag has been about 1,000 brace. Mr. L. Unwin, the tenant, has, however, killed 2,700 brace of grouse during the past season.

In Forfarshire great havoc was caused by disease. The splendid moors of Gannochy afforded almost no sport at all, and on Invermark, rented by Lord Hindlip, from 200 to 300 brace were bagged, while in 1888, 6,000 brace were killed.

On the moors of Glenmuick, the property of Sir James Thomson Mackenzie, and which adjoin Her Majesty's Highland home, about 1,500 brace of grouse were obtained, and a large number of stags.

From the moors in the North of England, the only complaints are the scarcity of hares. Lord and Lady Bective have been entertaining a succession of shooting guests. One day in the home covers 600 pheasants were bagged.

For the first time for many years the Duke of Devonshire spent Christmas at Chatsworth, "the Palace of the Peak." The covers



and preserves provided His Grace's numerous guests with good sport.

Owing to the absence of severe weather, woodcock- and duck-shooting have been below the average. Some good sport has been obtained, however, in the West of Ireland.

One of the largest bags of snipe on record has been made during the past season on the Braal Castle estate in Caithness, belonging to Sir J. G. Tollemache Sinclair, Bart. The snipe bags have yielded over 750 birds.

Baron Hirsch, who has rented Merton, Lord Walsingham's seat in Norfolk, has entertained the Prince of Wales and other distinguished guests. The cover-shooting was excellent, the sport being "fast and furious." Duck-shooting on the Stanford broad water afforded exciting sport.

At Luton Hoo, the bag made during the Prince of Wales's visit was about 2,200 head, chiefly pheasants.

The Emperor William and nine other guns recently killed at Springe, near Hanover, 235 wild boar, 29 stags, and 21 roe deer. As the Emperor shoots with one hand only, the shots are made as easy as possible for him.

The total bag of stags for Hungary during the past autumn has been 595. Of these, 70 were shot in the Royal forests of Gödöllő. Of the 595, the best was a twenty-pointer, the next best being two eighteen-pointers, whilst there were eleven sixteen-pointers.

At the annual roe-deer drive at which the Duke of Fife entertained his tenantry in Morayshire 36 roe were killed, besides a fair head of hares.

During the Earl of Dudley's shooting party at Witley Court, Worcestershire, 4,831 head of game were killed, including 2,679 pheasants.

Erchless Castle, Inverness-shire, one of the finest places in the Highlands, with 12,000 acres capital shooting, has been let to Mr. Alfred B. Loder for next season. The average bag of game is about 800 brace of grouse, 100 brace of blackgame, 50 stags and hinds, 12 roe-deer, and a good bag of partridges, snipe, hares, ptarmigan, duck, &c. There is very good salmon- and trout-fishing in the river Glass for about two miles.

Ardverikie, the principal Highland seat of Sir John Ramsden, has also been let for next year to Sir Edward Guinness, at the large rent of £3,000. The mansion occupies a lovely site on the shores of Loch Laggan, amid splendid scenery. The forest extends to about 27,000 acres, and has always been noted for the size and condition of its stags. There is some capital trout-fishing in the lochs on the estate.

The early spring salmon rivers (the Thurso, the Helmsdale, &c.) have been affording good sport.

The past fishing season has been noted for the large number of heavy fish that have been captured. On the middle reaches of the Dee, the queen of Scottish rivers, the sport was phenomenal. The Tweed also afforded good sport, and a 55-pounder was landed by Mr. Brereton, London. The Floors Castle water fished well, and the Earl of Home had also good sport on his water.

The re-stocking of Highland lochs and rivers is a matter which should be considered by the lairds in the North. Baskets during the last five years have steadily decreased, and unless artificial means are resorted to for remedying this state of matters, anglers to the romantic lochs of Scotland will certainly diminish in number.

During the past few years *salmo fario* and *salmo fontinalis* have been introduced into the ponds and water-courses in the Wold district of Lincolnshire. During the spawning season last year disease was noticed, and recently large numbers of fish have been seen in a dying state.

The grayling season has been, on the whole, a good one. The Wye and the Derwent, as well as the Yorkshire streams, all afforded good sport.

The splendid sporting estate of Dunmaglass near Inverness has been sold to Mr. Sapper, the shooting tenant, and the ancient name of Macgillivray disappears from the roll of proprietors in the Highlands. It was Alexander Macgillivray, of Dunmaglass, who commanded the Clan Chattan at Culloden, where he fell, leading the desperate charge of his clan in their attempt to turn the left of the Royal army.

The past year has seen the transfer of many well-known estates held for generations by old families. The largest transaction was



the sale of Norton Hall and 7,000 acres in Lincolnshire, the property of the Marquis of Ripon, which was purchased by Mr. C. F. Cunliffe Lister. Fyvie Castle in Aberdeenshire was purchased along with the estate of 10,700 acres by Mr. A. J. Leith, son of Admiral Leith.

A fine specimen of the golden eagle was recently shot at Eastwell Park, Kent, the seat of Mr. T. C. A. Campbell. The bird measured eight feet from wing to wing.

The young sea-birds brought from the Farne Islands to St. James's Park, have not thriven. The puffins died within three months, and the guillemots survived only a little longer. The cormorants are the only survivors, and have now become acclimatized.

The £60,000 which the Duke of Portland won last year places him far a-head of his turf contemporaries. Of this large sum "Donovan" won nearly £40,000. The next largest winner is Mr. Milner with £21,000; Mr. Warren De La Rue comes next with about £10,000; and Mr. Abington follows with £9,400. The other winners are Mr. Blundell Maple, £9,000; Mr. Douglas Baird, £9,000; Mr. R. C. Vyner, Prince Soltykoff, and Mr. James Lowther, £7,000 each; the Earl of Zetland, Baron Alfred Rothschild, Mr. Douglass, and Mr. C. D. Rose, between £6,000 and £7,000 each; Sir Robert Jardine, and Mr. Hammond £5,000 each; Lord Dudley, £4,000; General Byrne, £4,700; the Duke of Hamilton, £4,600; the Duke of Westminster, £4,000; the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Houldsworth, £3,500 each; the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Portsmouth, £100 each; Lord Rosebery and Mr. Lefevre won nothing at all.

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## A List of Military Inventions

PATENTED DURING THE FOREGOING MONTH.

*[This List is specially compiled for the ILLUSTRATED NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE by Messrs. Rayner and Cassell, patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom all information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.]*

- 19,800. Improvements in davits. LEONID RASKAZOFF, 24, Southampton Buildings, London.
- 19,971. Improvements in percussion fuses for explosive projectiles. ABRAHAM MARTIN, 53, Chancery Lane, London.
- 20,220. Improvements in apparatus for maintaining a constant plane in a floating vessel. BEAUCHAMP TOWER, 28, Southampton Buildings, London.
- 20,230. Improvements relating to recoil presses for heavy guns. ANDREW NOBLE and CHAS. H. MURRAY, 24, Southampton Buildings, London.
- 20,252. Improvements in ordnance and projectiles therefor. BEN WHITELEY, Graveleythorp Terrace, Halton, near Leeds.
- 20,747. An improved mounting for a quick-firing gun. JOSIAH VAVASSEUR, 24, Southampton Buildings, London.
- 20,808. Improvements in applying bands to projectiles or other articles. ALFRED CLAYTON COLE, 47, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.
- 20,857. Improvements in mounting heavy guns, and in supplying ammunition thereto. JOHN EDWARD COMPTON BRACEBRIDGE, 24, Southampton Buildings, London.
- 20,895. Improvements in signalling at sea. JOHN WM. WATSON, 54, Fleet Street, London.
- 138. Improvements in movable targets for military practice. FRANCIS CLARKE, 53, Chancery Lane, London.
- 185. Improvements in screw propellers. ALEXANDER VOGELSANG, 4, South Street, Finsbury.
- 214. Improved construction of gun-mounting for firing from a fixed point or in the field. JEAN BAPTISTE GUSTAVE ADOLPHE CANET, 52, Chancery Lane, London.

### SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

- 18,924. MURPHY. Ships' logs, &c. 1889. 8d.
- 2,450. SMALLMAN. Guns and rifles. 1889. 6d.
- 1,880. ROGERS & ROGERS. Drop-down guns. 1889. 8d.
- 17,746. GREENER. Gun barrels. 1889. 6d.
- 17,180. BOULT (Eichbaum). Pneumatic guns. 1889. 8d.

The above specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner and Cassell, 37, Chancery Lane, at the price quoted.



## Reviews.

*La Fortification Permanente Actuelle.* Par Lieut.-Colonel CRAINCICANO. (Paris: Baudoin et Cie. 1889.)

The author, an officer of Roumanian Engineers, after reviewing the systems of permanent fortifications now in vogue, comes to the conclusion that they fail to lend sufficient protection against a *coup de main*, unless the fortress be provided with a garrison disproportionately strong. He therefore advocates a line of smaller forts, armed with iron turrets, but nearer to the body of the place, and consequently with shorter intervals, these to be connected by a glacis and covered way guarded by abattis and wire entanglements. The detached forts, however, are to be employed chiefly for flanking the sector of the *enceinte* assailed by the besiegers, the main defence consisting of an overwhelming force of heavy guns, concentrated behind the covered way at the menaced point from all parts by Mugin's circular railway and movable batteries (*vide* our issue last July). To support this flanking fire *ravelins-caponnières* would be built in the intervals between the detached forts. The use of ditches is condemned unless they be furnished with *caponnières* and scarps indestructible from a distance; the rapidity of modern fire enabling the defenders to dispense with this kind of obstacle. Plans and sections of the proposed forts and *ravelins-caponnières* are annexed.

*Unsere Festungen.* Von A. HENNING, Ingenieur-Hauptmann, z. D. (Berlin: A. Bath, 1890.)

This book is an attempt to solve the problem of how to adapt the art of fortification to the military resources which are at the disposal of the besieger in these days of long-range projectiles. Though an Engineer officer, the motto chosen by the author is "*Virtus ariete fortior*," which, it may be added, he reiterates *ad nauseam* from beginning to end of his pages. Germany, he maintains, requires but one, or at most two, great fortresses to afford an asylum in the event of overwhelming military disaster; more than this would cripple her powers of offensive action. The system evolved by him differs *in toto* from that advocated in the treatise noticed above in that it retains the *enceinte* as its characteristic feature; this would be of the ordinary polygonal trace reinforced with iron turrets. The profile is extremely low and the glacis of great extent and height, peculiarities which render the rifle fire from the ramparts (on which, as distinguished from the heavy ordnance, the writer's theory principally depends) as *rasant*, or grazing, as it can well be made. The book is written in the obscurest of German, and will not be found intelligible by most English officers without close study and attention. It may, however, be read with advantage by every Engineer.

## At the Play.

THE programmes specially arranged for the Christmas holidays have of course been the principal features at the theatres during January, and of these it is somewhat late to speak. Last year we had only one pantomime at the West End, this year we have four; two "regular"—at DRURY LANE and HER MAJESTY'S—one "semi-equestrian"—at COVENT GARDEN—and one "juvenile"—at the AVENUE.

At the latter theatre a very old friend has also been revived, namely, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," by W. Brough, a name which recalls memories of a combination which included David James, T. Thorne, Turner, Miss Amy Sheridan, and many more. The burlesque has been written up to date, and put on the stage with a magnificence never attempted in the old days, and is moreover well acted by Mr. Chevalier, Mr. Tapley, Mr. H. Grattan, Miss Marie Linden, and others. Mr. Alexander's tenancy of this theatre will begin, with the production of "Dr. Bill," by Mr. Hamilton Aide, just after we go to press.

Much interest has been felt in Mr. F. Benson's experiment at the GLOBE, where he has inaugurated his series of Shakesperian productions with "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Everything has been done that taste and liberality can do to make the setting artistic and suitable, and as a pretty spectacle full of refinement and thought the production is strikingly successful. The acting is intelligent and adequate, but not more; though Mr. Weir, a very capable and versatile actor, comes near making a hit in the part of Bottom. The clown's buffooneries are overdone—it is considered as necessary to overdo them as it is to spoil "The Critic" by similar exaggerations—but we had almost hoped that Mr. Benson's taste would have restrained his followers in this respect, the more so that his part in the provinces was, we believe, usually Quince. "The Taming of the Shrew," with Mr. and Mrs. Benson as Petruchio and Katharine, is being performed on two nights in the week.

At the ROYALTY, Mr. Burnand's burlesque of "La Tosca," having survived an unfortunate first night, now goes briskly and does itself justice. Mr. Burnand knows what a burlesque means (though he is seldom happy in burlesquing the *names* of the pieces he victimizes, witness "Paw Clawdian" and the present feeble "Tra la la Tosca,"), and has made good use of the many weak



spots in Sardou's play ; but the point of the piece really depends on Miss Ayrton's exceedingly clever imitation of Mrs. Bernard Beere, rather feebly backed up by Mr. Arthur Robert's drolleries in the character of Scarpia. Everyone who has seen Mrs. Bernard Beere should certainly see Miss Ayrton. The imitation is sometimes so close that one could almost fancy the original was before one ; sometimes the exaggeration is just enough to be amusing. The only dull scene is the last but one, where all depends on Mr. Roberts, and Miss Ayrton has less chance. The burlesque on Miss Leclercq is pointless. The music is pretty, and the scenery and dresses sufficient, but the success of the piece must depend on the number of people who go to see the original, and we cannot think that this last will ever be a popular favourite.

At TOOLE'S, the manager has been running through several of his favourite pieces before leaving England. "Dot," "Paul Pry," "The Don," "Uncle Dick's Darling," &c. Those who are content as long as they can see Mr. Toole have, no doubt, been thoroughly satisfied, for he is well to the fore in all these pieces, and what is more he is always unmistakably Mr. Toole. Those who prefer a more varied diet had better go elsewhere, though there are some clever actors in the company too, when they get a chance. Mr. Lownes is excellent as Lionel Darrell in "The Don," and Miss Eliza Johnstone is capital in a character part.

At the VAUDEVILLE, the production of Mr. Buchanan's "Clarissa" has been postponed owing to the illness of Mr. T. Thorne, and "The School for Scandal" has been put on, confessedly as a stop-gap.

At the CRITERION, "Caste" has been withdrawn after a revival-run much too short for its merits, which were really considerable if one could abstain from comparisons and shut one's eyes and ears when Mrs. Charles Poole was on the stage, and has given way to another revival, that of "Cyril's Success."

TERRY'S, at the conclusion of the long and well-deserved run of "Sweet Lavender," will reopen for the production of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's comedy, under the management of Miss Cissy Grahame, who has the chief part in it.

Mr. Langtry's reign at the ST. JAMES'S is shortly to begin with "As You Like It," when London will have the opportunity of judging of Mr. Arthur Bouchier, whose fame as an amateur at Oxford is so widely spread. He is to be the Jacques, while Mr. L. Cautley appears in Orlando, Mr. Sugden in Touchstone, and the manageress, of course, in Rosalind.

At the PRINCE OF WALES'S, "Paul Jones" has given way to a successor called "Marjorie," which had a rather mixed reception on its first night, owing to a feeble third act and the fact that Miss Phyllis Broughton was given a situation which the audience chose to interpret as appropriate to her own circumstances. Miss Agnes Huntingdon is again the chief figure in the piece, and with the help of Mr. Hayden Coffin and pretty scenery and dress, will perhaps make a success of it.

*Pieces already noticed and still running.*

ADELPHI.—“London Day by Day,” melodrama, Mr. G. Alexander, Mons. Marius, Mr. Shine, Mr. L. Rignold, Mr. Abingdon, Miss Alma Murray, Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Kate James, Miss Clara Jecks, &c., and “Polly’s Venture.”

COMEDY.—“Pink Dominos,” farcical comedy, Mr. C. H. Hawtrey, Mr. H. Standing, Mr. A. Maltby, Mr. A. Boucicault, Miss Alma Stanley, Miss Goldney, Miss F. Robertson, Miss L. Cowell, Miss R. Saker, &c., and “One Summer Night.”

COURT.—“Aunt Jack,” three-act farce, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. F. Mervin, Mr. A. Aynesworth, Mr. F. Cape, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Filippi, Miss Florence Wood, &c., and “To the Rescue,” Mr. R. Boleyn, Mrs. Phelps, &c.

GAIETY.—“Ruy Blas,” burlesque, Mr. F. Leslie, Mr. F. Storey, Mr. D. Somers, Miss E. Farren, Miss Marion Hood, Miss Sylvia Grey, Miss Letty Lind, &c.

GARRICK.—“La Tosca,” drama, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. H. Waring, Mr. S. Brough, Mr. G. Farquhar, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss B. Hatton, &c.

HAYMARKET.—“A Man’s Shadow,” melodrama, Mr. H. B. Tree, Mr. J. Fernandez, Mr. Kemble, Mr. C. Collette, Mr. E. Robson, Mrs. Tree, Miss Norreys, Miss Minnie Terry, Miss J. Neilson, &c., and “Good for Nothing,” Miss Norreys.

LYCEUM.—“The Dead Heart,” melodrama, Mr. H. Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Kate Phillips, &c.

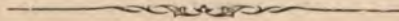
LYRIC.—“The Red Hussar,” comic opera, Mr. B. Davies, Mr. Alec Marsh, Mr. A. Williams, Miss M. Tempest, Miss B. Irving, Miss F. Dysart, Miss H. Coveney, &c.

PRINCESS’S.—“Master and Man,” melodrama, Mr. H. Neville, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. R. Pateman, Mr. Bassett Roe, Miss Bella Pateman, Miss Fanny Brough, Mrs. Huntley, &c.

SAVOY.—“The Gondoliers,” comic opera, Mr. R. Barrington, Mr. C. Pounds, Mr. F. Wyatt, Mr. W. Denny, Miss G. Ulmar, Miss J. Bond, Miss R. Brandram, Miss Decima Moore, &c.

SHAFTESBURY.—“The Middleman,” drama, Mr. Willard, Mr. Macintosh, Mr. Garden, Mr. Cane, Mr. Esmond, Miss Maude Millett, Miss A. Hughes, &c.

STRAND.—“Our Flat,” three-act farce, Mr. W. Edouin, Mr. C. Fawcett, Mr. W. Hawtrey, Mr. Eversfield, Miss May Whitty, Miss Goward, &c., and “Boys will be Boys.”





## Foreign Service Magazines.

### SUMMARY OF ARTICLES.

**JOURNAL DE LA MARINE. LE YACHT.** (Paris: 55, Rue du Châteaudun.) Nos. 614 to 617.

Our (the French) Submarine Boats (No. 614)—The French Programme of Naval Construction (No. 615)—The Chinese Cruiser *Chih-Yuen* (No. 615)—Progress in Yachting (No. 616)—French Vessels in Commission on the 25th December 1889 (No. 616)—The Navies of the World in 1889 (No. 617).

**REVUE DE CAVALERIE.** (Paris: Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) December 1889.

Saint-Croix (1782 to 1810)—The New Regulations for the Italian Cavalry (*concluded*)—German Cavalry (*continued*)—Study on Patrols (*concluded*)—A Raid of Dutch Horse in France in 1707.

**LA REVUE D'INFANTERIE.** (Paris: 11, Place Saint André-des-Arts.) December 1889.

Military Australia—Alpine Convoys in the Italian Army (*concluded*)—Notes on Warfare on a Large Scale (*concluded*).

**LE PROGRÈS MILITAIRE.** (Paris: 34, Rue du Mont Thabor.) Nos. 952 to 956.

The French Colonial Army (No. 952)—Hygiene in the Army (No. 954)—The Enciente of Paris (No. 954)—Regimental Names (No. 955)—Remount Depôts (No. 955).

**LE SPECTATEUR MILITAIRE.** (Paris: 15, Rue Saint-Benoit.) 15th December 1889.

The Law of Promotion (in the French Army)—The Campaign of Turenne and Condé in Flanders and Artois in 1654 (*continued*)—Historical Publications: Are we Ready?—Cavalry Armament.

**REVUE DU CERCLE MILITAIRE.** (Paris: 37, Rue de Bellechasse.) 22nd and 29th December 1889, and 5th and 12th January 1890.

Osman Pasha (with a portrait) (22nd December)—Vauban's Letters of Recommendation (22nd December)—The Ammunition Supply of Artillery in the Field (5th January)—The Moral Training of the Soldier in General and of the Cavalrymen in Particular (5th January).

**LA FRANCE MILITAIRE.** (Paris: 11, Place Saint André-des-Arts.) Nos. 1,692 to 1713.

Siege Warfare (No. 1,692)—The Fortification of the St. Gothard

(No. 1,692)—Maxim Machine-Guns (No. 1,694 and 1,698)—The Proposed Reorganization of the German Army (No. 1,698)—The Provisioning of Fortresses (No. 1,699)—The *Corps d'Armée* in Germany (No. 1,700)—Russian Railways (No. 1,704)—The Use of *Sociétés de Tir* (No. 1,705)—The Bridge Across the Channel (No. 1,706)—German Criticisms on the Italian Army (No. 1,713).

JOURNAL DES SCIENCES MILITAIRES. (Paris : L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.) December 1889.

French Remounts (*concluded*)—Notes on the Reorganization of the Army (*continued*)—Service in the Army (*continued*)—Fire Tactics and the French Musketry Regulations (*continued*)—War Schools in Germany—The Campaign in Tonquin (*continued*).

JAHRBUECHER FUER DIE DEUTSCHE ARMEE UND MARINE. (Berlin : Richard Wilhelmi, Dorotheenstr., 55.) January, 1890.

The Political Correspondence of Frederick the Great—The Campaigns of Field Marshal Radetzky in Upper Italy, 1848-49 (*continued*)—Night Fighting—The New Regulations for the Austro-Hungarian Infantry—The Reorganization of the French Artillery—Ships' Armour and Ships' Guns.

INTERNATIONAL REVUE. (Rathenow : Verlag von Max Babenzlein.) December 1889.

Trials with Krupp's Quick-Firing Guns—Changes in the German Army and Navy—Smokeless Powder—Lieutenant-Colonel Schumann (*concluded*)—England and Russia in Asia—The English Naval Manœuvres in 1889—The Use of Pigeons in Warfare—The New French Army Bill—King Dom Luiz and his Army—Servian Military Notes.

REVUE MILITAIRE DE L'ÉTRANGER. (Paris : L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.) 15th and 30th December 1889.

Military Life in Italy, after Marselli—Changes in the Constitution of the Spanish Army—The New Regulations for the Italian Infantry—The Military Organization of Roumania (*continued*)—The rôle of Artillery in Siege Operations—Military Schools in Russia (*continued*).

DEUTSCHE HEERES-ZEITUNG. (Berlin : Königgrätzerstrasse 41.) 14th December 1889 to 4th January 1890.

The Shoeing of Horses (14th December)—The Russo-Polish War in 1831 (*continued*)—The Life of General Field-Marshal Edwin von Manteuffel (2nd January)—The History of the 'Seven Years' War (4th January).

ARCHIV FUER DIE ARTILLERIE UND INGENIEUR—OFFIZIERE DES DEUTSCHEN REICHS-HEERES. (Berlin : Ernst Siegfried Mittler und Sohn.) December 1889.

Alfred Krupp—A New Means of Locating Defects in Guns—The Russian School for Artillery Officers.



MITTHEILUNGEN UEBER GEGENSTAENDE DES ARTILLERIE UND GENIE-  
WESENS. (Vienna: Druck und Commissionsverlag von R. v.  
Waldheim.) No. 12, 1889.

Notes on the Mechanical Qualities of Tubular Bodies—Recent  
Experiments with Lightning Conductors—The Development of  
Shrapnel—The Lartigue One-rail Railroad—Electrical Power.

MITTHEILUNGEN AUS DEM GEBIETE DES SEEWESENS. (Pola: Druck  
und Commissionsverlag von Carl Gerold's Sohn in Wien.)  
No. 11, 1889.

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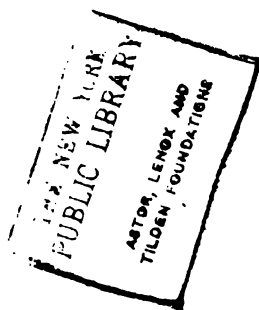
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No. 15.

MARCH 1st, 1890.

Vol. IV.

## Epochs of the British Army.

### III.—THE REVOLUTION (*see* Frontispiece).

**I**N the year 1688, when William of Orange landed at Torbay and fixed his head-quarters in our south-western counties, the separate armies of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which James II. had strengthened for illegal purposes, in most cases proved true to the cause of liberty in preference to the King's. The repeal of the Test Act, which would have enabled him to officer them with Roman Catholics, was the question which agitated all society, but the army assembled at Hounslow Camp showed strong antipathy to the measure whenever the King was rash enough to consult them on the subject. Nevertheless, he raised several new regiments to oppose his undutiful son-in-law, others being brought from Scotland and Ireland for the occasion. The 16th and 17th Foot\* were among

\* In this and the following notices we shall quote regiments by the numbers they subsequently assumed, although these were not in common use till the reign of George II.



the former class ; the 18th Royal Irish and the 21st Royal North British Fusiliers among the latter. On the other hand, the Prince, shortly after landing, caused the 20th Foot to be enrolled at Exeter from Volunteers who presented themselves ; and in the following year, when raised to the throne and compelled to fight for its possession in the close arena of Ireland, the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th Regiments were raised expressly for this service. In the same year the 25th King's Borderers were incorporated for the defence of Edinburgh against the adherents of the dethroned King, and together with the 5th Fusiliers were engaged at Killiecrankie against the chivalrous and gifted Dundee, who expired in the moment of victory. In 1691 the Borderers were transferred to Ireland, where they participated in the brilliant and successful actions at Athlone and Aughrim. The 26th Cameronians likewise owe their origin to sympathy with the Prince of Orange and zeal for the Protestant cause. The fierce and gloomy Covenanters of the west of Scotland, the followers of Robert Cameron, who had suffered so much at the hands of Dundee and his troopers, assembled in defence of the Convention at Edinburgh, till his death put an end to further resistance, when they were permanently incorporated as a regiment of foot.

In March 1689 James landed at Kinsale and in the following August Marshal Schomberg, William's veteran general, disembarked with 16,000 men on the coast of Down. The heroic defence of Londonderry had already ended with the discomfiture of the Catholics ; also that of Enniskillen, from which derived their origin three famous Irish regiments : the 5th Dragoon Guards, the 6th Dragoons, and the 27th Foot. On the 14th June 1690 William himself landed at Carrickfergus, and loud was the peal of joy which resounded throughout the province of Ulster. The King at once assumed the offensive, and the following regiments were included in the army under his command : the 1st, 2nd, 5th 6th, and 7th Dragoon Guards ; the Royal Dragoons, and the 3rd Hussars ; the 8th, 12th, 13th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd and 24th Foot ; with others which have since been disbanded.

The Franco-Irish host of James having taken up a position behind the Boyne to protect Dublin, William immediately advanced to that river with a motley army which, besides the forces above enumerated, contained various Dutch and Danish regiments, also bodies of French and Irish Protestants. The conflict, therefore, like the battle of Lützen, fifty-eight years earlier, was more one of religion against religion than nation against nation ; it was also an



episode in the great rivalry between William of Holland and Lewis of France. The Catholics occupied a fine position behind the Boyne; it stretched from the town of Drogheda on the right to Old Bridge on the left, where the stream makes an abrupt bend northward in its passage to the sea. This feature would appear at first sight to afford protection to their left wing, but in reality it compromised their line of retreat on Dublin by Duleek; for the enemy, by seizing the bridge of Slane higher up the river, might debouch in rear of the position and occupy that important defile. Seeing this, King William so directed his advance that, arrived at the Boyne, his centre confronted his rivals left while his right wing overlapped it. Then it was that Count Meinhard von Schomberg was despatched with a force of cavalry to seize the bridge of Slane. Lauzun, apprised of this movement, urged King James to take ground to the left with the entire army. This advice was accepted but its execution postponed till morning, when it was too late. For at about 8 A.M. on the 1st July, having learnt that the passage at Slane was in his power, King William gave the signal for a general advance, and together with old Schomberg putting himself at the head of the troops (the King led the Inniskilling Dragoons, as shown in the frontispiece), began to cross the stream. Tyrconnel's Irish on the right, being thus assailed, were unable to conform to the flank movement which was in progress towards Slane, and a yawning gap was consequently left in the centre of the Catholic line. All firing suddenly ceased as the Protestant array, with loud hurrahs and a mighty roll of drums, threw themselves into the stream and struggled under a heavy fire to the opposite bank. The conflict was a brief one. Tyrconnel's raw peasantry fled in panic terror from their exasperated foes, though the Irish cavalry, more inured to arms, behaved with gallantry. On the left James and Lauzun found themselves confronted with the deployed forces of the younger Schomberg, which were threatening the road to Dublin. The dethroned King, whose former nerve and *coup d'œil* seem to have abandoned him, ordered a general retreat on Dublin, which soon degenerated into a rout.

William, soon after entering Dublin, returned to England, having confided to Ginkel the task of completing the subjugation of Ireland. This was accomplished in 1691 by the capture of Athlone, the battle of Aughrim, and the capitulation of Limerick, military exploits which ended in the expulsion of the French from Ireland, when the Irish Guards took service under Lewis XIV. Having humiliated that monarch vicariously in the person of King James,



William betook himself to Flanders, in order to pursue his enemy on a more decisive theatre of war. Already in 1689 an English force had been sent thither under the great Marlborough, who decided the action at Walcourt by a timely arrival with fresh troops. The following corps were included in this expedition: the Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, battalions of the Coldstreams and Scots Guards; the 1st, 3rd, 7th, 16th and 21st Regiments of Foot. The 7th and 21st were "fusiliers," an honorary distinction which they still retain. Select regiments were armed with light muskets or "fusils" about this time, and their formation, together with introduction of the plug-bayonet, denoted the partial abandonment of the pike as a weapon for our infantry. The "Admiral's Regiment," it has been noted, had already discarded it as useless at sea. In 1689, however, this corps was absorbed in the Coldstream Guards, and five years later two regiments of Marines were raised as a substitute.

The British army gained no startling victories under King William in Flanders, but much glory. The Boyne was the solitary triumph in the field of that hero's career. It is wise, however, for a nation to look its defeats in the face, and to refrain from perpetually gloating over its triumphs. They are usually magnified in the mental vision while a convenient veil of oblivion is thrown over disasters. Of this the most cursory examination of our own history and the annals of foreign nations will convince us. Military success almost invariably depends on skilful leadership; when British troops have been well commanded they have conquered; when they have been ill commanded they have been worsted; and when the merit of the adverse commanders has been tolerably equal, British tenacity and pluck hath hewn a path to victory. In the preceding issue of this Magazine we have described William's defective tactics on the field of St. Denis; how he endeavoured to thrust his troops in mass through narrow defiles whose exit was swept by the enemy's artillery. He failed to profit by this experience. In 1692 he committed the same error against the same adversary, the skilful Luxembourg. This chief, after the capture of Namur, had posted his army at Soignies, on the road from Mons to Brussels, with a view to an early advance on that capital. The Allies, following suit, took up a position between Hal and Tubise to cover it, having their backs to the Senne, and were confronted with the enemy, who, having crossed that stream, were drawn up between Steenkirk and Enghien. William having detected a spy of Luxembourg's in his camp, conceived the project

of effecting a surprise by this instrumentality. The culprit was ordered to write a letter to Luxembourg at the King's dictation; to inform the French marshal that a reconnaissance in force would be made against his camp on the following day; and that no alarm need, therefore, be felt in consequence. Thus, when strong columns showed themselves early on the 3rd August in the vicinity of his camp, the French commander took no steps till they were close at hand. William had organized a strong advance guard mainly composed of British troops which, rapidly threading the defiles which led to the enemy's camp, were to make themselves masters of it by *coup de main*. The sequel, however, showed that, instead of rushing the position in column, they halted to deploy into line, thus giving the French marshal time to form his line of battle in the required direction, while the advance of their main body was of course impeded. The King had, in fact, invited the same kind of disaster which befel him at St. Denis. The troops under fire, clubbed by a contracted position, and riddled by a numerous artillery, were discomfited by a vigorous charge from the French Household Troops. Five splendid British regiments, after displaying prodigies of valour, were cut to pieces. A retreat towards Brussels was forced upon the Allies. Our soldiers, it was said, were abandoned by the Dutchmen of Solmes. We must pause before accepting this accusation. Unskilful tactics alone were sufficient to account for the repulse without having recourse to similar imputations. The action, owing to the narrow space into which the troops were crowded, must have been a medley where disciplined movement was impracticable. William's reputation as a military commander was vastly diminished by this disastrous day. He had selected his own field, but had led his troops to the shambles through gross mismanagement. The following, as far as we can ascertain, were the regiments of the British army present, and they were mostly in the front column: of Horse and Dragoons, the Life Guards, the Queen's Bays, the 4th and 6th Dragoon Guards (Carbineers) and the 4th Hussars (then Dragoons); of Infantry, the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, the 1st, 3rd, 4th and 6th Foot (this regiment suffered so terribly that the few survivors were sent to England, and were not present at the battle of Landen next year); continuing our enumeration, we find among the combatants the 7th Fusiliers, the 10th, 16th, 19th, 21st, 23rd and 25th Foot.

Owing to the nature of the field of battle, and the numerous obstacles which were scattered over its surface, "dragoon tactics"



were freely employed during the progress of the action. At that time there was a troop of Horse Grenadier Guards attached to the Life Guards; it was present at this engagement, and is stated to have frequently dismounted and charged on foot with effect. The 4th Hussars are also mentioned for their gallantry and skill in this exercise.

In 1693, the parts were reversed. The King was assailed à l'improviste by his able adversary; he had detached 20,000 men to the banks of the Lys, and crossed the Geete with a view to succouring Liège, which was closely invested by the enemy. He pitched his camp on a plateau of slight elevation, which extends between the villages of Neerlanden on the left and of Neerwinden and Laer on the right. In rear flowed the Geete, both flanks being protected by rivulets flowing into it through deep, ravine-like gorges. The villages likewise abounded in obstacles formed by gardens and walled enclosures which, placed chequer-wise, formed a series of natural redoubts. On the other hand, the Geete was in flood, and, spanned by no more than five rickety bridges, presented a dangerous obstacle to an army in full retreat. This naturally strong position the King fortified with a continuous line of entrenchments. The course of the action which ensued was unique in the annals of warfare. The French marshal directed his attack against both flanks of the enemy at once. In two successive attacks he carried the villages which defended them at the point of the bayonet; twice also did the King of England drive the enemy out again with the aid of powerful reinforcements drawn from the centre of his line. This denudation, notwithstanding the earthworks which had been thrown up, resulted in such weakness that it might have been pierced easily by the masses of French cavalry which Villeroy held at his disposal. Both opportunities, however, were permitted to escape. The fighting was very fierce at Neerwinden and Laer, and in this quarter of the field the Duke of Berwick surrendered himself a prisoner to Brigadier Churchill, his uncle, the brother of Marlborough. Never, perhaps, did the valour of our soldiers shine forth with greater lustre than on this calamitous day. Luxembourg, having resolved on a third effort, withdrew Villeroy from the centre, leaving De Feuquières in charge of it, William meanwhile constantly strengthening his wings until at last a yawning gap was left in the middle of his line. Into this opening, as the French infantry were once more moving to the attack, De Feuquières dashed with the whole of his cavalry, amounting to no less than 100 squadrons, spreading death and con-

fusion in rear of the Allies. William, at the head of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Guards was at Neerwinden, endeavouring by devotion, constancy, and valour to arrest the tide of inevitable defeat. Never was his heroism or the doggedness of British troops more conspicuous than in this disastrous hour. As the French carried Neerwinden at the point of the bayonet the fatal news arrived that the centre of his line was broken. Constrained to quit the field, he still covered the retreat of his shattered battalions with the British cavalry from the left wing, among whom were the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Dragoon Guards, while the Carbineers protected his escape over the Geete. It was a little before this that Lieutenant Hon. Compton Hatton of the Life Guards was created a colonel on the spot for disengaging the King when surrounded by the enemy's squadrons. The pursuit was not maintained beyond the Geete though the French cavalry was fresh and intact. William made his way to Tirlemont and there reorganized his dispersed forces for the defence of Brussels. The battle of Landen (called Neerwinden by the French) was a barren victory. Though we abandoned the field the enemy gained little by his success. We lost it because the superior strategy of Luxembourg gave him a large preponderance of force at the decisive spot and moment of time. The illustrious Frenchman died the year subsequent to his victory. Opposed in 1695 to his successor, the feeble Villeroy, William was confronted with a mind inferior to his own, which had nevertheless profited somewhat from twenty years' warfare against the best generals of Lewis XIV. The capture of Namur in 1695 once more proved that victory falls to the lot of the army which is best led.

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## Great Commanders of Modern Times.

BY WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

### III.

#### FREDERICK THE GREAT.



FREDERICK II. of Prussia, known as the Great, was born in 1712. The associations of his boyhood and early youth were ill fitted to bring out the qualities of a nature which, with many defects, was essentially that of a soldier and statesman. His father, Frederick William, had some parts which entitle him to a place among able rulers ; but, even as a king, he was a harsh tyrant, and in his private life and social relations he was scarcely better than a coarse-minded savage. History has fully dwelt on his strange acts and habits ; how, with ministers mere submissive satellites, he governed his kingdom with a rod of iron ; how he sate, in what was called his Tobacco Parliament, directing the affairs of a growing state according to his despotic fancies ; how he reduced his household to the level of lackeys, caned nobles, ladies, and domestics alike, and was wont to storm against them with oaths and curses ; how, in order to enlarge an overgrown army, he turned Prussia into an immense barrack ; and how he exaggerated in his treatment of his wife and family the barbarities he inflicted on his terrified subjects. That a lad, gifted with fine intelligence, who had a strong will and a genuine sympathy with Letters, Art, and the pursuits of Science, should, as he grew up, regard with disgust this system of cruel and grotesque oppression, and should fiercely resent the inhuman discipline to which he was himself subjected, was only natural and to be expected ; and Frederick and his father seem to have hated each other during several years with a cordial hate. It is unnecessary to dwell on this dreary episode in the life of the great future sovereign ; the





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Crown Prince was beaten, half starved, and drilled into obedience, with a severity that became a byword; he was forbidden books and liberal studies; and having sought refuge in flight from these unnatural wrongs, he was thrown into prison, condemned to death, and perhaps only escaped a malefactor's fate through the intercession of the Imperial Head of Germany. In the revulsion of feeling caused by this tyranny, Frederick drew more and more away from the King, his methods of ruling, his ways, and his habits; and when the advent of manhood set him partly free, he surrounded himself with youthful friends of a somewhat wild and licentious turn, indulged freely in the pleasures of his age, and led a life which was a tacit protest against the meanness, the rudeness and the barbarism of the Court. His leisure hours, however, were not wasted; he read a great deal, and to real profit; he attracted several French men of letters to the country house where he passed his time, and, amongst others, made the acquaintance of Voltaire; and though he dabbled in a poetaster's calling, he wrote books which give proof of a keen intellect, not original, but receptive and powerful. He was looked upon, in those days, as a wit and a philosopher of the Parisian type; but this was a superficial judgment, due to the accident of his life of restraints, and the genuine character of the man was completely different. Frederick had far more in common with his half brutish father than, probably, he was himself aware. His instincts were for despotic power; he had, at bottom, the Prussian military taste; and he sympathized with the display of authority in all departments of the State and of Government, and even in the relations of private life, though not exactly after the paternal fashion. As years advanced, too, and his mind developed, he became alive to the real merits, marred as they were by extravagant faults, of the old King's system of administration and rule. Prussia, a weak state in the midst of great monarchies, required a large defensive force, and the Prussian army had been made the best in Europe; Prussia needed an increase of national strength, and during the reign of Frederick William her population had multiplied and she had grown fast in wealth. The Crown Prince and his father became reconciled; and though, to outward seeming, they were perfect contrasts, they drew towards each other in feeling and thought, and were practically agreed on the national policy. Frederick went to the wars to please his father, and served with some distinction in the last campaign of Eugene, in 1734. Soon after this the King committed a charge to his heir which was, in after years,



to become a cause of great events in Europe. The House of Hohenzollern conceived that it had an old claim on the rich lands of Silesia, for centuries a province of the Austrian Monarchy; and Frederick William had often insisted that he had been cheated out of his legitimate rights. Almost in his last days he entreated his son and coming successor to vindicate those rights, in language of passionate wrath and earnestness.

The old King passed away in 1740; and the first act of the Prince, like our Henry V., was to get rid of the Falstaffs and Poinses who had been the former companions of his youth, though he retained his literary friends and tastes, and, indeed, held to them during an eventful life. His second act was to raise the Prussian army, which, in the days of the Great Elector, had never exceeded 40,000 men—and which had seemed of portentous numbers when made 80,000 strong by his late father—to fully 100,000 effective troops, a military force out of all proportion to what was only a third-rate kingdom. Within a few months, he had taken advantage of the bereavement and weakness of Maria Theresa; had laid claim to the whole of Silesia, and had overrun the province with thousands of soldiers before the young Arch-duchess could even attempt resistance. It was a rapacious and an ignoble act; but, to do him justice, Frederick was no hypocrite; he did not pretend that he was carrying out the injunctions of a revered parent, and he has cynically avowed that his ruling motives were greedy ambition and the desire of fame. It is idle, too, as Macaulay has done, to lay to his charge the whole guilt of the terrible and world-wide contest that followed; the simple truth is that all the Powers of Europe, tired of a long peace and restored in strength, were eager for acquisitions and conquests. France especially sought to regain her influence in Germany, and to weaken her old foe, Austria; and Frederick was not much worse than his crowned fellows. I must glance at the condition of the military art when Frederick made his first essays in it. There had been little wars and rumours of wars since the great settlement of the Peace of Utrecht, and Austria had overcome the hosts of Islam, but Europe had generally enjoyed repose during the long period of twenty-five years, and there had been nothing resembling the mighty conflicts which had marked the protracted reign of Louis XIV. No occasion, therefore, had presented itself for an exhibition of strategy like that of Turenne, or of tactics like those of Blenheim and Ramillies; and the chiefs of the last great war had died—Marlborough, unlamented, in his rest at Blenheim;



Eugene, Villars, and Berwick, covered with honours, and followed to the grave by national mourning. The armies, too, of the great military Powers had been out of joint, and had lost experience and efficiency during prolonged inaction; that of Austria, despite the warnings of Eugene, had been neglected and allowed to decline; the British army had almost gone to pieces, and that of France, though formidable in numbers and renown, too faithfully represented the feebleness of the State, and the vices of the Regency and of Louis XV. Yet if the art of war seemed thus in eclipse, the theory of war, as usually happens in periods of rest, had had careful students; the elements of military power had grown in Europe, and the facilities to make war on a large scale had been to a certain extent augmented. Saxe, about this time, had done a good deal in simplifying and quickening manœuvres in reviews; Montalembert, struck by the immense advantage secured to the attack by Vauban's methods, had begun to think of transforming fortresses, and experience of the bayonet had caused the numbers of the infantry in every army to be considerably increased, and had made infantry formations more light and flexible. The general growth of population, too, had made the available resources of war greater; the progress of husbandry and the development of roads had enlarged the possible scope of strategy; and the spirit of the age, more humane and civilized, was opposed to the devastation and waste practised in the wars of the seventeenth century, and even to such expedients as great defensive lines, which necessarily injured whole tracts of country. The art, therefore, though it had recently had no grand illustration, was in a state in which progress was at least possible; and a European struggle, there was reason to believe, might bring into the field armies more numerous and more easily moved than ever had been the case formerly. The most striking military fact of the time remains, however, to be yet noticed. While all other armies had relatively declined, that of Prussia had, I have said, grown to dimensions amazing for so small a State, and her army of 100,000 men was, even in mere numbers, in 1741, considerably greater than that of Austria, and only less, by a third, than that of France. Nor were mere numbers anything like a test of the real military power of the Prussian army. Frederick William's mania for big Grenadiers and for giant Guards may appear ridiculous; but the King had doubled the strength of the force which he deemed necessary to protect the State; and his army had become, in his hands, the hardest and best fashioned instrument of war which, hitherto, had



been formed in Europe. The subject of his incessant care, it had been drilled, disciplined, and trained in manœuvres by officers of experience and skill, brought up in the great school of Marlborough and Eugene; and its infantry, in particular, had acquired a precision and celerity of movement, and an efficacy of fire—this last partly due to the iron ramrod, then used by the Prussian soldier alone—which no army in Europe could even nearly equal. An Achilles only was required to prove this mighty weapon of unrivalled temper.

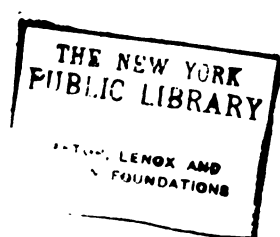
This is not the place to examine the policy of Frederick, in the war of the Succession of Austria. He wrested Silesia from the Empress-Queen, and by alternately taking the side of France and of Austria, and throwing his weighty sword into the scales of Power, the young ruler of a petty monarchy became the arbiter of two-thirds of the Continent. It is indisputable that he had no scruples, and that he often broke faith in this game of ambition; but he gave proof of no common statecraft, of precocious dexterity, and of great strength of purpose; and he has some right to plead at the Bar of History that, with the exception of Maria Theresa, he dealt with Kings and Ministers as false as himself. His kinsman, George II., was not unwilling to see Prussia effaced from the map of Europe, and he was treated by Louis XV. as a mere pawn of France, to be used and sacrificed to promote her objects. Nor shall I dwell at length on the first attempts of Frederick to conduct campaigns and to direct armies. He had not great original genius in war, or in any department of human activity, but his intellect was vivid, penetrating, strong; he was observant, and quick in seizing ideas, and he devoted himself with such steadfast patience to every pursuit undertaken by him that he ultimately became a proficient in it. These faculties made him the first soldier of an age deficient in great commanders; but his progress as a warrior was slow and uncertain; and, indeed, his triumphs, even to the last, were rather due, I think, to the force of his character, and the superiority of his disciplined army, than to pre-eminent excellence in the military art. The first campaigns of Frederick scarcely require the careful attention of the student of war. He occasionally showed a happy conception, and, as was always his wont, he was prompt and vigorous in taking the initiative and in striking his foe. But he was out-generalled in more than one instance; and in the campaign of 1744 he narrowly escaped ruin at the hands of Traun, though it is but fair to observe that this was largely caused by the incapacity and tardi-



Theatre of the  
SEVEN YEARS WAR

Scale of Miles  
0 20 40 60 80 100





ness of his French allies. The battles of Frederick during these years—and this is true, indeed, as to his whole career—deserve more notice than his general movements; and they have this special interest, that they attest the advance he made by degrees in tactics, and the admirable qualities of the army he led. His attack at Mollwitz cannot be justified, for the Austrians held his line of retreat, and defeat, which was probable, would have been destruction. As has often been pointed out, he made no attempt to turn to account the manœuvring power of his troops; but though he was driven from the field with his horsemen, the terrible fire and the unflinching constancy of his infantry gave him victory at last. At Chotusitz we, perhaps, see the first example of that insight on the ground which became one of his distinctive merits, inferior as he always remained, I think, in this important respect to Marlborough. He charged with his right wing at a critical moment, and the movement possibly assured his success, though the result of the battle was mainly due, beyond question, to his tenacious soldiery. In the operations that led to Hohenfriedberg he displayed no little resource and skill; he lured the Austrians on to make an attack in which the chances were in his favour; and though he committed a mistake in disposing his troops, which the victor of Ramillies would have, perhaps, made fatal—he left a wide gap in an ill-arranged line—still the Austrians did not seize the occasion, and their incoherent and partial efforts were easily defeated by his well-directed movements. It was at Sohr, however, that we see the first instance of the favourite manœuvre employed by Frederick, which, taking advantage as it did of the peculiar excellences of his formidable and highly-trained army, became the means of giving him many a victory, though occasionally he abused it, with disastrous results. By this time it had become evident that his troops infinitely surpassed the sluggish Austrians in rapidity and precision of movement; and like all soldiers, he was, of course, aware that could he attain and turn an enemy's flank without endangering his own position, he would necessarily gain an immense advantage. At Sohr, accordingly, availing himself of the "mobility" and marching power of his army, Frederick turned the Austrian flank with one of his wings, throwing the other back, and only bringing it up when the turning movement had proved successful; and the battle was won by these agile tactics. This manœuvre, repeated on many fields, was the celebrated "attack in oblique order," ever associated with the name of the King, and the theme of a great deal of foolish writing; it has proved successful



or unsuccessful as it has been rightly or wrongly adopted ; and the first condition of its success, it will be perceived, is the possession of an army more active than its foe, better disciplined, and more exact in its movements.

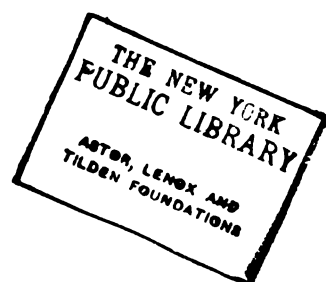
Prussia was at peace during the ten years that followed the first great defeat of Maria Theresa. Frederick had reached the prime of vigorous manhood, and a word must be said on the character of his rule, and on the tenor and pursuits of his life. His system of government bore a strong resemblance to that of his eccentric father, but with this difference—that mere arbitrary power was tempered by clear-sighted intelligence, and often had enlightened, if ambitious, objects. He was a severe, a meddling, and a pitiless despot ; but he checked the abuses of feudal nobles, protected the rights of the middle classes and the poor, enforced toleration in a still bigoted age, as a rule respected justice and law, and, on the whole, had regard to the national interests. The worst features of his *régime* were that he carried the rigid methods of the camp into the free relations of social life, and that he tried to regulate commerce and agriculture according to crude ideas of his own ; but if he checked the natural expansion of the State, and if his monopolies and laws of trade did great mischief, and were often failures, still his absolutism was, in the main, beneficent. Prussia was better governed under his stern discipline than any one of the Great Powers of the Continent ; the nation made astonishing progress, and the conquest of Silesia proved a blessing to a people which always detested the Hapsburgs. As for Frederick himself, he was the most industrious and hard-working Head of a State ever seen, and yet he found time for music and art, and for the society of the best men of letters ; and though his quarrel with Voltaire and the jokes and sarcasms he indulged in at the expense of his guests showed that he could be a tyrant even in his hours of ease, he was far the most accomplished Sovereign of his time. As may be supposed, however, the King devoted his chief attention to the care of his army, and everything, in fact, was subordinated to it. He does not appear to have loved war, but he knew that enemies hemmed him round ; he resolved to hold a high place among the leading Powers, and he left nothing undone to bring to perfection the great military instrument he had already proved. The army, growing with the growth of the people, and recruited from the lately-annexed province, was increased from 100,000 to 160,000 men, and it increased in efficiency even more than in numbers. The Prussian cavalry had not been equal to that of

Austria in the Silesian war; it was fashioned into a most admirable arm; and it is probable, indeed, that no cavalry has surpassed the squadrons of the renowned Seidlitz. As for artillery, the beginning of horse artillery—a revolution in the arm—may be traced to this time; and while the drill and discipline of the famous Prussian infantry were continued and even largely improved, every effort was made to render its fire more formidable than it had been before, and to cause its evolutions to be more exact and rapid. Frederick's army, in fact, trained to march, to change front, to wheel into line, to gather to a flank, to throw masses of horsemen on a selected point, and, besides, to turn its weapons to the best account, and all this with amazing precision and quickness, was, compared to other continental armies, like a practised athlete to a thick-winded clown; and though it was organized still in battalions and squadrons—for corps and divisions came afterwards—its power, "its mobility," its capacity for war, would be deemed wonderful even in our day. In 1755-6 the occasion came to test again the value of this mighty force. The Empress-Queen had never forgotten Silesia; she thirsted for revenge on one she deemed a robber; and she had succeeded at last in combining a League of the Great Powers against the Prussian upstart, who had exasperated the harlot who reigned at Versailles, and the adulteress supreme in the Muscovite Empire, by his poignant jests on their notorious vices. France, Austria, and Russia agreed to divide the spoils of conquered Prussia among themselves; Sweden and the small German States sought a share of the prey; and it was believed throughout Europe that the Prussian Monarchy, before a year had closed, would be a thing of the past. Frederick saw clearly the extent of his peril, but he saw, too, that he had one chance; the armies of the League were comparatively weak, and, what was more important, were wholly unprepared; he could move his great army at a moment's notice, and he seized the occasion with characteristic energy. Taking the initiative fearlessly, he struck at once, and in the spring of 1756 his trained legions had entered the plains of Saxony, and were pouring through the gaps in the Bohemian hills.

The great War of the Seven Years had begun; and, as regards the military operations of the King, it presents three distinct and well marked phases. France and Russia sent no forces into the field against Prussia in 1756, and Frederick had to cope with Saxony and Austria only, whose united armies were no match for his own. He seized Dresden with an overwhelming force; shut



the Saxons up in the entrenched camp of Pirna; and invaded Bohemia in two great masses, the first, under his own command, moving up the Elbe, the second led by Schwerin, a most distinguished veteran, advancing from Silesia, at a great distance, and with the mountains between, by the Pass of Nachod. The Austrian army, inferior in force, on the theatre, probably 60,000 to 90,000 men, was also divided into two parts; Piccolomini, a descendant of a well-known chief of the Thirty Years' War, held Schwerin in check with a comparatively small detachment of troops; Browne, with the principal army, confronted Frederick; and an indecisive battle was fought at Lobositz, on the banks of the Elbe, in which the contending armies seem to have been not far from equal in numbers. The campaign terminated to the advantage of Prussia; Browne failed to disengage the Saxons at Pirna; their army, surrounded, laid down its arms; and Frederick incorporated the men with his own troops, for Germans were usually ready to enter his service. The success was unexpected, and even great; yet, as Napoleon has justly remarked, Frederick might certainly have done more. Schwerin was paralysed by an insignificant force; the King at Lobositz was not stronger than Browne; and in these operations, as often happened, his bold strategy was very far from perfect. The campaign of 1757, the most memorable of Frederick's career, falls naturally into two parts; and it deserves the close attention of the student of war, for it strikingly illustrates the merits and the defects of this renowned, yet sometimes unsafe, commander. France and Russia, still unprepared, did simply nothing, until the early summer of the year; and Austria, now without Saxon aid, was left isolated for months to sustain the contest. Frederick was again certainly superior in force; he had 100,000 men at least, the best troops in Europe, against 90,000 Austrians, to a great extent of indifferent quality; and assuming the offensive he once more invaded Bohemia, by the valley of the Elbe, Schwerin, as in the preceding year, moving from Silesia, again separated from the main army, but at a less distance than in 1756. By the 1st of May the King had sat down before Prague, having advanced by the western bank of the Moldau; and Schwerin was still several marches off, with the Elbe and the Moldau between himself and Frederick. By this time Charles of Lorraine had taken a position along a series of heights not far from Prague, and his purpose was not to offer battle until he had been joined by Daun, moving from Moravia with about 25,000 men. Frederick, eager to prevent the intended junction, bridged the







Moldau under the eye of the enemy, leaving a detachment upon the western bank ; meanwhile Schwerin had passed the Elbe, pressing forward to Prague by forced marches ; and the two Prussian armies had come into line by nightfall upon the 5th of May, the Austrians remaining wholly inactive. The King resolved to attack before Daun could come up, and by the morning of the 6th his troops were in motion, longing and prepared for a decisive struggle. The Austrian army, about 60,000 strong, held a defensive position along a range of hills sinking towards the east into lowlands and marshes divided by rivers and small lakes ; the left resting on Prague and the Moldau, the centre and right extending to the hamlet of Kyge, near where the hills fall into the half-flooded plain. Frederick was probably equal to his foe in numbers, and judging that the Austrian centre and left could not be forced, he decided on turning his adversary's right, though the movement was one of extreme hazard, for it placed his army with its rear towards Daun, known to be advancing to assist his colleague. The Prussian army, separated by difficult ground from its enemy, marched in oblique order, with extraordinary speed and precision ; and it had soon fastened on the Austrian right, making fierce efforts to outflank and destroy it. Lorraine, however, had thrown back this wing ; it presented a new front to the advancing foes, and the attack of the Prussians was greatly impeded by the swamps and ponds covering the Austrian line, which made it difficult in the extreme to pierce. The battle raged for some hours with uncertain fortunes ; but the Austrian left and centre continued motionless, and did not even attempt a counter attack, although the occasion was most promising. A gap was formed in the angle where the right of Lorraine had been thrown back from the main body ; Frederick kept pouring troops against the enemy's flank, and after prodigious efforts, in which the aged Schwerin, a pupil of Marlborough, met a soldier's death, the Austrian right was at last broken, and the whole Austrian army lost the position, 12,000 men having been cut off from Prague and compelled to seek refuge in the camp of Daun.

Frederick had shown great tactical skill in this battle, and constancy of a high order ; he had detected the vulnerable point in his enemy's line, and he never relaxed his efforts until he had gained the day. In this instance, too, his favourite movement was justifiable in many respects ; the Prussians gathered on the Austrian flank, protected by difficult ground between, and a counter attack would have been no easy matter. Nevertheless,



his success was largely due to the immense superiority of the army he led. Compared to the sluggish Austrians, as has been said, it was "a panther darting upon an ox." Had Charles of Lorraine been a great chief, he would have paralyzed the attack by a movement from his left; and had this succeeded, Frederick, not improbably, would have been hemmed in between the Prince and Daun. In this part of the campaign, as in many cases, the strategy of the King was essentially faulty; and had he had to deal with a general like Turenne, he would have been baffled, out-manœuvred, and forced to retreat without having a chance of fighting a decisive battle. The invasion of Bohemia on a double line by the Elbe and Silesia, at far distances, seems to have been justified by recent events—any other operation is, besides, difficult in the case of an attack from Prussia—but the principles of the art do not vary; and, as Napoleon has said, this strategy gave the Austrian chiefs an immense advantage. Charles of Lorraine, firmly established in Prague, and holding a central position between the King and Schwerin, ought to have prevented their junction with ease; and had he been anything like a master of war he would have marched against each, and beaten both in detail. The King, too, committed great mistakes—in bridging the Moldau within reach of his enemy; in leaving a detachment on the western bank, when he had made up his mind to fight a great battle; and, above all, in venturing to place his army exposed on its rear to the army of Daun. Had Charles of Lorraine had the gifts of Condé, the Prussian army, superior as it was, would have bitterly rued these false movements. The King, after his victory, besieged Prague; but his sieges were scarcely ever successful. He drew no lines round the beleaguered fortress, but contented himself with a mere blockade; and it was well for him that Charles of Lorraine remained motionless, and made scarcely a sally, for, as Napoleon has pointed out, an active enemy would have made Frederick pay dear for his rash conduct, a remark which proves what would have been the judgment of the Emperor on Bazaine at Metz. After six weeks of delay round Prague, the King was obliged to move a large part of his army to encounter an approaching army of relief. Daun had fallen back after the defeat of his colleague, having rallied the 12,000 fugitives of Prague; but ere long he was reinforced, and by the second week of June he had reached the Elbe, and was drawing near Prague with 50,000 men. Frederick marched to oppose him with an army not less probably than 40,000 strong; and on the 18th—a great day in war—Daun was

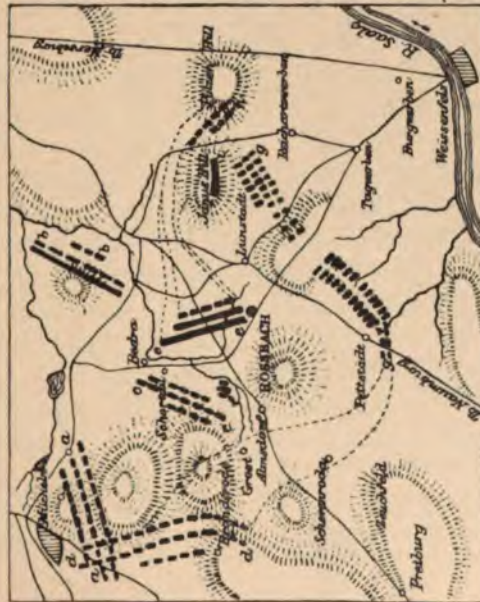


discovered holding a strong position, extending from near the Elbe at Kolin, along eminences, with an open country in front, to the hamlet of Hradschin. The King, elated perhaps by his recent victory, resolved to repeat the successful manœuvre of Prague; neglecting the Austrian centre and left, he decided on falling on Daun's right, and the Prussians once more marched, in their usual fashion, to storm a village and heights that overlook Kolin. Frederick, however, seems not to have reconnoitred the ground, and to have held his adversary in complete contempt; his left, as it gathered on the Austrian flank, had exposed itself to a counter-attack, for the field allowed this offensive movement; and, besides, the oblique order was not properly kept, for his right wing and centre were scarcely thrown back, and simply followed the advancing left. The movement, in fact, was a flank march, within reach of an enemy able to strike home; and the result, as usually happens, was a great disaster. The Prussian left was checked by a body of cavalry; Daun crushed the centre and right by well-placed batteries; and though he did not cause his army boldly to engage, he moved it forward so that his enemy was ravaged by a storm of destructive missiles, and ran the gauntlet of deadly musketry. The Prussian left, isolated, was at last routed, though it fought with courage worthy of all praise; and the whole army was driven from the field with a loss of fully a third of its numbers.

Pedants, who have deemed the attack in oblique order a talisman which assures victory under all conditions of place and position, have tried to explain away this crushing defeat; but Napoleon's judgment is evidently correct. Frederick made a flank march in open ground, under the beard of Daun, within striking distance, and the result was like what occurred at Austerlitz. Kolin forced the King to raise the siege of Prague, to abandon Bohemia, and to fall back on Silesia; and had his antagonists been great generals, he might have been overwhelmed before he had passed the ranges which overlook the Silesian lowlands. But Lorraine did not even break up from Prague till July, many days after the battle; Daun, a stout soldier of the school of Wallenstein, fond of entrenched camps and defensive lines, but in no sense of the word a strategist, lost a week in chanting *Te Deums* in his camp, to use Napoleon's sarcastic phrase; and Frederick effected his escape with little further loss, and held positions between Zittau and Bautzen. Nearly two months passed in petty operations, the Austrians plainly shunning a contest, and taking no advantage of



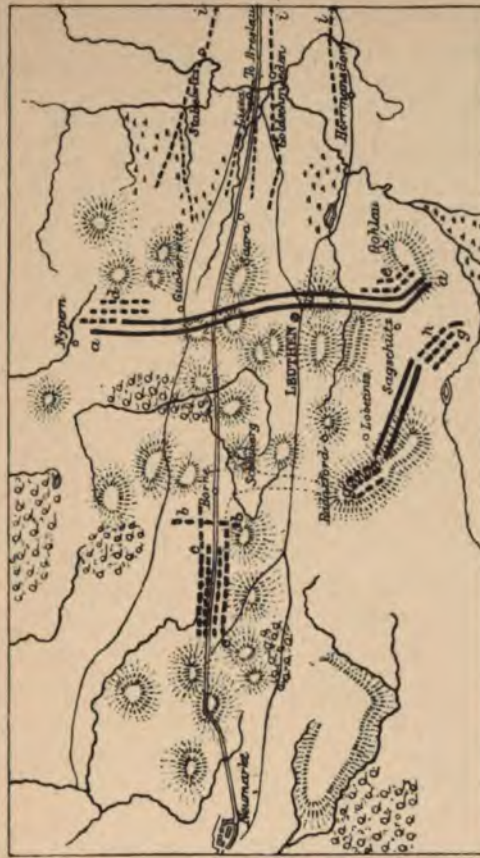
their splendid success, when the apparition of new and formidable enemies on the scene compelled the King to retreat towards the Lower Elbe. We have now reached the second phase of the war, and the second part of the campaign of 1757. Up to this time Frederick had had to cope almost wholly with the Austrians only, and had been superior in force on the theatre of war; the balance was now heavily inclined against him, and it was the conviction of Europe, as it had been from the first, that he would be annihilated by the League of the Continent. France had by this time two armies in Germany; the one 80,000 strong, under the command of D'Estrées, the second not less than 50,000 men, partly composed of contingents of the small German States, led by Soubise, one of the Pompadour's favourites; and Turenne and Villars had overrun Germany, and threatened Vienna with less forces. Meanwhile, Sweden had assailed the Pomeranian seaboard; a Russian army of 60,000 men had crossed the Niemen and attained the Pregel; and though the forces of the Allies were far apart, and D'Estrées was held in check for the time in Hanover by the Duke of Cumberland—the warrior of Fontenoy and Culloden—it seemed impossible that Prussia could withstand the enormous masses arrayed against her. Frederick, always great in the hour of danger, saw what was before him, and made up his mind; though still suffering from the effects of Kolin, he resolved to advance at once against his nearest enemy, Soubise, who had approached the Saale, in the hope of striking a decisive blow; and leaving about 40,000 men to keep the Austrians back, he marched with about 25,000—he had lately been reinforced—to make head against the French commander. Soubise, a degenerate scion of the great House of Rohan, and one of the poorest creatures who ever led an army, though nearly double in numbers, fell back before the King; and several weeks were lost in petty manœuvres, Soubise always seeking to avoid fighting, conduct fatal beyond all others to French soldiers. The news of the success of the Allies elsewhere on the theatre at last, however, compelled the French chief to abandon his timid attitude, and towards the close of October the army of Soubise returned to the Saale, and crossed the river, though it recrossed at the approach of its enemy. On the 5th of November, the Prussian army, which had made a short retrograde movement, was encamped, perhaps 22,000 strong, in a position near the Saale, with its left at Rossbach; and Soubise, who had fully 45,000 men, thought that he had caught Frederick, and could cut off his retreat. Full of the theory of the oblique order, but utterly



### BATTLE OF ROSSBACH.

5th NOVEMBER, 1793.

- a. a. First position of Combined Army.
- b. b. First position of Prussian Camp.
- c. c. Advance of Prussian Army.
- d. d. Second position of Combined Army.
- e. e. Prussians retire to Rossbach.
- f. f. French Cavalry, under St. Germain.
- g. g. March of Combined Army, to attack Prussian rear.
- h. h. Prussian attack led by Seidlitz.
- i. i. Position of Prussian Guns.

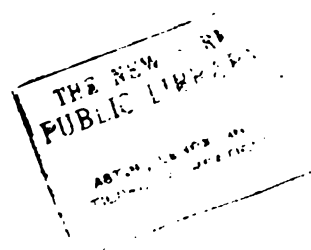


### BATTLE OF LEUTHEN

5th DECEMBER, 1757.

- a. a. Austrian Army.
- b. b. Position of Saxon Forpost, under Nestitz.
- c. c. Advance of Prussian Army.
- d. d. Luchow's Cavalry, reinforced by Daur.
- e. e. Left wing, under Nastash.
- f. f. Friedrich's hill of observation.
- g. g. Prussian Army about to attack.
- h. h. Ziehl's Cavalry.
- i. i. Retreat of Austrians.





ignorant how to apply it, he defiled in loose and irregular masses, without even an advanced guard, under the eye of his adversary, and well within his reach, in order to fall on his rear, and to turn his right; and the result of this insensate flank march was ruinous and most disgraceful defeat. Frederick, watching like a bird of prey its quarry, allowed Soubise to march to his fate; then changing his front, moving on the chord of an arc, and screening his operations with great skill, he smote the heads of the allied columns, unprotected and surprised, with the fire of well-placed batteries and the charges of the renowned horsemen of Seidlitz; and the whole army of Soubise was literally scattered and half-destroyed by the efforts of a force of only 6,000 or 7,000 men.

Rossbach was one of Frederick's most brilliant victories; Soubise was effaced for the rest of the campaign, and his shattered forces re-crossed the Rhine. The result of the battle was evidently due to the stupid false movement of the allied chiefs; but the King turned this to the best account, and his tactics were in all respects admirable. This triumph greatly strengthened the Prussian cause, and sent a thrill of exultation through German hearts; for Rossbach was the first great fight in which Germans, led by a German, had defeated Frenchmen; and the traditions of the day kept hope alive in the breasts of many a German soldier, during the sad years that followed the rout of Jena. The arms of the King, however, had been unsuccessful on other parts of the theatre of war; and, as the close of 1757 approached, his position was one of increasing danger. A contingent of Swedes had, indeed, been driven from Pomerania and forced into Stralsund; but the Russians had gained a great victory at Jägerndorf, near the banks of the Pregel; and though they had re-crossed the Niemen as winter came on, the army opposed to them had been severely treated. The chief peril, however, which threatened Frederick came from Austria and Maria Theresa, his implacable and untiring enemy. Lorraine and Daun had been largely reinforced after Kolin, and ordered to press forward; and at the head of probably 90,000 men, they gradually bore back and drove towards the Oder the detachment, not perhaps half in numbers, which the King had given to his lieutenant, Bevern. The Austrian generals seem to have thought that their mission was to reconquer Silesia; they besieged and captured Schweidnitz and Breslau; Austrian horsemen were let loose on the province; and Bevern was defeated under the walls of Breslau with terrible loss, and was ere long a prisoner. The intelligence reached the King some three weeks after Rossbach; his decision was formed with his



wanted promptness, and he hastened to the Oder by forced marches, from the Saale across the lowlands of Saxony. On the 3rd of December he had joined hands with Ziethen, one of his best officers, who had succeeded to the command of Bevern; but the united armies were not more than 35,000 or 36,000 men, for death and desertion had carried off thousands. The Austrians were still probably 75,000 strong—they were certainly in immensely superior numbers—and it seems astonishing that Lorraine and Daun did not try to trample the enemy in the dust who was moving against them from Glogau upon the Oder, and could not have had even half their force. The memory of Rossbach, however, was, perhaps, too recent; and, leaving Breslau, they took a position, defensive as usual, along eminences that look down on the village of Leuthen. The left, under Lorraine, approached the Schweidnitz, a feeder of the Oder, but with a broad space between; the centre held a long line behind Leuthen, with hills and ravines before its front; and the right, with Daun in command, stretched down to a forest and hamlet known by the name of Ny-pern. Frederick, having carefully reconnoitred the ground, put his army in motion early on the 5th of December; an advanced guard was easily driven in; and he pushed forward his right as quickly as possible, to turn and outflank the enemy's left. This time, however, the attack in oblique order was a most skilful and well-planned movement; the Prussian centre and left were thrown back until the effort of the right had told; what was more important, the army marched, screened by the valleys and hills, before the Austrian front; a thick mist, too, hung over the plain, and concealed the advance of the Prussian line; and this, therefore, was not a flank march within easy reach of a well-placed enemy. The Prussian right had soon turned and beaten the troops of Lorraine, which happened to be about the worst in the Austrian army; and though the Prince endeavoured to throw back his left, and to form a new front, as he had done at Prague, his efforts proved fruitless, and his whole wing was routed. The centre and left of the King now bore down in irresistible force on the shaken army; and though the Austrian chiefs did all that brave men could do to restore the fortunes of the day, and Daun especially made a bold attempt to advance the Austrian right for a great counter attack, their exertions ultimately were of no avail, and they were driven, utterly defeated, beyond the Schweidnitz. The losses of the victors were not more than 2,000 or 3,000 men; those of the vanquished were fully 15,000, with, it is said, 150 guns; and Breslau, with a very large garrison and all the wounded

and sick of the Austrian army, was in a few days in the hands of Frederick. Lorraine and Daun fled from Silesia as best they could, and the situation of affairs, from the Elbe to the Oder, had been completely transformed by a single battle.

"Leuthen," says Napoleon, "is Frederick's masterpiece"; an army, "wholly inferior in force and partly composed of beaten troops," defeated and routed an army two-fold in numbers, and that too with insignificant loss. The victory is the glory of the attack in oblique order, for the Austrian left was turned and destroyed without endangering the assailing army; the Prussian centre and right were engaged at the fitting time; and though a counter attack was tried, it failed, partly owing to the difficulties of the ground, which with the mist had screened the King's offensive movement. But, as Napoleon has rightly observed, the attack in this instance had nothing in common "with a flank march in the face of your enemy"; and it was "in conformity with true principles." The League against Frederick remained unbroken, notwithstanding the reverses of 1757; and in 1758 he had still to confront France, Austria, Russia, and the lesser States of Germany. The odds against him were still enormous; but the armies of the Coalition were widely scattered—Maria Theresa alone had her heart in the contest—and Frederick had gained one great ally which has often turned the scale in wars on the Continent. By this time the first Pitt was supreme in England; he was engaged in a death struggle with the French for empire in India, and in the Far West; and he turned his eye of genius on the heroic warrior who had conquered at Rossbach, at Prague, and at Leuthen. The minister supported Frederick with a small contingent of troops, and lavished on him immense subsidies, which the King turned to excellent account; and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, a very able man, replaced the Duke of Cumberland, and opposed the forces of France on the Weser, the Rhine, and the Main, with an army made up of German auxiliaries. I cannot dwell on these operations, disgraceful in the very highest degree to the fribbles and fops who now led the armies of France at the Pompadour's bidding; suffice it to say that the Prince of Clermont and poor Soubise were completely beaten, and the French were driven again beyond the Rhine. I turn to the theatre of war on the Elbe and the Oder, where Frederick directed the forces of Prussia. At the beginning of the campaign of 1758, he had one army on foot in Silesia, threatening Daun, who had replaced Lorraine, and had fallen behind the Bohemian hills; a second



army, under Prince Henry of Prussia, confronted the forces of the small German states in Saxony and along the Elbe; a third observed the Russians upon the Oder, and the King had perhaps 140,000 men to oppose to 250,000, not reckoning the French and Prince Ferdinand's army. The disparity of numbers was, therefore, immense; but Frederick had all the shorter lines on the theatre; the Russians could do nothing for months; and the occasion was one from which Turenne would have probably drawn no little advantage. Strategy, however, was the weak point of Frederick; and his first operations in this campaign show small comprehension of the art of war. Instead of attacking Daun, inferior in force and isolated, he had recourse to the methods of the second-rate chiefs of the seventeenth century, now long exploded; he invaded Moravia, and laid siege to Olmütz, as if the capture of the fortress, important as it is, could have been attended with great results. The siege, too, was conducted without regard to military rules, and the science of the engineer; lines were not drawn to invest the place; the besieging army was left exposed in widely divided camps that invited an attack; and, above all, the supplies required for the siege were drawn from Neisse, at a great distance, and through the difficult passes of the Silesian range. It was fortunate that, at this juncture, the recollections of Leuthen paralysed Daun. Had he fallen on the besieging army, he might have destroyed it; but though he loitered for weeks, and remained inactive, he did not wholly throw away the occasion. With the assistance of Loudon, the most brilliant chief of Austria in the Seven Years' War, he contrived to intercept and destroy a convoy directed from Neisse, with munitions for the siege; and the King recoiled from Olmütz deservedly baffled. Frederick was now in a situation of grave peril; he was almost surrounded by Daun and Loudon; his army was in want and distress; and had Daun been a great commander he would either have forced it against the Bohemian hills, or made it run the gauntlet of ever-harassing foes, defeat in either instance involving ruin. The King, however, was always great in such crises of fortune; out-manceuvring and gaining on his slow adversary, who never knew what promptness can effect in war, he advanced from Olmütz into Bohemia, and then, hastening along the verge of the hills, he emerged successfully into Silesia, making his way through the passes without loss. The march was one of the most brilliant and daring of the war.

These operations lasted from the opening of the campaign until

the end of July 1758. Frederick had suffered no defeat like that of Kolin ; but he had missed an opportunity to strike Daun, and he had only escaped a disaster at Olmütz by his admirable presence of mind and energy. The Russians meanwhile had crossed the Niemen and the Vistula, and had attained the Oder ; and, about the middle of July, they had attacked Cüstrin, and drawn near the detachment advanced to hold them in check. The King marched from Silesia against this fresh enemy ; the Russian chief, Fermor, when informed of his approach raised the siege, and on the 25th of August had taken a position in a marshy plain in the angle between the Oder and Warta, and overlooking the little hamlet of Zorndorf. His army, about 55,000 strong, was separated from its baggage, left in its camps, and it was drawn up in a huge rectangle, a kind of formation which had proved most formidable to the Turkish hordes, but ill fitted to resist a European army. Frederick, with perhaps 35,000 men, and evidently treating his enemy with contempt, marched right round the vast immovable mass, and attacked it with his left in his wonted manner. His guns wrought frightful havoc in the densely-packed square ; but he had once more risked a flank march in open ground, and Fermor flung a ponderous force on the advancing wing, which was nearly crushed by the Muscovite onset. The battle raged for some hours with the most savage fury ; the Russians displayed the dogged courage of their race, but Seidlitz and his splendid horsemen turned the scale at last, and Fermor sullenly retired from the field, the victors, however, being unable to seize his baggage or to turn their success to the least advantage. Having thus disposed of this tenacious foe, Frederick was compelled to retrace his steps towards the Elbe, for his presence in this region had again become necessary. Daun, after his partial success in Moravia, had not advanced, as he ought to have done, and joining the army of the lesser German States, had not overwhelmed Prince Henry of Prussia, an operation which was within his power ; but he had not been altogether inactive. He had detached Loudon to fall on the King ; he had laid siege to Neisse in Silesia, and he had made a movement which threatened Dresden, timid half measures showing the very poorest strategy. Frederick had reached Dresden by the second week of September, confounding the projects of his hesitating foe ; and he set off ere long to relieve Neisse, at the head of about 40,000 men, Daun menacing his flank in his camp at Stolpen. A pause in the operations followed, due probably to the formidable



attitude of Daun; but, by the close of September, the King had attained Bautzen in full march for the beleaguered fortress. By this time Daun had been rejoined by Loudon; their united forces must have been from 75,000 to 90,000 strong, and the Austrian chief had taken a position at Hochkirch, amidst woods and hills, barring an advance on Neisse. Frederick was close to Hochkirch by the 11th of October; he did simply nothing for two days, for he was waiting the arrival of supplies from Bautzen; and, confident that Daun would not venture to attack, he felt assured that when his preparations were made, he could easily turn the position of his foe. He paid dearly for his imprudent scorn of an adversary who, though not a great chief, was by no means a contemptible soldier, and who was seconded, besides, by a very able lieutenant. Daun had had ample time to satisfy himself of the numerical weakness of the hostile army; his arrangements were made on the night of the 13th, and on the morning of the 14th, he attacked in full force, and all but hemmed in the astounded Prussians, who, caught and surprised, were completely routed. The King extricated himself with extreme difficulty, and at a loss of fully 10,000 men; but, as usual, Daun made no use of success, and Frederick plucked safety and glory from imminent danger. Always rising superior to adverse fortune, he fell back a short distance only, and perceiving that Daun continued motionless, he actually stole a march on his inactive enemy as soon as his army was fit to march, and made for Neisse with extreme celerity. This was a stroke of extraordinary boldness and skill; and Frederick gained his object, with a defeated army, in the face of a victorious and immensely superior enemy. The siege of Neisse was raised on the 5th of November; Daun, instead of closing on Frederick's rear, having idly turned aside to menace Dresden, a demonstration that altogether failed.

The campaign of 1758, like that of 1757, shows the true qualities of Frederick in war; they were those of an inferior strategist, of a tactician of a very high order, but who sometimes made surprising mistakes, and was specially prone to underrate his enemy, and of a chief who, possessing a noble army, occasionally gave proof of extraordinary resource, and, in particular, was able to subdue dangers which would have overwhelmed a less determined captain. The King ought to have defeated Daun in the first months of the contest, when the Austrian commander stood almost alone; he should not have attempted the siege of Olmütz; he should not have risked a flank march at Zorndorf, incapable of



manœuvring as the Russians were ; above all, he should not have pitched his camp at Hochkirch, and given Daun a grand opportunity to strike, simply because he thought him a dull commander. On the other hand, Zorndorf was a real victory, no doubt due in a great degree to Seidlitz, but partly also to the energy of the King. Frederick completely baffled his foes at Dresden, and his conduct after Hochkirch in bearding the victors, in eluding them, and in raising the siege of Neisse, was that of a soldier of wonderful powers, though he owed his success mainly to the inactivity of Daun. There is a sameness in the course of the Seven Years' War, which in some measure detracts from its interest. The contending armies held nearly the same positions in 1759, when the campaign opened, as had been the case in 1758, and their relative strength was nearly in the same proportions. The French, under Contades and De Broglie, invaded Hanover from the Rhine and the Main ; they were opposed as before by Prince Ferdinand, and though De Broglie gained some success at Bergen—the first and last smile of fortune in this war on France—they were ultimately defeated with heavy loss at Minden—a day memorable for the bravery of the British contingent, and for the incapacity of Lord George Sackville—and they fell back discomfited behind the Rhine. In Central Germany, Frederick was again in Silesia and Prince Henry once more in Saxony ; Daun was outside Bohemia and the Silesian frontier, and the forces of the small German States on the Saxon plains ; and the Russians who, after Zorndorf, had returned to their steppes, were still hundreds of miles distant, and had not even drawn near the Vistula. Apart from the French and Prince Ferdinand's armies, Frederick had still perhaps 120,000 men to oppose to 200,000 or 220,000 ; but as had happened in the two preceding campaigns, he was not inferior in force, where he was in supreme command, for the Russians were, for some months, outside the immediate sphere of action. In these circumstances he might once more have attempted to strike a weighty blow at Daun, and Napoleon condemns him for missing the chance ; but the Prussian army had suffered immense losses, and was now crowded with ill-trained levies ; and he deserves less censure for this inaction than in the campaign of 1758. Several weeks were spent in small operations, which show that the strength of the King had begun to decline ; he attempted nothing resembling a decisive movement, and the war languished on the space between the Elbe and the Oder. Meanwhile his enemies had, for the first time, formed something of a real com-



bination against him. The Empress Elizabeth was savage at the defeat of Zorndorf; Maria Theresa had not changed, and a Russian army, fully 70,000 strong, led by Soltykoff, a true Muscovite, was directed to join hands with the main Austrian army, and to try to crush Frederick with overwhelming numbers. Soltykoff having crossed the Vistula about the middle of May, was upon the Oder in the first days of August, having routed a Prussian body of troops on his march; Daun, meanwhile, had despatched Loudon from Silesia to aid the Russian chief, and their united armies, about 80,000 strong, had soon effected their junction near Frankfort. Frederick had advanced, to parry the blow, to the Oder, with perhaps 40,000 or 45,000 men, and the hostile forces encountered each other at Kunersdorf, close to Frankfort, upon the 12th of August. The battle is chiefly remarkable for the characteristic stubbornness and tenacity of the Muscovite infantry. Frederick's manœuvres gained some success at first; indeed, Soltykoff was nearly forced into the Oder, but his men rallied behind a line of entrenchments, and the Prussians recoiled, hopelessly beaten, from the bloodstained defences. The King lost a third of his army, and nearly all his guns, and was with difficulty able to get across the Oder.

The situation of Frederick after Kunersdorf was critical in the extreme, and might have been made desperate. Daun, obeying Maria Theresa's orders, had advanced from Silesia towards the lower Oder; and, when informed of the results of the battle, he moved slowly to Triebel on the Neisse, about six marches distant from the victorious army. Had Soltykoff and Daun now combined their movements, and cordially acted in real concert, they could have opposed fully 120,000 men, in a central position, to Prince Henry and to Frederick and his beaten army; and as the Prussian forces were widely divided, and could not have been 80,000 strong, not to speak of the demoralization of defeat, Daun and Soltykoff ought to have crushed their enemy. The discords and jealousies of a Coalition, as has often happened, perhaps, saved the King and his fortunes at this perilous juncture. The Austrian and Russian generals disliked each other; the policy of their Courts had already begun to diverge on the question of the Turkish Empire; and Soltykoff was indignant that he had been joined only by the detachment sent forward by Daun under Loudon. The Russians and Austrians did not unite, as was quite possible, about the 25th of August, and Frederick turned this brief respite to the best advantage. His shattered army was reinforced by levies from



the north ; the artillery he had lost was replaced from Berlin ; and he was soon at the head of 40,000 men, while Prince Henry had thrown himself, with no ordinary daring, between the two hostile armies. Daun fell back towards Saxony in the first days of September, completely giving up the object of the campaign ; before long Soltikoff was in full retreat, and had recovered the Vistula by the approach of winter ; and thus Kunersdorf proved an all but barren victory ; Frederick had once more escaped from the toils, and the two Empresses saw their projects frustrated. The campaign, nevertheless, was a losing one to the King, and it terminated in a very great disaster. During the time when he had been compelled to move to the Oder, in order to face the Russians, the army of the small German states, with some aid from Daun, had taken the offensive upon the Elbe ; and, after capturing Torgau and Wittenberg, it had laid siege to Dresden towards the end of August, the city, it will be recollected, having been in the hands of the Prussians since 1756, and being their main depôt and place of arms. The attack had been unsuccessful until the news of Kunersdorf reached the commandant, with a letter from the King, empowering him to treat and to withdraw the garrison ; the capitulation was signed in the first days of September, and the portal of Bohemia and the main strategic point of Saxony were thus permanently lost to Frederick, who stormed in vain against his ill-used subordinate. The fall of Dresden was a great reverse, but it was followed by a still greater misfortune. The King, after the failure of the allied armies to join hands, had remained in observation for a time on the Oder ; but towards the close of October he fell ill, and for some weeks he was unable to do anything. Prince Henry, meanwhile, had followed the movements of Daun, and had marched into Saxony ; and a series of petty operations followed, which are not worthy of special notice. By November, Frederick, himself again, had marched into Saxony and approached Dresden ; and, with a want of perception difficult to understand, he committed a mistake, in Napoleon's judgment the most inexcusable of his chequered career. Daun was at the head of his army in Saxony ; a large Austrian garrison was in Dresden ; and there was no reason to imagine that this resolute soldier was contemplating a retrograde movement. The King, however, took it into his head that his adversary was about to retreat into Bohemia ; and always despising Daun, spite of Kolin and Hochkirch, he sent off 12,000 men from the main army to intercept the supposed movement. The officer



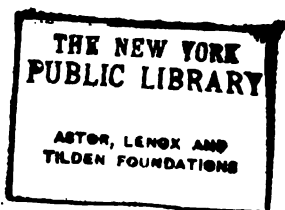
in command protested in vain ; Daun closed on his foe in irresistible force ; and the whole Prussian detachment, hemmed in and powerless, was compelled ignominiously to lay down its arms. Napoleon's remarks on the surrender of Maxen possess lasting and peculiar interest for the generation that has witnessed Metz and Sedan.

The third phase of the struggle had now come ; Frederick, superior in force until the summer of 1757, was henceforward wholly over-matched by his enemies. The symptoms of decline which had become apparent in the strength of Prussia in 1759 had been greatly aggravated by late events ; the losses at Kunersdorf and Maxen had been immense ; Frederick had been deprived of some of his best lieutenants, and the magnificent army with which he had begun the war had been reduced to a mere skeleton. On the other hand, his obstinate resistance had exasperated his foes ; even the listless and worthless Louis XV., notwithstanding the terrible reverses of France in Canada, in Hindustan, and upon every sea, began to be ashamed of defeats on the Rhine and the Weser ; and Maria Theresa and Elizabeth continued united in their thirst for vengeance. The Coalition made gigantic efforts to bring the unequal contest to a close ; France placed 140,000 men on the Main and the Rhine ; in Silesia Loudon had 50,000 ; Daun was at the head of 80,000 troops of the Empress-Queen and the lesser German States, encamped round Dresden and in the Saxon plains ; and Soltikoff commanded 70,000 Russians directed from the Vistula to attain the Oder. To resist these immense masses, the most numerous that had ever been seen in arms in Europe, Frederick could only oppose Prince Ferdinand and 70,000 men to the French army, twofold in numbers ; and though he was still subsidised by the gold of Pitt, and he had a central position between his foes, he had not more than 100,000 men, composed largely of mere recruits, to contend with the great Russian and Austro-German armies. The eagles seemed to be gathering on their intended prey, but Frederick had resources in himself and in the patriotic nation he ruled which the Coalition had not taken into account. His fierce, determined, and heroic nature exhibited itself in its grandest aspect ; extreme as his peril was, he had no thought of yielding ; his centralized and severe government still drew men and supplies from his half-ruined kingdom, and his people, proud of their renowned Sovereign, strained every nerve to fight to the last. The opening of the campaign of 1760 seemed to portend the speedy ruin of the King ; Loudon forced a Prussian detachment 10,000 strong



SEIDLITZ AT ROSSBACH.





to surrender at Landshut, in Silesia, a repetition of the disaster at Maxen; and Frederick vainly attempted to lay siege to Dresden, an operation as unwise as the siege of Olmütz, which Daun frustrated without difficulty, but which, had he been a great general, he ought to have rendered all but fatal. By this time Loudon had captured Glatz, and was overrunning the Silesian plains; the King, anxious about the annexed province, which Maria Theresa burned to reconquer, set off from Saxony by forced marches; but Daun followed on a parallel line, and in the second week of August, he had nearly joined Loudon, and closed round Frederick and his much weaker army. At daybreak on the 15th, Loudon attacked Frederick at Liegnitz, near the stream of the Katzbach, the army of Daun being almost in sight; but the double movement was ill-combined, and the King extricated himself, and even gained a victory. His position, however, was still most critical, and had Soltykoff, who had approached the Oder, co-operated with the Austrian chiefs, the King, humanly speaking, must have succumbed. Prince Henry, however, again interposed—a mere demonstration proved sufficient; the jealousies of the Allies did the rest; and Soltykoff, instead of striking down Frederick, merely marched northwards and plundered Berlin, a diversion that proved of no importance. The King, saved from destruction, returned into Saxony; the armies of Loudon and Daun diverged; and while Loudon remained in Silesia, Daun followed his adversary with the main army, and took a position at Torgau, on the Elbe. Frederick attacked Daun on the 3rd of November, assailing him at once in flank and front. The attack he conducted in person completely failed; but Ziethen retrieved the fortunes of the day, and the Austrian army was at last defeated. The “hind doomed to death” was not yet to die, and, after many vicissitudes and a marvellous escape, Frederick still held his own between the Elbe and the Oder. Meanwhile, as usual, the great French army had invaded Germany, and had accomplished nothing; Prince Ferdinand, as heretofore, had held it in check.

I shall pass rapidly over the last scenes of the internecine and protracted contest. The situation of Frederick in 1761 was much the same as in the year before, save that the process of exhaustion had told more on his resources than on those of his enemies. The French Court made really great efforts to repair the humiliation of four years of reverses; it put on foot a magnificent army of not less than 160,000 men, a force, Napoleon has remarked, sufficient to have conquered Germany if properly led; but its chief was the



worthless Soubise; and baffled and out-manœuvred by Prince Ferdinand, it returned to its winter quarters without winning a battle. On the true theatre of war in Germany the King was again immensely inferior in force; he had probably less than 100,000 men against 220,000 or 250,000; but these last, as always, were widely divided. The two Empresses recurred to the project which had all but succeeded in 1759. Daun, who had been severely wounded at Torgau, was left in Saxony to confront Prince Henry, and Loudon, now the real chief of the Austrian armies, advanced from Silesia, to unite with Boutourline, a new commander of the Russian forces. The King, utterly outnumbered, had recourse to the antiquated and barbarous method of wasting whole tracts to keep back Loudon; but the Austrian general made his way to the Oder; and, having left a detachment to besiege Schweidnitz, he effected his juncture with Boutourline's army at Jauer, near Liegnitz, at the close of August. Frederick entrenched himself within defensive lines, after the fashion of the preceding century; he had lost the initiative, and waited on his foes, and he was ere long surrounded in his camps at Bunzelwitz by enemies nearly four-fold in numbers. Loudon, a real general, was eager to storm the lines, and, Napoleon thinks, must have destroyed the King had Boutourline concurred in the attack; but Muscovite jealousy interfered once more, and the Russian commander stiffly refused to support his colleague, and marched northwards. Frederick escaped, as had often happened, by a kind of marvel; meanwhile, Daun had remained inactive in Saxony, and the only results of a campaign which should have overwhelmed Prussia were that the Russians established themselves on the Baltic, ready for speedier operations in the following year, and that Loudon captured the great place of Schweidnitz, the key, as it has been called, of Silesia. 1762 was the last year of the war, and as it opened the prospects of the King had never seemed to be so gloomy and hopeless. The circle of his enemies was narrowing round him; Daun and a powerful army held possession of Saxony and the line of the Elbe; Loudon occupied Silesia in great force; the Russians were preparing to march from Kolberg; and the French had 100,000 men in the heart of Germany. Frederick thought that the end had at last come; yet, unshaken by the approach of the tempest, he confronted it with heroic constancy, and like a lion who marks the advance of the hunters, he moved hither and thither with the wrecks of his armies, watching an opportunity to strike with effect, and determined to challenge fortune to the last. As had always hap-



pened in the Seven Years' War, the French operations completely failed, and Frederick contrived to recruit his forces with 20,000 Germans in the Austrian service, unwisely disbanded at this supreme moment. Yet these gleams of success appeared extinguished by an event that portended complete ruin; the fall of Pitt in detaching England from Prussia, and depriving her of her only ally, made the cause of the King apparently hopeless. Nevertheless, his grand strength of character was justly recompensed, and at the eleventh hour a series of strange incidents changed the whole state of affairs in Europe. The Empress Elizabeth suddenly died; her successor, Peter, became an ally of the King; and though Catherine, his murderess, who seized his crown, did not adopt the policy of her late husband, Russia withdrew finally from the Coalition. This became the signal of the dissolution of the League; France, disgraced and defeated all over the globe, made an ignominious peace with England and Prussia; and Maria Theresa, left isolated, and threatened by the Turk, the old foe of Austria, was compelled sullenly to give up the contest. The last event of the war was the recapture of Schweidnitz by the Prussian army; Frederick had successfully withstood the Great Powers of the Continent, and all that Austria, that Russia, that France had done had not even wrested Silesia from his hands.

A few weeks after the Peace of Hubertsburg, the King and his army entered Berlin in triumph. The pageant was very different from that witnessed in 1866 and in 1871, when Prussia had driven Austria from her high place in Germany, and had annihilated the military power of France. The magnificence of war was not to be seen; splendid troops did not line the squares and the streets; there was no procession of superb trophies attesting a series of amazing victories. The army which had begun the contest had well-nigh perished; its ranks were filled by men not of the stock of Brandenburg; its standards in rags, and its war-worn aspect attested the vicissitudes and defeats of a long and uncertain struggle. Yet the spectacle was one of enduring interest, big with great results in a far distant future. That army, made up of many elements from different parts of the great German race, like Wallenstein's army of a century before, embodied, however feebly, the as yet vague idea that Germany was a nation of one blood and language; and it was the precursor of the patriotic league which rose and fought for Germany in 1813-14, and of the gigantic hosts which, in our day, conquered the unity of Germany at Sadowa and Sedan. Frederick had no



sympathy with what, in his time, was merely a dream of a few enthusiasts; in taste and thought he was through life a Frenchman, and he never really looked beyond Prussian interests, yet he was the second Arminius of the Teutonic race, and the Seven Years' War was a new era for Germany. For many years, however, his own energy, and those of his people, were engrossed in efforts to repair the appalling ruin which had befallen his kingdom. Prussia was a land of desolation when he sheathed his sword; her population had diminished a tenth; her youth, equal to war, had been reduced one sixth; savage hordes from the East had overrun her provinces; every town was darkened with tokens of mourning; Silesia had more than one silent and deserted village. The Government, too, had become more despotic in the course of the war than it had ever been; the pressure of arbitrary taxation was frightful; a prying Inquisition had entered the homes of all, and, as has been said, "everything that was not military violence was anarchy." Yet the King was never before so revered by his subjects, and he remained the object of their love and esteem in an age when, in the decay of loyalty, every throne of the Continent was being undermined. This profound national sentiment was partly due to the real merits of the King as a ruler, but mainly, no doubt, to the patriotic pride of the martial and ambitious people of Prussia, which has never ceased to boast that, under its Great Frederick, it defeated the armed strength of three-fourths of Europe. This legend, indeed, is to a great extent a fable; the "miraculous," as Napoleon has said, disappears upon an impartial survey of Frederick's exploits in the Seven Years' War. For many months he was superior in force on the theatre; Austria, all through, was his only determined enemy; Russia was too distant to act with effect, and had a real interest not to weaken Prussia; and France either did not put forth her force, or—the Bellona of Europe—committed the weapons of Condé and Turenne to Soubise and Clermont, in their hands the darts of an impotent Priam. Even as it was, too, on more than one occasion the King must have been overwhelmed and ruined but for the dissensions of the Coalition; and it was his peculiar good fortune that, if we except Loudon—and this able and brilliant chief held high command for a few months only—he had to cope with generals of the third order. Yet admitting all this, and recollecting besides the many military shortcomings of the King—and his errors were sometimes of the gravest kind—still his achievements are justly held by Prussia as a glorious



possession above price; they remain, and will for ever remain, a grand monument of what constancy, decision, and energy can accomplish against odds which appeared impossible to resist.

After the termination of the Seven Years' War, Frederick never fought a battle again. He was threatened, indeed, in 1775, by an Austrian invasion to regain Silesia; and in 1778 the Emperor Joseph arrayed a great army against Prussia, to assert his claims to a part of Bavaria. These hostilities, however, came to nothing, and the King was allowed, during a long space of time, to carry out the policy he had laid down for himself. It was a policy of craft and ambition abroad; and Frederick, in his fixed purpose of enlarging Prussia, was a chief author of the partition of Poland, a crime shared by Catherine, and even by Maria Theresa—the conscience of the last was, however, stung—and the cause of unnumbered woes to Europe. His domestic policy remained one of enlightened despotism, of equal laws and of strong government, of arbitrary, but tolerably just, rule; and his kingdom recovered within a short time from most of the effects of the Seven Years' War, and made rapid strides in wealth and prosperity. The King was justly deemed the first sovereign of his age; but the three accomplices in the destruction of Poland suffered cruelly for a great national wrong; but for this, Revolution would have been quelled in France in 1792 and 1793; but for this, Austria would not have bled at Austerlitz, and Prussia and Russia mourned for Jena and Friedland. Though the centralized government of Frederick, too, seemed a masterpiece of wisdom and power, it proved unable to stand the strain of ill fortune, and it perished with the renowned Prussian army in the agony of 1806–7. Frederick died peacefully in 1786, having survived nearly all the sovereigns of his time. One of his last acts was to form a league against the pretensions of Imperial Austria; but he was utterly unconscious that a tempest was at hand which was to destroy the monarchies of the eighteenth century, and to create a new Prussia out of the wrecks of the old. I turn to my immediate subject. What is the place of the King among great commanders? Frederick had not supreme original genius; he was deficient in imagination, and often in judgment; but he had a powerful mind, intensely quick perception, activity and perseverance beyond praise; and he was endowed, besides, with a force of character and a steadfastness seldom bestowed on man. These qualities made him the greatest captain of an age wanting in masters of the art; and he accomplished wonders, spite of his many faults



with an army infinitely the best in Europe. As a strategist, he stands low in the second order; his ideas were occasionally sound and brilliant, but the plans of his campaigns were, for the most part, bad; and he had not the faculty of those great combinations which disclose real strategic genius. Holding, as he usually did, a central position between enemies widely apart, he would repeatedly have defeated them in detail had he possessed the science and the gifts of Turenne; and had he had to cope, not with the Lorraines and the Dauns, but with the general of Castiglione and Rivoli, he would have been struck down over and over again, as the result of his false and ill-directed movements. His place as a tactician is much higher. Frederick had real insight and skill on the field; he possessed a great deal of Marlborough's power of detecting the vulnerable points of an enemy, and of striking at them until success was attained, and his favourite manœuvre, when properly understood, is an illustration of the great principle that you should always so place your troops on the ground as to turn it to the best advantage, and to make the most of their powers upon it. Yet the King had not Marlborough's unerring skill; even as a tactician he made great mistakes. He was deservedly beaten at Kolin and Hochkirch; he had the great fault of sometimes losing his temper. There is a bad mannerism in his conduct of battles, and more than once he completely ignored the conditions under which, and under which alone, the attack in oblique order can be risked or justified. The title of Frederick to rank among the first of warriors depends less, in fact, upon his intellectual faculties than upon his grand and extraordinary moral qualities, tenacity, and marvellous strength of character; no general has surpassed him in the rare gift of overcoming difficulties, and escaping from peril; no general, not even Arthur Wellesley, has confronted a huge superiority of force with more calmness and firmness of purpose; no general, not even his countryman Blücher, a subaltern in the Seven Years' War, has excelled him in rising above defeat, and in mastering an enemy who had seemed secure in victory. If Napoleon says truly—and who can doubt it?—that a strong nature is the greatest gift of a chief, Frederick is eminent among the masters of war.

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# Naval Warfare:

ITS PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE HISTORICALLY TREATED.

By REAR-ADMIRAL P. H. COLOMB.

## CHAPTER IX.

ATTEMPTS TO GAIN THE COMMAND OF THE SEA WITH DEFINITE  
ULTERIOR PURPOSE (*Continued*).—THE LAST ATTEMPT OF  
FRANCE.

Preparation from 1803 to 1805 to gain temporary command of the sea.—The British defence.—Napoleon's plans and orders.—Invasion does not occupy the first place.—The early failures of 1805.—Villeneuve's West Indian Expedition, and Nelson's prevention of its success.—Varying and indefinite orders to Villeneuve.—Return of the British and French squadrons to Europe.—Villeneuve's failure and the final abandonment of the invasion scheme.—Doubts whether it was ever seriously intended.—Attempts to gain command of the sea too serious and difficult to be considered side by side with any other design.



WHEN Napoleon dismissed the British ambassador at the outbreak of hostilities in 1803, he informed him frankly that his main object would be to invade the country, but at the same time expressed a sense of the recklessness of the idea, and a belief that a great disaster to the French arms might follow the attempt. Ostensibly, from the outbreak of war in May 1803 until the 23rd of August 1805, every naval preparation and every naval movement had to do with obtaining the command of the Channel for a sufficient time to allow an immense army, embarked in an immense flotilla of small vessels, to cross from the French to the English coast.

Lord St. Vincent was then at the head of the Admiralty, and the nature of the situation as it was understood in England, together with the naval arrangements for meeting it, may be shortly stated.

At Toulon and Cadiz there were known to be of French not more than 10 sail of the line, 4 frigates, and 2 smaller vessels. To look



after them was Nelson, with 14 sail of the line, 11 frigates, and 21 smaller vessels.

At Ferrol were 5 sail of the line and 2 frigates, and to mask them were despatched of British ships, 7 sail of the line, 2 frigates, and 2 smaller vessels.

At Rochefort, and near it, were 4 sail of the line, 5 frigates, and 2 smaller vessels. To watch them were stationed 5 sail of the line, 1 frigate, and 1 smaller vessel.

At Brest, the enemy mustered 18 sail of the line, 6 frigates, and 1 smaller vessel. Lord Cornwallis was here with 20 sail of the line, 5 frigates, and 6 smaller vessels.

This coast and these ports were furnished with the naval forces of the enemy in the usual character. From St. Malo to the Texel, the ports, besides containing the usual war vessels, were full of the invasion flotilla, which had now been in preparation for about eight years and was in a pretty forward state.

In the Texel were 4 Dutch sail of the line, with a frigate and 120 of the flotilla vessels; and in the various ports, as far as Dunkirk, there was 1 line-of-battle ship, 4 frigates, 7 smaller vessels, and 645 of the invasion flotilla.

To watch these various ports, the British stationed 9 sail of the line, 7 frigates, and 14 small vessels.

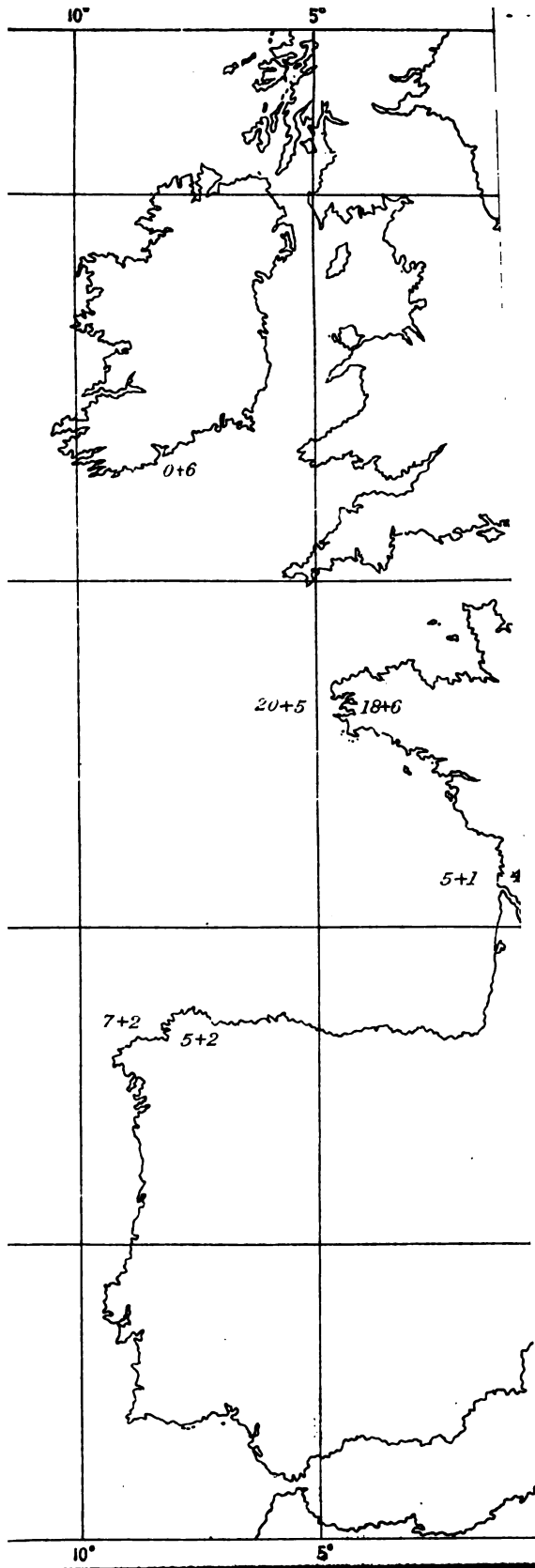
In the more westerly ports, including Boulogne, Havre, Cherbourg, &c., the enemy had 2 frigates, 7 smaller vessels, and 120 gun-brigs for the service of the invasion, and about 1,450 of the flotilla itself.

The British watched these with 2 sail of the line (small 50's), 14 frigates, and 40 smaller vessels.

As an inner defence, 6 sail of the line, 4 frigates, and 19 smaller vessels were stationed in the Downs. Six frigates, and 11 smaller vessels were stationed to guard the coasts of Ireland, while at Hollesley Bay, at Yarmouth, the Humber, Leith, and generally along the coasts of England and Scotland were 4 line-of-battle ships, 2 frigates, and 20 smaller vessels.\*

In July 1804, the French plans were drawing to completion, and Vice-Admiral Latouche-Treville was appointed to command the entire force. Napoleon then began to sketch out roughly and vaguely what was before his Commander-in-Chief to accomplish. Apparently, this object was more direct than it afterwards became, Latouche-Treville was to complete his squadron at Toulon, and to man it by disarming corvettes, by pressing men at Marseilles, and

\* See Tucker's *Life of Earl St. Vincent*, vol. ii., p. 218.



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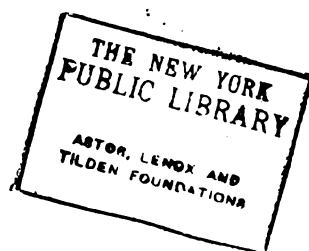
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by embarking 1,600 soldiers to serve afloat. He was to reflect on the great enterprise which he was about to carry out, and before Napoleon signed his definitive orders he was to let him know what he considered to be the most effective way of executing them.

The squadron at Rochefort, according to Napoleon, consisted of 5 sail of the line and 4 frigates, ready to weigh at a moment, and there were only five of the enemies' vessels before the port.

The Brest squadron was 21 sail of the line, under orders to harass the enemy, and oblige him to keep a great number of ships before the port. The enemy had six ships before the Texel, blockading the Dutch squadron of 3 ships of the line, 4 frigates, and a convoy of 30 ships, on board of which Marmont had his army embarked.

Between Etaples, Boulogne, Vimereux, and Ambleteuse, there were 1,800 gun-boats, gun-vessels, *péniches*, &c., carrying 120,000 men and 10,000 horses. "Let us be masters of the Straits for six hours," was Napoleon's dictum, "and we shall be masters of the world."

The enemy had before Ostend, before Boulogne, and in the Downs, two 74's, three 64's, and two 50's. Until now, Cornwallis had not had more than 15 sail of the line with him, but all the reserves in Portsmouth and Plymouth will be sent to reinforce him before Brest. The enemy had at Cork four or five war-ships, not to mention frigates and small vessels, of which there were great numbers.

If [said Napoleon to Latouche-Treville] you evade Nelson, he will go to Sicily, or to Egypt, or to Ferrol. I do not think it will be necessary for you to go to Ferrol. Of the five vessels now in port there, four only are ready; the fifth, however, will be ready by the middle of August; but I think that Ferrol is too clearly pointed at; it is so natural to suppose that if your squadron passes out of the Mediterranean into the ocean, it is intended to raise the blockade of Ferrol. It appears better, therefore, to pass wide of it, and to arrive off Rochefort. This will make your squadron up to 16 sail of the line and 11 frigates, and then, without anchoring, without losing a single instant, whether in passing round Ireland, keeping well clear of it, or in executing the first plan, to present yourself before Boulogne. Our Brest squadron, 23 sail of the line strong, will have an army embarked, and will be always ready to sail; so that Cornwallis will be compelled to hug the coast of Brittany to prevent its escape. For the rest, to fix my ideas on this operation, which has its risks, but of which the success offers such immense results, I wait for the plan which you have mentioned to me, and which you will send me by the return of my courier. You must take on board as much provisions as possible, so that under no circumstances shall you be hindered.

At the end of the month a new line-of-battle ship will be launched at Rochefort, and one at Lorient. It may be possible that they will be ready; there is no question about the one at Rochefort, but if the one at Lorient should be in the Roads and has not been able to pass out before your appearance off the Isle d'Aix, I wish to know if you think you should go out of your way to pick her up. Nevertheless, I think that if you get out with a good northerly wind, it is preferable on all grounds to carry out



the operation before the winter; for, in the bad season it is possible you may have more chances of arriving, but there may be several days such that advantage cannot be taken of your arrival. Supposing that you can put to sea before the 29th of July, it is probable that you will appear before Boulogne in the course of September, when the nights are already reasonably long, and the weather does not continue bad for any time.\*

The Toulon squadron, however, did not get to sea as Napoleon hoped. Latouche-Treville died on the 10th of August, but as late as the 28th no successor had been named, and Napoleon was hesitating between Bruix, Villeneuve, and Rosily, and considering it most urgent to come to a decision which ultimately dictated the choice of Villeneuve.

Presumably the delay had put aside all thoughts of proceeding according to the plans of Latouche-Treville during this year; not only so, but the plans seem to have become entirely altered, and the main design of gaining the command of the Channel began to take a co-ordinate place, if not indeed a subordinate place, with designs against St. Helena and the West Coast of Africa, against the British possessions in the West Indies, and against Ireland.

We have [said Napoleon, writing to Decrès, the Minister of Marine, on the 29th of September 1804] three expeditions to carry out.

First Expedition.—(1) To put Martinique, Guadeloupe, and St. Lucia, in a position of safety under all circumstances. For this purpose a reinforcement of 1,500 men is required, with 4,000 muskets and 100,000 cartridges. (2) To take possession of Dominica and St. Lucia, which will materially assist in placing Guadeloupe and Martinique in safety. A thousand men will be required for the garrison of these two islands. Total for the first expedition, 3,500 men. The Rochefort squadron is destined for this expedition, which will be commanded by General of Division Lagrange.

Second Expedition.—(1) To take Surinam and the other Dutch colonies; I think we cannot send from Europe less than 4,000 men for this service, who cannot reasonably be expected to be more than 3,600 when we shall have completed the conquest. (2) To take succours to St. Domingo. For this, 1,200 men, 2,000 muskets, and 25,000 cartridges will be required. If the Dutch colonies resist, and we lose more men than we expect, the succours to be taken to St. Domingo will be less. Total for the second expedition, from 5,200 to 5,600 men.

Third Expedition.—To take St. Helena, and to establish a station there for several months. For this purpose 1,200 to 1,500 men will be required. The expedition to St. Helena will take 200 men to the support of Senegal, will retake Goree, will follow up all the British establishments along the coast of Africa, which will be put under contribution and burnt.

For this purpose, the fleet at Toulon, comprising 11 or 12 sail of the line, including the ship which is at Cadiz, will start first. Reaching the ocean, it will detach 2 ships of the line, 4 frigates, and 2 brigs, the best sailers, for the expedition to St. Helena

\* *Précis des Evénemens Militaires.* Par M. le Comte Mathieu Dumas, vol. xi., p. 198.

(these 2 line-of-battle ships, 4 frigates, and 2 brigs will carry 1,800 men, of whom 200 will be left at Goree and Senegal), and 9 or 10 sail of the line and 3 frigates, carrying 5,000 or 6,000 men will proceed direct to Guiana, where they will find Victor Hugues, and then proceed to Surinam.

As soon as it is known that the fleet at Toulon has put to sea, the Rochefort squadron will receive orders to sail. It will proceed direct to Martinique, take possession of St. Lucia and Dominica, and put itself under the orders of the commander of the squadron destined for Surinam. This squadron, now consisting of 14 or 15 sail of the line and 7 or 8 frigates, will put all the British islands under contribution, take all the prizes possible, presenting itself before every roadstead, arrive before St. Domingo, put ashore there 1,000 or 1,200 men, arms and ammunition according to requirement, carry out its return to Ferrol, raise the blockade of our 5 sail of the line, and with 20 sail of line proceed to Rochefort.

It appears to me that all is ready for these expeditions. To the squadron at Toulon, to the expedition to Surinam and to the squadron at Rochefort, there should be added a certain number of brigs and small vessels, as much for the service of the expeditions as to be left at Martinique and Surinam. Thus, supposing the expeditions should be able to start during Brumaire (October 22nd to November 20th), it may be hoped that before Germinal (March 20th to April 19th) our fleet may effect its return to Rochefort.

Admiral Villeneuve will command the expedition to Surinam; Rear-Admiral Missiessy will command that to Martinique; choose a good rear-admiral to command that to St. Helena. . . .

The English will find themselves attacked simultaneously in Asia,\* Africa, and America; and accustomed as they are for so long to feel none of the effects of war, these successive shocks at their various centres of commerce will make them experience the evidence of their weakness. . . .†

I have made you acquainted with the manner in which I regard my three expeditions—Surinam, Demarara, Esquibo, St. Helena, and Dominica. In this dispatch I give you my views on Ireland. One of the six transports must be withdrawn and replaced by the armed store-ships *La Pensée* or *La Romaine*; the *Ocean* must be completed by working, if necessary, by torchlight. I think it is the only way of being able to carry 18,000 men, of which 3,000 are cavalry, artillery, engineers, and non-combatants, and 15,000 infantry; 500 horses, of which 200 are for the cavalry, 200 for the artillery, and 100 for the staff. Less than this would not form a *corps d'armée*.

The place of landing which you indicate, appears to me the most convenient. The north of the Bay of Lough Swilly is, in my view, the most advantageous point. We must quit Brest, pass round Ireland, out of sight of the coast, and make it again as a ship coming from Newfoundland would. In speaking thus, I speak politically, not nautically, for the currents must decide the point at which the land is to be attacked. Politically, it would be better to threaten [*s'exposer*] to attack Scotland than to attack farther south. This plan will disconcert the enemy. Thirty-six hours after anchoring they must put to sea again, leaving the brigs and all the transports. . . . On all these matters I am in accord with you; but the landing in Ireland is only a preliminary act. If it were an operation by itself alone, we should run great risks. The squadron should then, after strengthening itself with all the good seamen in the six transports, enter the Channel and appear before Cherbourg, there to receive information as to the situation of the ships before Boulogne, and cover [*favoriser*] the passage of the flotilla. If, on arrival at Boulogne, the winds should be unfavourable for several days and

\* Alluding to the operations of Admiral Linois.

† *Précis des Evénemens Militaires*, vol. ii., p. 205.



oblige the squadron to pass the Straits, it should proceed to the Texel. There it would find 7 Dutch sail of the line with 27,000 men embarked; it should take them under its escort, and convey them to Ireland.

One of these two operations ought to succeed, and then, whether I have 30,000 or 40,000 men in Ireland, or whether I am both in England and Ireland, the success of the war is with us.

When the squadron shall have left Brest, Lord Cornwallis will go to watch for it in Ireland. When he knows of the landing in the north, he will return to await the squadron at Brest. We must not return thither. If, in leaving Ireland, our fleet should find the wind favourable, it might double Scotland, and so present itself at the Texel. When it leaves Brest, the 120,000 men will be embarked at Boulogne, and the 25,000 in the Texel. They should remain embarked during the whole period of the expedition to Ireland.

It is in this way that I look on the expedition to Ireland. Thus I approve the whole of the first part of the project up to the landing in Ireland. I shall await the report which I have asked you for, to come to a decision on the laying up of the other parts of the flotilla.

The second part of the project should be the subject of your consideration, and that of the Admiral.

I think that the starting of the expedition from Toulon, and of the expedition from Rochefort, should precede the departure of that for Ireland; for the escape of these 20 ships will oblige them (the English) to dispatch more than 30. The departure of 10,000 or 12,000 men, which they will well know to have gone, will oblige them to send troops to the most important points. If things turn out according to our wishes, I desire that the Toulon fleet should put to sea on October 12th; that of Rochefort before November 1st; and that of Brest before November 21st.\*

In these two despatches of Napoleon, written on the same day, we have a second set of plans, in which on the one side the expeditions to the West Indies have their objective there, and apparently little or no connection with the invasion project, which is made to hang upon the success of a considerable landing in the north of Ireland.† But shining through both schemes there is the principle of an endeavour to occupy the attention of the British in distant quarters, so that a comparatively small naval force will suffice to command the Channel for a time long enough to permit the flotilla to cross.

We have seen that the July plan, under which the Toulon fleet was directly to act as cover to the flotilla, has wholly disappeared. We must now note that the Irish plan of September, above sketched, was also given up, possibly in view of the approaching Spanish alliance, possibly because it was found not so easy for the Brest fleet to get to sea unwatched, as it had been supposed.

\* Napoleon to Decrès, September 29th, 1804. *Précis des Evénemens Militaires*, vol. xi., p. 212.

† James (*Naval History*, vol. iii., p. 213) assumes that Napoleon intended that Villeneuve, after his return to Rochefort, should join the Brest fleet so as together to cover the invasion. I cannot find any grounds for such an assumption.

A convention was agreed to on the 4th of January 1805 between the Emperor and the King of Spain, in which the former set out the forces under his hand as follows:—

In the Texel, 30,000 men, with the necessary war-ships and transports.

At Ostend, Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne, and Havre, a flotilla and transport suitable to 120,000 men and 25,000 horses.

At Brest, a fleet of 21 sail of the line, several frigates and transports, prepared to embark 25,000 men in camp at Brest.

At Rochefort, 6 sail of the line and 4 frigates, anchored in Aix Roads, and having on board 4,000 troops.

At Toulon, 11 sail of the line, 8 frigates, and transports, having on board 9,000 troops.

Spain was asked to provide:—

At Ferrol, 8 sail of the line, or 7 at least, and 4 frigates, designed to combine their operations with the 5 French sail of the line and 2 frigates which were then in that port; 2,000 infantry, and 200 artillery, with 10 guns, were to be assembled, and the whole were to be ready for sea on the 20th of March, or, at latest, by the 30th of March.

At Cadiz, 15 sail of the line, or at least 12, were to be prepared ready to sail on March 30th, with 2,000 infantry, 100 artillery, and 400 cavalry, without their horses.

At Cartagena, 6 sail of the line were to be ready by the same date.

The Spanish ambassador, while signing the convention, was of opinion that though the ships could be got ready by the time named, they would neither be manned nor provisioned so soon.

Villeneuve's instructions were now modified to admit of his being joined by the Spanish ships at Cadiz, and also, as it appears, in abandoning the St. Helena expedition. Otherwise, the views of the Emperor, as expressed in his dispatch of 29th September 1804, regarding the Toulon and Rochefort squadrons, remained in force. The destination of the Brest squadron, now under Vice-Admiral Ganteaume, was however altered, and Villeneuve was to expect to meet it in the West Indies.\*

\* James has not noticed this. But it is clear from several of the Emperor's dispatches. On the 21st April 1805, he wrote to Decrès: "The non-departure of Ganteaume troubles me much." On the 23rd of April he says he has sent a courier to Brest, to inform Ganteaume that Nelson had gone to seek Villeneuve in Egypt, and he says: "Pray God that my courier may not find him at Brest!" On the same day, having heard that Ganteaume had not yet sailed, he expresses his impatience, and recommends sending out a succession of advice brigs and schooners to keep Villeneuve



The first moves under these conditions were made in January. Villeneuve at Toulon, with his 11 sail of the line and his 6,500 troops, taking advantage of Nelson's absence at the Madalena Islands,\* put to sea on the 17th of the month. Missiessy, evading the blockading squadron of Sir Thomas Graves, got away with his 5 sail of the line and his 3,400 troops eight days later, and made straight for Martinique, in the West Indies. He ravaged the British West India Islands with ease and impunity, and loaded himself with their spoils.†

But early in March, at Martinique, he got a piece of news which told him that Villeneuve's move had miscarried; and also orders to return to Europe. He made sail there and then, and, being the luckiest of all the French admirals, voyaged home as he had voyaged out, without the least check or impediment, and anchored in Aix Roads on the 20th of May.

But his move had been an absolutely useless one, so far as the general current of the game went. He had taken a pawn and returned to his own square. Allemand succeeded him in the command, and thenceforward that squadron had no influence on events.

Ganteaume, with his 21 sail of the line and his 3,500 troops, made more than one attempt to get away from Brest, but the British, being augmented to an equal or even superior force to his own, and he himself being under necessarily positive orders not to get into action, he never made a real move, but lay blocked on his own square from the first to the last.

The interest of the game at once centres on the false move which Villeneuve made from Toulon on the 17th of January, and it must be told how it came to be false.

Nelson had a horror of the Gulf of Lyons and the coasts about Toulon. He knew no spot so subject to gales of wind, and was in a constant dread of being caught with disabled ships by the enemy

informed, and to recommend him "to do all the harm he can to the enemy, pending the arrival of General Ganteaume. . . . You perceive that the squadron of Admiral Ganteaume arriving, the force will be augmented by more than 2,000 men, which will keep me master in all those countries." It was only when the impossibility of Ganteaume's avoidance of Cornwallis became manifest that the plan was changed, and that Villeneuve was to relieve him by raising the blockade. On May 8th, Napoleon settled that if Ganteaume could not get out before the 20th of May he was not to attempt to move, but to wait for the appearance of Villeneuve.—See *Précis des Evénemens Militaires*, vol. xi. *Pièces Justificatives*, passim.

\* A group forming part of the southern shore of the Straits of Bonifacio.

† 100,000 fr. from Roseau (Charlotte-town), 192,000 fr. from St. Kitts, 89,000 fr. from Monserat. Troude, vol. iii., p. 334.

issuing from Toulon. Discovery had been made of an excellent anchorage, thereupon named Agincourt Road, sheltered by the Madalena Islands. The Road was not 200 miles from Toulon, and there Nelson, on the 11th of January, had retired to refit and provision, leaving a couple of frigates to look out on Toulon. On the 19th, one of these frigates ran off Madalena, and reported, by signal, that Villeneuve was at sea. The British fleet was under way in a couple of hours after the receipt of the signal, and running down the east coast of Sardinia.

No one on the English side had yet fathomed Napoleon's plans. Nelson's mind was full of his old trials and difficulties—Naples, Sicily, and Egypt; these were, with him, the only places to which the enemy could be bound, and though he did not entirely exclude from his mind the possibility that Villeneuve meant to pass out of the Mediterranean, he did not give that possibility its full weight.\*

It blew a furious south-westerly gale on the 20th of January, so that, though the ships were sheltered by a weather shore, they were under storm sails. I am not clear how it was that this circumstance, combined with others, did not put Nelson's mind into the right channel, and so save him a weary and heart-breaking journey. The gale ceased and the wind shifted, but Nelson was still off the south end of Sardinia, dispatching his limited numbers of frigates in all directions in search of intelligence. But there was none until the 26th, and then word was brought that on the 19th one of Villeneuve's line-of-battle ships, with her topmasts gone, had been seen making for shelter off the west coast of Corsica. The inference to be drawn from this piece of news was not drawn, and Nelson steered for Stromboli, off which island he spent a wakeful night on the 28th, watching its fires of unusual brilliancy. Still persuaded that history was repeating itself in his case, and being assured of the safety of Naples, he passed on to Palermo and Messina. Then, admitting the possibility of an alternative, and finding no evidence beyond a total absence of intelligence, he stood over to the Morea, and afterwards saw the land of Egypt on the 4th of February.

He now found himself utterly wrong. Not in Egypt, not in any part of the Eastern Mediterranean was the prey he was sighing for. This was worse than the first visit to Egypt, for he had pushed on there this time without a shred of real evidence to guide

\* Napoleon's prescience of Nelson's views and probable proceedings, mentioned on a previous page, is a striking instance of his genius.



him. No one had seen or heard of the French fleet east of Sardinia, and it was now certain that it had never been in that direction at all. There was nothing for it but to retrace his steps, with all the speed possible. At Malta, on the 19th of February, Nelson learnt that Villeneuve, having put to sea on the 17th of January, had passed but a very little way to the southward when he was met by the furious south-westerly gale which Nelson had felt off the east coast of Sardinia, and had been driven back into Toulon, where he had anchored on the 20th.

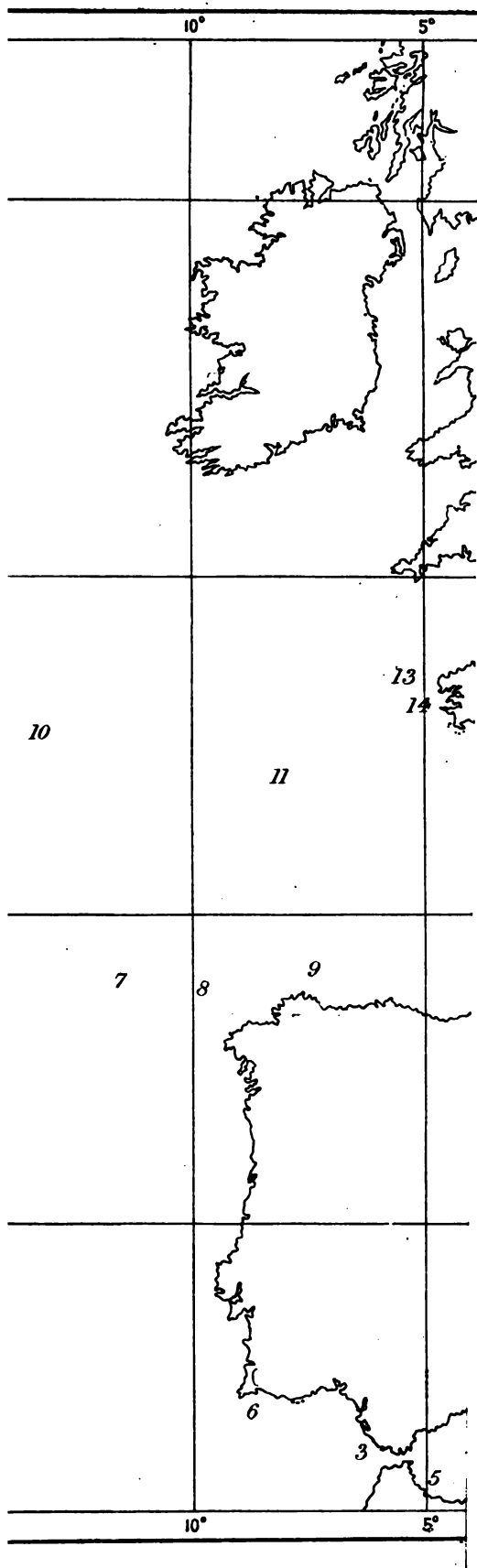
Nelson's return journey was pursued, and on the 27th of February he anchored at Cagliari to water his fleet. On the 12th of March he was off Toulon again, making sure that the enemy was actually in port. A few days later he detached a single line-of-battle ship to Barcelona, to give colour to a report that he was off the Spanish coast, while he himself turned to the south-eastward to Palmas Bay, in the south of Sardinia, where the victuallers and store ships had been ordered to assemble to supply the wants of the exhausted squadron.

There, or in a neighbouring anchorage, the British lay from the 27th of March till the 3rd of April. They then weighed and stood to the southward. The next day, when the squadron had made but very little way, the wind shifted to the N.N.W., and very soon one of the frigates which had been left to watch Toulon, the *Phæbe*, hove in sight with the signal flying that the enemy was again at sea. Nelson, still full of Sardinia, Naples, and Egypt, hove to midway between Sardinia and the African coast for the night, spreading his look-out ships north and south, to prevent the French passing to the eastward without his knowing it. The other frigate available, the *Active*, had been left by the *Phæbe* to follow up the French and bring word of their movements. She missed them on the night of the 31st of March. They were then sixty miles only from Toulon, steering S.S.W. for Minorca. This

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EXPLANATION OF PLATE II.

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| 1.—Villeneuve leaving Martinique, June 4.  | 7.—Villeneuve, June 9.                               |
| 2.—Nelson arriving at Barbados, same date. | 8.—Nelson, same date.                                |
| 3.—Villeneuve, June 7.                     | 9.—Villeneuve steering for Western Islands, June 10. |
| 4.—Nelson, same date.                      | 10.—Nelson, same date.                               |
| 5.—Villeneuve, June 8.                     | 11.—Nelson sailing for Cape St. Vincent, June 13.    |
| 6.—Nelson, same date.                      |  |







news had no effect on Nelson's pre-conceptions. He was back at Palermo on the 10th of April, but the absence of intelligence there at length awoke him to the possibility that the design of the French had never been eastwards at all, and that they might already have passed out of the Mediterranean, have swallowed up Sir John Orde's detachment off Cadiz, and have done whatever mischief it was their intention to do. But the wind now turned and blew from the westward, and then on the 16th of April Nelson received certain intelligence that on the 7th of April the French had been seen off Cape de Gata, steering towards the Straits of Gibraltar.

On the 18th Nelson made up his mind to follow the French fleet, wherever it had gone to. He now learnt that Villeneuve had actually passed the Straits on the 8th; but, owing to the persistent foul wind, the British did not see Gibraltar until the 30th, and it was not till the 4th of May that they were able to anchor at the usual watering-place, Tetuan, on the African coast, to fill up with that necessary. A change of wind next day brought out all Nelson's eagerness, and with ships unsupplied he made sail for Lagos Bay, where it was expected to meet victuallers and store ships. That anchorage was reached on the 10th of May, and there Nelson learnt that Villeneuve's destination was certainly the West Indies. Nelson, remarking that "Salt beef and the French fleet was preferable to roast beef and champagne without them," started after the enemy for Barbados on the 11th of May.

I may now usefully bring together chronologically the movements of this duel, up to the time of Villeneuve's arrival in the West Indies.

*March 29th.*—Villeneuve sails from Toulon.\* Nelson is at anchor in Palmas Bay.

*March 31st.*—The *Phæbe* and *Active* see the French fleet thirty-five miles south of Toulon; they follow it, steering S.S.W. till sunset, when the *Phæbe* leaves the *Active* to follow up the French, and herself makes for Palmas Bay to report to Nelson. Nelson still at Palmas Bay.

*April 1st.*—The *Active* having steered S.W. during the night, finds herself alone in the morning and makes sail after Nelson. Villeneuve having been under the impression—created by Nelson's ruse of sending a ship off Barcelona—that he was off the Spanish

\* Troude says 30th; and that the troops carried were reduced to 3,350 men. Vol. iii, p. 340.



Coast, now learns that he was off the south end of Sardinia on the 27th of March; he thereupon alters his course so as to pass inside of the Balearic Islands. Nelson moves from Palmas Bay to Pula for water.

*April 3rd.*—Nelson puts to sea with the intention of proceeding to Toulon. Villeneuve is steering for Cartagena.

*April 4th.*—Nelson is off the south end of Sardinia; the wind has shifted to N.N.W., and the *Phœbe* makes her report. Nelson spreads his ships between the south point of Sardinia and the coast of Africa.

*April 6th.*—Villeneuve arrives off Cartagena; offers to escort the six Spanish sail there to Cadiz; the Spaniards decline. Nelson still watching between Sardinia and Africa.

*April 7th.*—Villeneuve, with a fresh easterly breeze, starts for the Straits of Gibraltar. Nelson makes for Palermo.

*April 8th.*—Villeneuve passes through the Straits, and anchors at Cadiz. Nelson on his way to Palermo.

*April 9th.*—Villeneuve sails from Cadiz with 12 French and 5 Spanish sail of the line, leaving a sixth Spanish line-of-battle-ship, which had been on shore, to follow. Nelson still on his way to Palermo.

*April 10th.*—Villeneuve at sea, on his way to Martinique. Nelson off Palermo, with no news.

*April 16th.*—Villeneuve at sea. Nelson, beating to the westward round the south point of Sardinia, gets news that the French had passed the Straits on the 8th.

*May 4th.*—Villeneuve within nine days' sail of Martinique. Nelson anchors in Mazarri Bay, Tetuan.

*May 5th.*—Villeneuve within eight days' sail of Martinique. Nelson sails from Mazarri Bay, with no more news.

*May 10th.*—Villeneuve within three days' sail of Martinique. Nelson anchors in Lagos Bay.

*May 12th.*—Villeneuve within a day's sail of Martinique. Nelson sails from Lagos Bay for Barbados.

*May 13th.*—Villeneuve arrives at Martinique. Nelson is within two days' sail of Madeira.

Nelson was in sight of Madeira on the 15th of May. The fleet had been going 10 knots, and he thought they had been very fortunate since quitting Cape St. Vincent, and would be in time to secure Jamaica, which he considered the objective of the French. Others thought of Surinam and Trinidad; but no one had any conception of the great strategic plan which was formulated, or

the least idea that Nelson might be doing that which more than anything else tended, on the face of things, to further Napoleon's schemes. The points most against the Emperor were Nelson's speed and its moral effect.

It would appear that Villeneuve's orders must have been modified between his first and second sailing from Toulon.

I have re-read [writes the Emperor to Decrès on the 30th April] with attention the instructions given to Admiral Villeneuve. I suppose that he will arrive at Martinique the 15th of this month,\* and that then he will leave to proceed to St. Domingo, from thence to the bay of St. Iago on June 9th, remain there 20 days, and afterwards go to Cadiz.† If Admiral Mazon sails before the 10th or 15th of May he will take him orders to wait 35 days, and then to proceed by the shortest route to Ferrol. Admiral Mazon will not arrive before the 4th or 9th of June, and Admiral Villeneuve would have to wait till the 19th of July, and would not appear before Ferrol until the 18th of August. . . . If Admiral Mazon has not yet sailed, you must write to him that in the letter which Admiral Mazon takes it is said that he should remain 35 days; but it was hoped that Admiral Mazon would have left a fortnight earlier; that my intention is that he should not stay at Martinique beyond July 4th.‡

On the 8th of May, Napoleon drew up two sets of draft instructions for Villeneuve; and it is only for the first time in these instructions that the idea of gaining the command of the Channel seems to take that overwhelming position which, if it really occupied the Emperor's mind, was all along its due.

The direction which you should take after your junction at Ferrol depends on so many different circumstances, that I can only leave it to your experience at sea and your zeal for my service. In fact, many things have come to pass since your departure for Martinique; the knowledge of the enemy's force which you have drawn to America, the strength of the squadron at Ferrol, and of the enemy's fleet before the port, the condition of your fleet, are so many necessary elements regulating imperiously your ulterior destination.

The principal end of the whole operation is to give us, for some days, a superiority before Boulogne. Masters of the Straits for four days, 150,000 men embarked in 2,000 vessels will entirely complete the expedition. To achieve this great end, immediately after your appearance at Ferrol you will have four courses open to you.

The first, to proceed to Rochefort, and to join the 5 sail of the line which I have in that roadstead.§ I have sent instructions to the *Regulus*, which is at Lorient, to join you, and thus with 25 French and 15 Spanish sail of the line, to make your junction with the Brest squadron, and then with 60 sail of the line to pass into the Channel.

The second plan is to pass by the Rochefort squadron, which engages the attention of an equal number of the enemy, and to direct your steps as promptly as possible on Brest to effect your junction with Admiral Ganteaume.

\* Floréal. That is the 5th of May.

† I can find no explanation for this curious statement, which seems contradictory to most of what had gone before and came after.

‡ *Précis des Evénemens Militaires*, vol. xi., p. 237.

§ Nevertheless on the 13th of May, when he believed that this squadron had returned from the West Indies, Napoleon was urgent on Decrès to send it back again. *Précis des Evénemens Militaires*, vol. xi., p. 260.



The third plan would be, after your junction with the squadron at Ferrol, to pass round Ireland to join with the squadron in the Texel, seven sail of the line strong, with its convoy, and to proceed before Boulogne.

The fourth plan appears to be to make for the Lizard, and when 30 leagues off it to take advantage of a westerly wind to run along the coast of England to avoid encountering the squadron which blockades Brest, and to arrive at Boulogne four or five days before it.

For either of these operations, in taking account of the provisions which you will find on board the French and Spanish ships, and those which you will find at Rochefort, you will be sufficiently provided; and having long foreseen your expedition, I have caused a great quantity to be prepared at Brest, Cherbourg, and Boulogne.

If you adopt the plan of forming a junction with the Brest squadron, you should endeavour to do so without fighting; but if this proves too difficult, arrange to fight as near Brest as possible, and to this end deceive the enemy by false movements, should he, on learning your arrival at Ferrol adopt the plan of advancing 20 leagues or so to encounter you. If, on the contrary, you adopt the plan of passing round Ireland, you should pass out of sight of the coast, and keep your route as much from the knowledge of the enemy as possible, who will for a time believe you have returned to the Mediterranean, which report we shall not fail to use all means to spread.

Admiral Ganteaume, with 21 sail of the line provisioned for six months, is anchored outside the Goulet, between Bertheaume and Camaret, under the protection of batteries mounting more than 100 guns. From the moment of your arrival at Ferrol, he will be ready to sail; he is more ready to do so than from any other position inside the Goulet. . . .

If you pass round Ireland, you will go to the Texel. Positive instructions have been sent there, as well as in relation to the position of the enemy in these waters.

If by events occurring in America, or in the course of your cruise, you should find yourself in a position which does not permit you to carry out your instructions, and that you might not be able to think of any new operation, you will despatch the squadron of Admiral Gourdon with three or four of the fastest Spanish ships from Ferrol, to undertake a cruise in conformity with the accompanying instructions: Our intention is that you should raise the blockade of Rochefort, and that you should give the accompanying instructions to Captain Allemand, whose exit you will cover; and that this being done, you should take my fleet to Cadiz with the Ferrol ships; that you cover the entry into Cadiz of the squadron from Cartagena; that you occupy the Straits; that you ravage the Roads of Gibraltar, and that you should complete there with provisions.\*

I do not know when the text of the instructions, according to this draft, reached Villeneuve. It is possible that the orders may have gone out by the *Didon* frigate, which out-sailed Mazon's squadron, and was with Villeneuve at Martinique before the 4th of June. Otherwise it does not appear that he could have received them before his arrival at Vigo. That he had them at some time seems clear, from an observation in his letter of explanation after bearing up for Cadiz.

I proceed now to complete the narrative.

On the 29th of May, being within a week's sail of Barbados,

\* *Precis des Evénemens Militaires*, vol. xi., p. 250.

Nelson detached a frigate to warn Admiral Cochrane, supposed to be with 6 sail of the line at Barbados, of his approach. On the 3rd of June he heard for certain of Villeneuve's arrival at Martinique, and the next day he anchored at Carlisle Bay, Barbados. Here he found Cochrane, but with only 2 sail of the line, the remaining 4 having been detained at Jamaica by Admiral Dacres. There was not a doubt in the minds of the authorities but that the French had gone south to attack Tobago and Trinidad. And when the general in command offered to embark himself, with 2,000 troops, to frustrate the French design, Nelson, though with much hesitation, accepted the offer.

The squadron, now of 12 sail of the line, sailed from Barbados for Trinidad on the 5th of June, and on the 7th arrived at the Gulf of Paria, only to learn that the French were not there, and that there were no tidings of them. Instantly the steps were retraced. On the 9th Nelson, off Barbados, learnt that the enemy had passed Dominique on the 6th, and was steering north.

Following north, the British admiral was at Antigua on the 12th. He disembarked the troops there, and passed a moment in debate as to what was to be done. First, he must not quit the West Indies until he was certain the French had left; secondly, this meant inaction, and waiting for intelligence which was generally wrong, and had already proved to be the ruin of his hopes; thirdly, were there not good grounds for supposing that Villeneuve had already turned homewards? A frigate from France had certainly communicated with Villeneuve on the 31st May, and from that moment all had been hurry. Nelson believed that the *Furet* had informed Villeneuve of his being on passage after him.\* If Barbados was the point of attack, why had it not been made long ago? If Tobago or Trinidad had been the objects, these two might have been approached before this, and neither to reach them nor St. Lucia, St. Vincent, or Granada, was it necessary to stand to the northward in the first instance.† If any of the islands were in view, the game the French fleet was playing was incomprehensible.‡ What impression could they hope to make on Jamaica with only 4,000 or 5,000 men? But if they did mean

\* The *Didon* was the frigate spoken of. She met Villeneuve at Port Royal, Martinique. Villeneuve seems to have first learnt the arrival of Nelson from prisoners taken out of the sugar ships captured on the 8th of June near Antigua.

† Troude leaves it partly incomprehensible, as he makes Villeneuve take on board 700 troops at Martinique, and 600 at Guadaloupe, and still proceed north to Antigua, with the intention of attacking Barbados. Vol. iii., p. 346.



Jamaica, what was to prevent their steering thither direct from Martinique? Some thought they might be going to Porto Rico to wait for reinforcements; but the season was past, and if 15 sail of the line were coming out to join them, there would be no need to hide themselves.

The admiral's opinion was as firm as a rock that some cause, orders, or inability to perform any service in these seas, had made them resolve to proceed direct to Europe, sending the Spanish ships to the Havannah.\*

But, fourthly, if they were not then on their way home, they certainly would be presently, if they believed that Nelson was still in the West Indies; and it might be a month before his departure would be known.

Good or bad, Nelson's reasoning generally concluded in favour of action. He sent Bettesworth in the *Curieux* to the Admiralty, to inform them of what he believed, and what his intentions were.† He quitted Antigua finally on the 13th of June, taking one of Cochrane's ships with him, and thus bringing his force up to 11 sail of the line. He made straight for Cape St. Vincent, and was in sight of it on the 17th of July.

Villeneuve, meanwhile, as we know, had arrived at Martinique on the 13th of May, 21 days before Nelson arrived at Barbados. He lay there till the very day of Nelson arrived at Barbados, when having embarked a number of troops, he put to sea with the combined fleet.

It is not easy to say exactly what he intended to do, or why he had spent so long a time inactive—except for the capture of the Diamond Rock by a detachment—in the harbour of Port Royal. The English accounts are silent as to his intentions. The French account, which I generally follow, says distinctly that an attack on Barbados was intended, in consequence of the certainty that neither Ganteaume nor Missiessy could join him at Martinique. But why should he then have stood away to the northward? However this may be, he did actually stand away east of Monserat and west of Antigua. On the 8th of June he captured a valuable fleet of sugar-laden ships off Antigua, and from them he learnt that 14 sail of

\* I have given Nelson's reasoning almost verbatim. It all seems conclusive enough, except the answer to the Porto Rico probability. There must, I think, have been some decisive matter in the news received at 8 P.M. on the 12th of June, and which he gave to Captain Bettesworth to take to the Admiralty.

† Brenton, in his *Life of St. Vincent*, has an anecdote of Nelson, the point of which rests on the assumed fact that Bettesworth disobeyed his orders in going to England. Nelson's memo. of June 12th, 8 P.M., is conclusive against the fact and the story.

the line had arrived at Barbados. This arrival, in the French Admiral's opinion, made it impossible to think of an attack either on Barbados or on any other British possessions in the West Indies. To return to Martinique, in order to wait the specified time for the arrival of the squadrons from Europe, seemed likely to produce no other result than to increase the number of sick on board, which was already considerable.\*

His resolution was taken immediately. He put the whole of the West Indian troops into four frigates, with orders to land them at Guadaloupe. He sent two more frigates to convoy the prize sugar ships to the nearest port, and directed the whole six to rejoin him at a rendezvous 60 miles N.E. of Corvo, in the Azores. He then made sail for that rendezvous himself.

The condition of things in Europe was now this: Ganteaume, with his 21 sail of the line and his troops, had been trying all these months to get away, but being too closely watched by Cornwallis with 18 or 20 sail had been unable to do so, and was still in the Roads of Brest.

Missiessy, with his squadron, it will be remembered, had returned from the West Indies, and had got safe into Rochefort on the 20th of May. There he found orders waiting him which might have been put in force had he returned earlier. They were to the effect that if he could get away by the 15th of May, he was to return to the West Indies and join Villeneuve. If, however, the latter had left, he was to follow him direct to Ferrol, and to put into port there if Villeneuve was not met. If Ferrol was blockaded, this would presuppose the non-arrival of Villeneuve, and Missiessy was to cruise in the offing for a sufficient time to allow for Villeneuve's arrival, and to return to Rochefort if he failed to appear.†

The late arrival of Missiessy, and the extensive repairs which his ships required, prevented his being soon ready for sea, and fresh instructions were issued to him.

He was now directed to make a demonstration on the coast of Ireland, in order to distract the attention of the British, and to cause them to detach forces to that coast. He was, however, to keep away from the coast until the 4th to the 9th of July, burning or sinking every neutral or enemy's ship which might otherwise give note of his whereabouts. Between those dates he was to appear off the Shannon and Cape Clear, then to disappear again at

\* Villeneuve thought that with Cochrane's ships there would be 16 against him; the number, as we have seen, was exaggerated.—Troude, vol. iii., p. 346.

† Troude, vol. iii., p. 334.



sea, and finally to rendezvous 120 miles west of Ferrol from the 29th of July to the 3rd of August pending the arrival of Vice-Admiral Villeneuve, under whose orders he was then to place himself. If this meeting did not take place before the 13th of August, Missiessy was to proceed to Vigo. If, however, Ferrol was found to be not blockaded when Missiessy appeared off it, he was to take the division formed there under his orders, and remain at a convenient rendezvous near at hand.\*

On the 26th of June, the health of Missiessy had so broken down as to make it necessary that he should resign his command to Commodore Allemand.

This officer, with his 5 sail of the line, was now blockaded at Rochefort by Rear-Admiral Stirling with an equal force.

In Ferrol were still the Franco-Spanish squadron of 10 sail of the line, but now increased to 14 sail, and these ships were watched by Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Calder, with only 10 sail of the line.

It is easy to see how portentous to the issue of the war Villeneuve's return across the Atlantic in June 1805 actually was. Before the 11th of July, the only thing known to Cornwallis and his outlying squadrons was that Villeneuve had actually arrived at Martinique about two months before, and that Nelson was on his way after him; but what was about to happen, and when Villeneuve would appear in European waters, was entirely hidden from knowledge. Only it was, on the face of things, probable that Nelson's arrival in the West Indies would drive Villeneuve home again.

But if Villeneuve reached Ferrol at the head of 18 or 20 sail of the line, what could Calder do, except retire? Such retirement would release the Ferrol ships, and Villeneuve's fleet would be augmented to 34 sail of the line. There was then nothing to prevent him from appearing off Rochefort, driving Stirling away, and augmenting his fleet to 39 sail of the line by the addition of Allemand's squadron.

Cornwallis, off Brest, would only have some 28 sail of the line under his command when Calder and Stirling had fallen back and joined him. Would it be possible for him to face Villeneuve's 39 sail of the line, when Ganteaume was pressing out of Brest with 21 sail of the line behind him? It would have been a desperate venture, but, short of power to beat both fleets in succession, there was nothing to prevent Villeneuve's sailing leisurely up the Channel from Ushant at the head of his 60 sail of the line, and

\* Troude, vol. iii., p. 335.

covering the passage of Napoleon's vast array to the shores of Kent and Sussex.

Such speed had been made by Bettesworth in the *Curieux*, that Cornwallis got news of Villeneuve's being on his way home, and Admiralty orders thereupon, on the 11th of July, five days before Nelson reached Cape St. Vincent.

In obedience to the order, he sent to Admiral Stirling to raise the blockade of Rochefort, and to join Calder off Ferrol.

Calder, with his force thus augmented to 15 sail of the line, was ordered to take his post 100 miles west of Ferrol, and to wait for Villeneuve, who was supposed to have not more than 16 sail with him, whereas, as he have seen, he was at the head of 20 sail of the line. Calder was on this station when Nelson arrived at Cape St. Vincent.

It will be well here to repeat the former process of assembling together the contemporary events, in order to get a clearer view of what was actually taking place.

*June 4th, 1805.*—Villeneuve sails from Port Royal, Martinique, with 20 sail of the line. Nelson arrives at Carlisle Bay, Barbados, and is joined by 2 sail of the line, making 12 in all.

*June 5th.*—Villeneuve on his way to Antigua. Nelson sails for Trinidad.

*June 7th.*—Villeneuve to the eastward of Antigua. Nelson arrives at Paria Bay, Trinidad; finds he has been misled, and turns his head north.

*June 8th.*—Villeneuve passing round the north part of Antigua, hears of the Sugar Convoy to the N.N.E.; chases and captures 15 sugar ships valued at 500,000 francs; hears also of Nelson's arrival at Barbados, and supposes him to have 16 sail under his command. Nelson is approaching Granada.

*June 9th.*—Villeneuve, north of Antigua, puts the West Indian troops into six frigates to be landed at Guadaloupe. Nelson, off Granada, learns that Villeneuve was seen to pass Dominica on the 6th.

*June 10th.*—Villeneuve sails for the rendezvous off the Western Islands. Nelson is steering north for Antigua.

*June 12th.*—Villeneuve is at sea on his way home. Nelson, at Antigua, disembarks his troops; receives important intelligence at 8 P.M.; despatches Bettesworth in the *Curieux* to the Admiralty, and sails, on 13th, with 11 line-of-battle ships for Cape St. Vincent.

*June 30th.*—Villeneuve, at the rendezvous off Corvo, is joined by his frigates. Nelson is at sea on his way home.



*July 3rd.*—Villeneuve re-captures a Spanish galleon valued at 15,000,000 francs, which had been taken by the British privateer *Mars*. Nelson still at sea.

*July 17th.*—Villeneuve within five days' sail of Calder's rendezvous. Nelson arrives off Cape St. Vincent.

Nelson had now been chasing and continually missing Villeneuve for three months and thirteen days. His last run after him had covered more than 7,000 miles of sea, at the rate of 93 miles a day. There was now the choice before him of going east to Cadiz, or north to Ferrol, and under the spell of ill-fortune which ever pursued him he chose the former route. Collingwood was watching Cadiz, but Nelson did not now meet with him; they only corresponded on the state of affairs, while Nelson put first into Gibraltar for stores and refitting, and then into Tetuan for water. He finally weighed from this latter place, with the intention of going north, on the 24th of July.

Collingwood had been writing to Nelson, putting to him the dangers of the position, and the probable plans of Napoleon. He penetrated parts of the Emperor's apparent design, but he considered Ireland the main point about to be struck at. Nelson now received a second letter, in which Collingwood said:—

The flight to the West Indies was to take off the naval force, which is the great impediment to their undertaking. The Rochefort squadron's return confirmed me. I think they will now collect their forces at Ferrol—which Calder tells me are in motion—pick up those at Rochefort, who, I am told, are equally ready, and will make them about 30 sail: and then, without going near Ushant or the Channel fleet, proceed to Ireland, when the Brest fleet—21, I believe, of them—will sail either to another part of Ireland or up the Channel; a sort of force that has not been seen in those seas perhaps ever.

On the 25th of July, Nelson saw Collingwood, and talked matters over with him. He learnt then, also, that the Franco-Spanish fleet had actually been seen about half way between the West Indies and the Azores, steering for Europe on the previous 19th of June.

Nelson stood again to the northward. He was 400 miles west of Lisbon on the 3rd of August. He crossed the Bay of Biscay without intelligence, and without meeting anything worth notice, and then finally joined the squadron of Cornwallis off Ushant on the 15th.

Meanwhile, this is what had been happening elsewhere. Calder was, as we have seen, on his rendezvous 100 miles west of Ferrol, with 15 sail of the line, in hourly expectation of seeing an enemy's fleet only larger by one line-of-battle ship than his own. His

health was bad. The constant anxiety of his situation was wearing him down. But he was able, zealous, and willing. He had been captain of the fleet under Jervis on Valentine's Day, and was not a likely man to fail.

The morning of the 22nd of July was very thick, with a light breeze from W.N.W. Calder's ships were on the starboard tack, standing therefore, no doubt, under very easy sail to the south-westward. The *Defiance* was stationed as a look-out ship nine or ten miles to windward of the main squadron, and between eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon, during a momentary lifting of the fog, this ship signalled an enemy's fleet to the south-west. This was Villeneuve's 20 sail; they were in three columns, steering straight for Ferrol, and nearly straight for the British fleet.

Calder thereupon formed in line of battle, and Villeneuve did the same; but the fog was too dense for either fleet to see what was done by the other, or even to count their numbers. As a fact, they were presently in the position of passing one another on opposite tacks, starboard side to starboard side, and as much as seven miles apart. It was not until 3 P.M. or thereabouts, that the *Sirius* frigate, having been sent to reconnoitre, reported by signal the exact number—20—of the enemy's sail of the line.

Calder thereupon made the signal to "engage the enemy," and immediately afterwards the signal to tack, the object being the natural one to close with the enemy on the same tack with him, but to leeward. It was still too foggy to see what was going on, but when the *Hero*, which was Calder's leading ship, got a little nearer, she found that the combined fleet itself had tacked, and was standing to the S.W. The *Hero* immediately tacked, and was followed by the rest of the British ships in succession. So the battle was joined very much in the old way. Both fleets were on the starboard tack, the British to leeward, engaging with their starboard guns, while the combined fleet engaged with their port guns. But what between the fog and the smoke, it was difficult to say what was happening, or almost what was being fired at.

In this somewhat confused state, the firing went on as steadily as was possible, till about 8 o'clock, when it was found that two Spanish ships, the *San Rafael* and the *Firme*, had struck to the British fleet.

It was growing dark at half-past 8, and the fleets were drawing rather apart. Calder made the night signal to discontinue the action, but the general state of things was such that the firing did not altogether cease till an hour later. It had lasted altogether



about four hours and a half, and it had left the two Spanish prizes in the hands of the British at a loss of 39 killed and 159 wounded, while the combined fleet had suffered a loss of 476 in killed and wounded.

Calder's squadron now lay-to all night with their heads to the S.W., repairing damages, and the combined fleet remained in the same condition.

At daylight on the 23rd of July it was almost as foggy as ever; the two fleets were some 17 miles apart, and each was in more or less disorder. The British were hampered by the presence of the disabled prizes, and also by one of their own ships, the *Windsor Castle*, which was also disabled. Yet it was so thick that Calder could hardly tell what the situation of his fleet really was, and a movement to close up his ships was taken by Villeneuve to be a sign of weakness, who bore up with an intention, which he did not carry out, of reopening the engagement. Being to windward, Villeneuve always had the opportunity, had he wished it, of bringing on the action again. Calder could certainly make attempts in that way, but only at some disadvantages.

Villeneuve, however, was from his orders necessarily disinclined for more decisive action. His purposes would have been much better fulfilled had he never seen Calder at all, even if he had beaten him.

Calder, on his part, had to remember that there were 14 ships from Ferrol, and 5 from Rochefort, which might be close upon him. The combined fleet was still 18 sail strong, while his own, on account of the disabled *Windsor Castle*, was reduced to 14 sail. The odds were heavy, when 19 additional enemies might be in sight as soon as the fog lifted.

The two fleets passed out of each other's view on the 24th of July.\* Villeneuve made for Vigo, and anchored there on the 26th.† Calder conveyed his prizes towards the Channel, then

\* At 6 A.M. on the 23rd, according to nautical time.

† "In the first moment after the battle, Villeneuve was almost happy that he had met the English without experiencing a disaster; but having left the scene of action, and having had time for reflection, his discouragement and habitual melancholy deepened into a profound grief. . . . To complete his misfortune, the wind which for two days had been favourable had now become contrary again. To the sick, whose numbers had increased, the wounded had now to be added. There were not the necessary refreshments for them, and there was only water for five or six days. Thus situated, he again wanted to proceed to Cadiz, Lauriston again opposed this course; they split the difference and ran into Vigo."—Thiers' *History of the Consulate and the Empire* (Authorized Translation), vol. v., pp. 236-7.

Troude, vol. iii., p. 356, makes Villeneuve's decision to rest entirely on the wind, and his anxiety to land his sick and wounded. When the wind set in from the

steered back for Ferrol, and finding on arrival off the port on the 29th of July that Villeneuve had not put in there, he resumed the blockade of it, and awaited orders.

On the next day, the 30th of July, Villeneuve sailed from Vigo for Ferrol, but now with only 15 sail, having left three behind him at Vigo.\* On the 1st of August a strong south-westerly gale sprang up, which drove Calder away to the north-east, and enabled Villeneuve to pass into Ferrol unobserved. And thus, in spite of his mishaps and difficulties, the French admiral again found himself at the head of a fleet (29 sail of the line) so numerically superior to anything he was likely to meet, that had the quality been equal to the quantity, what had passed would have been mere incidental circumstances, in no degree troubling or hindering the main action of the great plan which was now working towards the *dénoûment*.†

Calder had detached Stirling with 4 sail of the line to resume the blockade of Rochefort, and now, when the wind moderated, and he reappeared off Ferrol on the 9th of August, with only 9 sail of the line, and found 29 enemy's ships ready to leave port, there was no possible course open to him but to fall back and join Lord Cornwallis off Ushant, which he did on the 14th.

There was still one thing wanting to complete Villeneuve's arrangements before he proceeded to roll up the blockading fleet

N.E. he steered for Cadiz; then after six hours, on a change to S.S.W., he made for Ferrol; then, on a change back to N.E., for Vigo.

James (*Naval History*, vol. iv., p. 16) dates the arrival at Vigo as given in the text, but Troude (vol. iii., p. 356) makes it the 28th.

\* The *Atlas*, French, and the *America and España*, Spanish. They had not suffered much in the action, but were said to be slow sailers, and likely to delay the fleet. They remained as hospital ships to accommodate the 1,200 sick and wounded which were discharged from the combined fleet. Villeneuve was only too glad of any excuse to be quit of the Spanish ships. "They have always," he wrote to Decrès, "brought us to the lowest depths of misfortune."—*Consulate and Empire*, vol. v., p. 238.

† It was in this sense that Napoleon affected to write to Villeneuve at Ferrol, endeavouring to encourage him in the belief that all was as it should be (see the letter of August 13th at p. 242, vol. v., *Consulate and Empire*.) Villeneuve, however, was not to be encouraged. "I am about to sail," he wrote to Decrès from Ferrol. . . . "No doubt it is thought that sailing hence with 29 ships, I am considered able to fight vessels of anything like the same number; I am not afraid to confess to you that I should be sorry to meet with 20. Our naval tactics are out of date; we only know how to range ourselves in line, and that is precisely what the enemy wishes for. I have neither time nor means to agree upon another system with the commanders of the vessels of the two nations. . . . I foresaw all this before I left Toulon; but all my delusions did not vanish until the day on which I saw the Spanish ships which are joined to mine . . . then I was obliged to despair of everything."—*Consulate and Empire*, vol. v., p. 240.



at Brest, to set Ganteaume free, and to sweep into the Channel in his company unopposed. When Stirling should get to Rochefort, he was sure to find it empty, for Allemand had put to sea directly after the blockade had been raised nearly a month before. Villeneuve was bound, if he could, to pick up Allemand before he went on, and he seems to have had some idea of doing it off Cape Ortegal.\* However this may be, Villeneuve sailed on the 11th of August, and was on the 13th and 14th off Cape Ortegal. The Rochefort squadron was, in fact, then close to him, but not actually seeing him, made for Vigo, and anchored there on the 16th of August. Villeneuve's latest orders from Napoleon had urged him to proceed to Brest, and give battle to the British fleet off that port at all hazards, even at the loss of his own fleet, in order to enable Ganteaume to put to sea. That was all that was necessary, in the opinion of the Emperor, to allow the 150,000 men in the 2,000 vessels lying ready, from Etaples to Cape Grisnez, to cross the Channel.† I must allow the French Admiral to make his own statement in explanation, or justification, of the fact that on the 15th of August he bore up and steered for Cadiz.

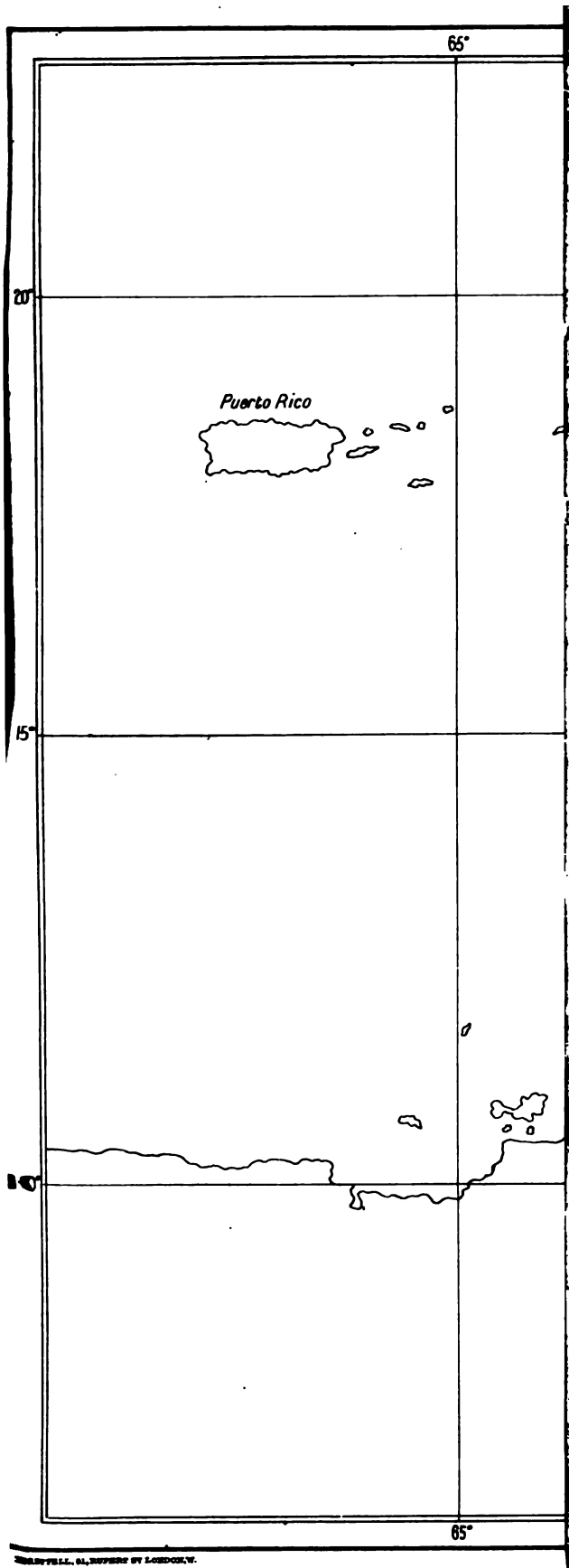
I was observed, on the day I quitted Ferrol, and the next morning also, by the frigates and by 2 sail of the line of the enemy, which I chased by the fastest ships in the fleet without being able to approach them. Having found the winds from the N.E. set in, and having stretched to the W.N.W. during the whole of the 14th and 15th without any appearance of change; having no confidence in the state of the armaments of my ships, or in their speed, or in the precision of their manœuvres; the reunion of the forces of the enemy, their knowledge of all my proceedings since my arrival on the coast of Spain, left me no hope of being able to carry out the great object for which the fleet was destined. In struggling longer against foul winds, I should experience irreparable damage and inevitable separations, the Spanish ship *San Francisco de Asis* having already lost her main topmast. Convinced that the state of affairs was essentially changed since the issue of His Majesty's orders, who, in directing the main

\* Allemand's various orders, as stated, do not correspond with his acts. According to Troude (vol. iii., pp. 335-6), he should have made Ferrol as soon as he was free to put to sea, and only to cruise if he was prevented from doing so. At Vigo, he found orders from Villeneuve to rendezvous at the Penmarks. James (vol. iv., p. 27) says Allemand did not find any instructions at Vigo.

† Troude, vol. iii., p. 357.

#### EXPLANATION OF PLATE III.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1.—Nelson, April 6, 1805.                             | 8.—Villeneuve, August 12 (approx.).                 |
| 2.—Villeneuve, same date.                             | 9.—Allemand, same date (approx.).                   |
| 3.—Villeneuve, April 8.                               | 10.—Nelson, same date.                              |
| 4.—Nelson, April 16.                                  | 11.—Calder, same date.                              |
| 5.—Nelson, May 5.                                     | 12.—Point where Villeneuve bore up,<br>August 15th. |
| 6.—Nelson, May 12.                                    | 13.—Nelson, same date.                              |
| 7.—Calder's action, June 22<br>Nelson again at Fig. 5 | 14.—Cornwallis and Calder, same date.               |



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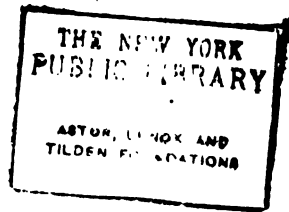


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part of his naval forces on the Colonies, had for his object to divide those of the enemy by drawing his attention to his distant possessions, in order to surprise him, and to strike at his heart by their sudden return to Europe and their combined reunion; that this plan not having succeeded, being, in fact, upset by the time which had elapsed, and of the calculations to which the speed of the squadron had permitted, the enemy was placed in a position to defend it; and that the junction of his force, at this moment was greater than under any preceding circumstances, and was such that they might prove superior to the united fleets of Toulon; seeing, therefore, no chance of success in this state of affairs, and, conformably to my instructions, I determined, on the third day after my departure, on the evening of the 15th, being then 80 leagues W.N.W. of Cape Finisterre, to bear up for Cadiz.\*

Let me now, finally, set out the contemporary events side by side, that the flow of the story up to the *dénoûment* may be the better comprehended.

*July 22nd.*—Villeneuve's and Calder's fleets in action west of Ferrol; Allemand's squadron within a day's sail of the spot. Nelson anchors in Mazarri Bay.

*July 24th.*—Villeneuve and Calder lose sight of each other. Nelson sails from Mazarri Bay.

*July 26th.*—Villeneuve anchors at Vigo. Calder convoying his prizes to the northward. Allemand at sea looking for Villeneuve. Nelson off the coast of Portugal, steering to the northward.

*July 29th.*—Villeneuve at Vigo; Allemand at sea, looking for him. Calder off Ferrol, with 13 sail; Nelson below the latitude of Lisbon, with 11 sail, steering to the northward.

*August 1st.*—Calder driven from Ferrol to the N.E. by a gale of wind. Villeneuve sails from Vigo with 15 sail, and anchors at Corunna, is now at the head of 29 sail; Allemand still at sea looking for him. Nelson still south of Lisbon.

*August 9th.*—Villeneuve still at Corunna; Allemand still at sea. Calder arriving off Ferrol with 9 sail, finds Villeneuve there, and falls back to join Cornwallis off Brest; Nelson within six days of Ushant.

*August 11th.*—Villeneuve quits Corunna with 29 sail; Allemand in the neighbourhood of Cape Ortegal with 5 sail. Nelson within four days of Ushant.

*August 13th.*—Villeneuve off Cape Ortegal, standing W.N.W., with 29 sail; Allemand close to, but not in sight. Nelson, 11 sail, within two days of Ushant; Calder, 9 sail, within one day's sail of Ushant.

\* Troude, vol. iii., p. 360. He says (vol. iii., p. 551) that before leaving the West Indies, Villeneuve received orders which would have justified his going to Cadiz. I am disposed to think, however, that he was relying on the latter part of Napoleon's draft of May 8th, already quoted.



*August 15th.*—Villeneuve, being 240 miles W.N.W. of Cape Finis-terre, with a N.E. wind, bears up for Cadiz; Allemand within one day's sail of Vigo. Nelson joins Cornwallis off Brest.

*August 16th.*—Villeneuve on his way south; Allemand anchors at Vigo. Nelson on his way home with only *Victory* and *Superb*.

While these transactions were in progress at sea, Napoleon had been apparently fully persuaded of the ultimate success of his plans, and fully determined to push his army across, so soon as the sails of the combined fleets should appear. He arrived at Boulogne on the 3rd of August, reviewed a line of infantry nine miles long, and said: "The English know not what awaits them. If we have the power of crossing but for twelve hours, England will be no more."\* He heard of Calder's action about the 13th of August, and on that day wrote to Villeneuve the commendatory letter already noticed, in which he said:—

The English are not so numerous as you seem to imagine. They are everywhere in a state of uncertainty and alarm. Should you make your appearance for three days—nay, even for 24 hours—your mission would be fulfilled. Make the moment of your departure known to Admiral Ganteaume by an extraordinary courier. Never for a grander object did a squadron run such risks. . . . For this great object of forwarding the descent upon that power which for six centuries has oppressed France, we may all die without regretting the sacrifice of life. . . . England has in the Downs only 4 ships of the line, which we daily harass with our praams and our flotillas.†

On the 14th he wrote to Lauriston, who still remained on board Villeneuve's flagship, saying:—

We are ready everywhere. Your presence in the Channel for 24 hours will suffice.‡

On the 22nd of August the courier who had been despatched with the news of Villeneuve's having quitted Ferrol, arrived at Boulogne. The Emperor and the Minister of Marine were quartered some distance apart, and each received separate letters from Villeneuve's flag-ship. The Emperor heard from Lauriston, expressing full confidence that the fleet was on its way to Brest. The Minister Decrès, received a letter from Villeneuve, which gave him strong reason to believe that Villeneuve would never appear at Brest.

Before he saw Decrès, the Emperor wrote to Ganteaume and to Villeneuve, supposing both would be at Brest when his letters reached. To Ganteaume he said, "Set out, and come hither." To Villeneuve he said, "I hope that you are at Brest. Set out; lose not a moment. Bring my united squadrons into the Channel,

\* *Consulate and Empire*, vol. v., p. 222, et seq.

† *Consulate and Empire*, vol. v., p. 243.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 242.

and England is ours! We are all ready; everything is embarked. Be here but for 24 hours and all is ended."\*

But presently Decrès waited on him with the expression not only of his doubts about Villeneuve, and his conviction that he would next appear at Cadiz, but of his own view that the whole plan was a mistake—"horribly dangerous." Napoleon, apparently furious, pondered for twenty-four hours, and then accepting as certainty the Minister's belief, sent for his Secretary, Daru, and enacted with him that scene told with such dramatic effect by Thiers and Alison, from a paper left by Daru himself; but over which Alison makes such a strange mistake. Daru being sent for, found the Emperor in his cabinet in a transport of rage, rushing up and down in a fury, and breaking out into exclamations: "What a navy! What sacrifices for nothing! What an admiral! All hope is gone! That Villeneuve, instead of entering the Channel, has taken refuge in Cadiz. He will be blockaded there! Daru, sit down and write——." What was written there and then were the preliminary directions for the Campaign of Austerlitz, and the final abandonment of the design of invading England.†

In reviewing the nature and prospects of this last and apparently gigantic and complex effort of France, we are met by a very strong sensation of difficulty resting on the doubt—which I may own to operate with much force on my mind—whether Napoleon ever really meant to try the hazard of invasion. M. Thiers is quite satisfied that he did fully mean it, and he certainly seemed to do so. But with a mind such as Napoleon's, so firmly persuaded of the value of untruth, we never know where we are. Anyone reading the "*Pièces Justificatives*" given by Dumas in the eleventh volume of his *Précis des Evénemens Militaires*, where are set out in a continued series Napoleon's orders and observations on the movements and combinations of the Franco-Spanish fleets up to the 26th of June, cannot fail to be struck with the very large space which is given to the West Indian arrangements, and the small space which the notion of command in the Channel occupies.

And then the changes in the plans and their want of completeness require some explanation, if the Emperor was really earnest in that which, ostensibly, he was full of. It was only, apparently,

\* *Consulate and Empire*, vol. v., p. 245.

† Alison's mistake is that he makes this scene occur on the 11th instead of the 23rd of August; and that he substitutes Ferrol for Cadiz. He was probably misled by his knowledge that Villeneuve was forbidden to enter Ferrol, not understanding that this only meant the harbour of Ferrol, not the roadstead, and that the objection rested solely on the difficulty of getting out again except with a north-east wind.



when the impossibility of the Brest fleet's putting to sea became manifest that the ultimate plan of Villeneuve's combining with the forces at Ferrol and Rochefort, and then passing up Channel to release Ganteaume at Brest was finally adopted.

And then we have two statements by Napoleon himself: first, that half the flotilla was sham, and then, that the whole of it was sham. In his note on the flotilla, dictated after his return from Boulogne, he says the whole provision of armed vessels, praams, gun-boats, flat boats, and *peniches*, were perfectly useless; they were a mere blind, to deceive the English into the belief that he meant to attempt to cross without the cover of a fleet—a thing which he very well knew could not be done.\*

Prince Metternich, in his autobiography, says: "By far the greater part of the political prophets, the camp at Boulogne was regarded as a preparation for a landing in England. Some better instructed observers saw in this camp a French army held in readiness to cross the Rhine, and that was my opinion. In one of my longer conversations with Napoleon in the journey to Cambray, whither I accompanied the Emperor in 1810, the conversation turned upon the great military preparations which he had made in the years 1803-5 in Boulogne. I frankly confessed to him that even at the time I could not regard these offensive measures as directed against England. 'You are very right,' said the Emperor, smiling. 'Never would I have been such a fool as to make a descent upon England, unless, indeed, a revolution had taken place within the country. The army assembled at Boulogne was always an army against Austria. I could not place it anywhere else without giving offence; and, being obliged to form it somewhere, I did so at Boulogne, where I could, whilst collecting it, also disquiet England. The very day of an insurrection in England, I should have sent over a detachment of my army to support the insurrection. I should not the less have fallen on you, for my forces were echeloned for that purpose. Thus you saw, in 1805, how near Boulogne was to Vienna.' "†

There is another incidental argument in favour of Prince Metternich's view, which is the varied and vague way in which Napoleon spoke of the length of time during which he required command of the sea to get his forces over. In July 1804 he said: "Let us be masters of the Straits for six hours, and we shall be

\* See *Précis des Evénemens Militaires*, vol. xii., p. 316.

† *Memoirs of Prince Metternich*. Translated by Mrs. A. Napier. 1880.

masters of the world."\* In draft instructions to Villeneuve, of May 8th, 1805, he says: "If your presence makes us masters of the sea for three days off Boulogne, we shall be able to make our expedition, composed of 160,000 men in 2,000 vessels."† In the second draft on the same day, the time is four days and the number of men 150,000.‡

But, on the other hand, these direct statements, and these loose expressions seem to be outweighed by the distinctly anxious attitude of mind which Napoleon displayed as the time drew near when the arrival of Villeneuve off Brest was to be expected.

But if we are to believe that Napoleon was as much in earnest in the matter of a descent on the shores of England as he was in the matter of a concentration upon Ulm, then we must, I think, say that, confused by the double issue of a command of the sea, which was, after all, to be but an evasion of the enemy, Napoleon lost himself. The plans were too complex, too varied, and too indeterminate to have presented any real prospect of success. We are very generally accustomed to hear it said that Napoleon "decoyed" Nelson to the West Indies, and we seem generally to suppose that Collingwood exactly fathomed the Emperor's drift. But the West Indian Expeditions were no feints; nor do we gather that though, as a general principle, the idea was to draw the enemy's forces abroad, Napoleon distinctly contemplated that his admirals would be followed to the West Indies. Moreover, supposing it were otherwise, the idea of strategy would be somewhat lacking if we suppose that Villeneuve's main object in going to the West Indies was to draw Nelson after him. The fact proves it, for we see Nelson outsailing Villeneuve on the return voyage. If the main object had been to draw a British squadron away, the voyage to the West Indies should have been a pretended one, and Villeneuve, taking care that Nelson was duly informed of his supposed West Indian destination, should have turned back on the limited Ferrol blockading squadron and annihilated it, while forming his junction with the ships in the port. It was the same with Missiessy's squadron. If command of the Channel had been primarily aimed at, a rendezvous at sea with Villeneuve would have been properly appointed and not the distant one at Surinam.

\* Napoleon to Latouche-Tréville. *Précis des Evénemens Militaires*, vol. xi., p. 200.

† *Ibid.*, p. 249.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 251.



On the whole, I think that in some way or other, failure might have been predicted for designs which were too great, too complex, and too full of risk. The mere embarkation of bodies of troops on board the ships was against success in the supposed ulterior design, for it meant sickness and short supplies in the ships. Nor can we, in forming a calm judgment, omit to notice that Napoleon seems to have been acting all along in the very teeth of his naval advice. We know that both Villeneuve and Decrès remonstrated with him, and the strong language of the Minister of Marine on the 22nd of August is not to be forgotten :

And to speak the whole truth, a Minister of Marine, subjugated by your Majesty in naval affairs, serves you badly and becomes useless to your arms, if not actually injurious to them.\*

Thus once more, but finally, we seem to draw the lesson from this last effort of France that it is unavailing to attempt to obtain the command of the sea by any other means than by fighting for it, and that that is so tremendous an undertaking that it will not bear consideration side by side with any other object.

\* *Consulate and Empire*, vol. v., p. 247.

(*To be continued.*)



# The Cinque Ports.

## I.



ILLUSTRATED BY J. HOLLAND TRINGHAM.

"Sandwich here, Guard?"

"Yes, Sir—but perhaps you mean you would like some refreshment, Sir?"

"No; I will get out and refresh myself with a walk about the town."—*Old Play.*



To enjoy a ramble through Sandwich one must try to forget the modern aspects of the ancient town, and look only at the past when it was important and flourishing. Its historical associations make it interesting, and the lover of picturesque old buildings will find something here and there in its winding streets to attract the attention and please the eye.

It must be granted that no stranger visiting Sandwich for the first time will be seized with an insatiable desire to take up his abode in the place at once. At the very outset we warn our uninformed readers that the town is not beautiful, that the streets are narrow and crooked, and many of the buildings present quite a dilapidated appearance. It is not the fault of Sandwich, or its



inhabitants, that its usefulness and importance are no longer what they were centuries ago. Although at present the town has fallen into obscurity, it has a history, and its great antiquity invests it with an interest of no small degree. As one of the Cinque ports, it performed a service of great value during the reigns of all the early English monarchs, until the establishment of a regular navy set aside the ancient mode of fitting out ships for the defence of the coast, and now with its harbour empty of vessels of war, and its quaint old streets and houses that have seen so much better days it enjoys a quiet and venerable old age. While the antiquarian who is tempted to visit it is well repaid for his trouble in turning aside to inspect its relics of past ages, the ordinary tourist generally passes it by unheeded.

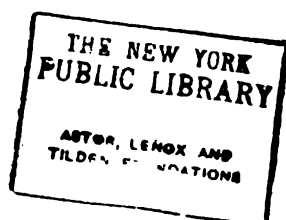
It is evident, from the quantities of shingle, flints, and rounded stones that are thrown up whenever excavations are made in the lower parts of the town, that Sandwich is fully entitled to its Saxon name, which means "the town on the sand." It lies near the eastern extremity of the county of Kent, at the mouth of the river Stour, and in days gone by must have had a convenient and commodious harbour for vessels of light draught. In fact, what ships were there except of light draught when the Saxons were struggling to their utmost to beat off the persistent Danes, or when Edward the Confessor assembled the entire fleet of England at Sandwich in order to fight Earl Godwin and his sons?

For the benefit of those who have but a faint recollection of the privileges and uses of the Cinque Ports, we must resort to history. During the latter period of the occupation of England by the Romans a system of protection of the coasts opposite the Continent from the attacks of northern pirates was established, and garrisons of regular soldiers were stationed at various points. There were nine of these places, but it is difficult to fix with certainty the modern names of most of them. Dover was one, and Richborough was another, and it is probable that Hastings was another. There seems to be some doubt whether the last of the Saxon kings who really reigned (Edward the Confessor) or William the Conqueror had the honour of incorporating the Cinque Ports, but undoubtedly the Roman idea formed the basis of the scheme of defence. Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney, and Hythe were the original five, and to each of them were attached "limbs" or "members," as they were styled, consisting of other towns along the coast and in the vicinity. Rye and Winchelsea were joined at first to the ports as "limbs" of Hastings. The limbs were anxious



The Portico  
from the Water  
H. B. Jones







Fisher's Gate.



to share in the honour and privileges extended to the chief ports, while the services they were bound to render to the Crown were so expensive that the Cinque ports were quite willing to be relieved of a part of their onerous responsibilities by their wealthy neighbours. Thus nearly the entire coast from Thanet to Hastings was under the protection of the Cinque Ports. Hastings was regarded as the port of first importance, and Sandwich next.

Until the reign of Henry VII., England had no regular navy. The Cinque Ports furnished all the vessels of war required by the Crown, and when ships were wanted, the King issued his summons to the ports to provide their quota. In the time of Edward I. the whole



number required was 57, fully equipped. In 1086 Sandwich was obliged to equip "for the King's war five ships, armed and arrayed at its own cost and charge, with twenty men in each ship, who were to be maintained for fifteen days, at the expiration of which time the King was to pay for them." For these services the Cinque Ports enjoyed certain privileges and immunities, which were fully set forth in their charters conferred by the Crown. Freedom from tolls and dues was granted, and it was considered very honourable to be a freeman of the Cinque Ports.

It is rather curious that all these famous ports, with the exception of Dover, have ceased to have anything worthy of the name of

harbour. Hastings, Romney, and Hythe have lost their rivers, and the Stour, on which Sandwich is situated, is choked with sand and silt, while the haven below is little better than a marsh. The town itself is now two miles distant from the sea. Sandwich was once regarded as a place of great strength, and able to resist a vigorous siege. The walls of the town were made by throwing up earth-works, and a ditch or moat surrounded them. Formerly the town could only be entered by its gates, and of the ancient gates the only one remaining is the Fisher's Gate, which faced the ferry,

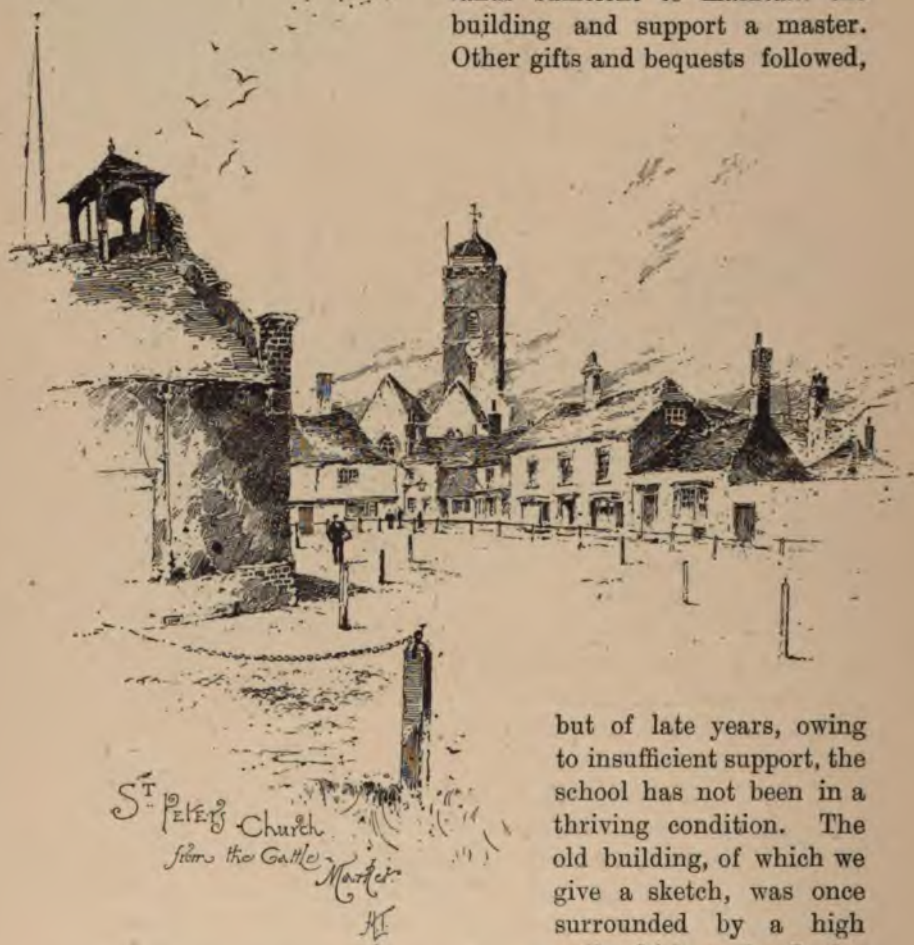


and was the only passage into the Island of Thanet. Sandown Gate, on the road leading to Deal, was erected in 1706. Woodnesborough Gate led to the village of that name. Newgate was situated on the Dover road. Canterbury Gate, having fallen into ruins, was removed in 1784. There still remains on the north side of the town, near the river, with its quays, a comparatively modern structure, which was originally called Davyd's Gate, but now the Barbican. It had the Custom House at one end and a watch-tower at the other, but the Custom House has long been transferred to a better location. The Barbican has such an antiquated look that one could readily imagine it to be one of the oldest relics of the Dark Ages in the town, but of all the gates this is the most modern.

OLD HOUSE  
IN  
MOATLEY STREET



The free Grammar School was founded in 1563, when the mayor, the jurats, and the chief citizens of Sandwich raised by subscription for the erection of a suitable building the sum of £486 7s. 2d. Mr. Roger Manwood, who was then a barrister, but afterwards became Sir Roger Manwood, and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, agreed to endow the school with lands sufficient to maintain the building and support a master. Other gifts and bequests followed,

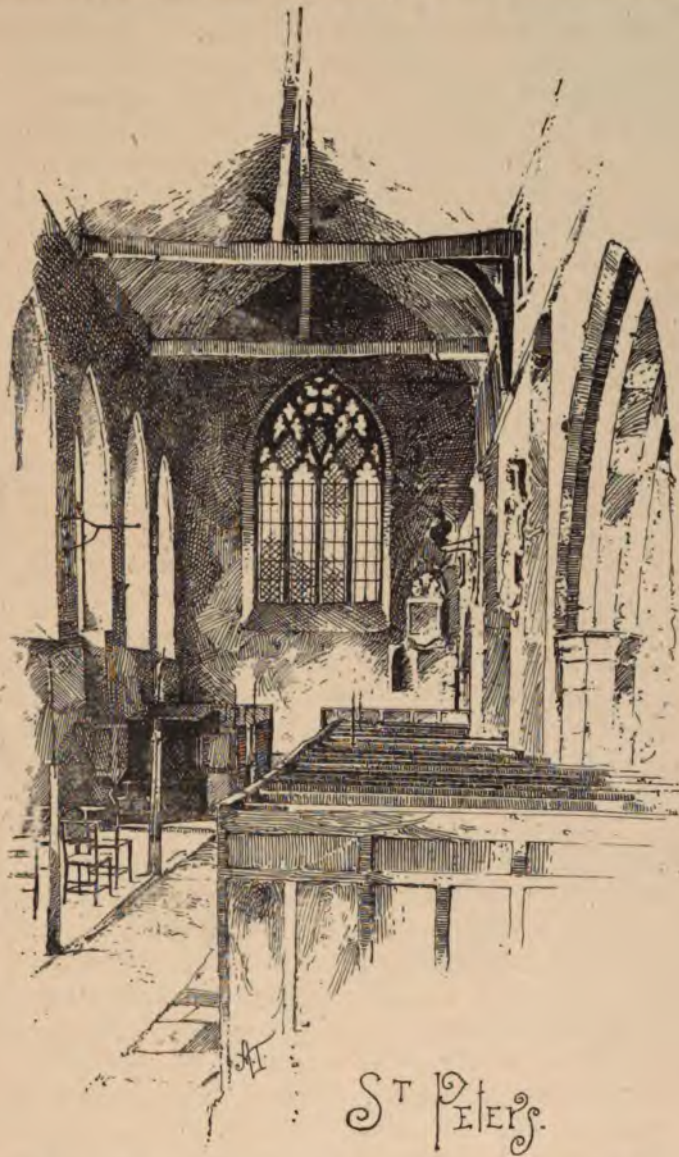


but of late years, owing to insufficient support, the school has not been in a thriving condition. The old building, of which we give a sketch, was once surrounded by a high wall, which enclosed also

a rather extensive piece of ground. It is no longer devoted to its original use.

As we go through Moatsole Street, we notice some old houses that are rather good specimens of street architecture. Time has softened all their rough points, and we are forced to admire them, principally, we must confess, because they are old.

After wandering about for some time, we find ourselves in the old cattle-market. There is nothing here particularly attractive, but we see just beyond, over the tops of the houses, the tower of



ST PETER'S.

St. Peter's Church, and thither we direct our steps. This church stands nearly in the centre of Sandwich. On Sunday, October 13, 1661, about eleven o'clock at night, its great steeple fell with a



thundering crash, demolishing the south aisle. The present tower is composed of fragments of the old one, mixed with Kentish rag and sandstone. Within the church are several monuments, some of them quite ancient. In 1564 this church was given up to the use of the Walloons, who, through the religious persecution in Brabant and Flanders, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, were forced to take refuge in England. These people, to the number of 406, came to Sandwich, and among them were skilled manufacturers of serges, baize, and flannels. Some excelled in market gardening, and finding the soil highly favourable to the cultivation of celery, asparagus, and other vegetables, they started a large number of gardens in Sandwich. The old town, which soon felt the impetus of their industry, seemed to have taken a new lease of life. The strangers were soon thriving, so much so that the jealousy of the natives was aroused, and the Dutch congregation were forced to petition the mayor and jurats of the town and port to be relieved of certain charges that were exacted from them by the inhabitants. Unfortunately for Sandwich, the manufacture of these woollen fabrics was started in other places, and the industry died out.

In our ramble we come to Cray House, where, the story goes, Queen Bess was entertained during her visit to the town. At all events, we find in this house a remarkably fine carving of the Royal Arms over a chimney-piece, which it is not at all unlikely was done in her honour, and in preparation for her coming. The house where the Queen lodged, there is some authority for stating, was a fine old Elizabethan building, near St. Mary's Church. The old record states that she lodged at Mr. Manwood's house.

The visit of Queen Elizabeth to her faithful town of Sandwich in 1573 was a memorable event. She had been expected for some time, and preparations had been made for her reception. Two of the jurats (or aldermen) had been to London to buy a gold cup of the value of £100 to present to Her Majesty. The houses had been beautified and adorned, and the streets paved and put in order. The brewers had been enjoined to brew good beer against her coming, but whether this order was given exclusively on Queen Bess's account does not appear. At last the Queen arrived, and the Mayor, with nine jurats, "received Her Highness at Sandown, at the uttermost end thereof, the said Mayor being apparelled in a scarlet gown, at which place Her Majesty stayed. And there the said Mayor yielded up to Her Majesty his mace, and during Her Majesty's standing and receiving of the mace, the great ordynance

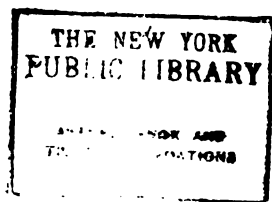


The Entrance  
from  
Fish Street



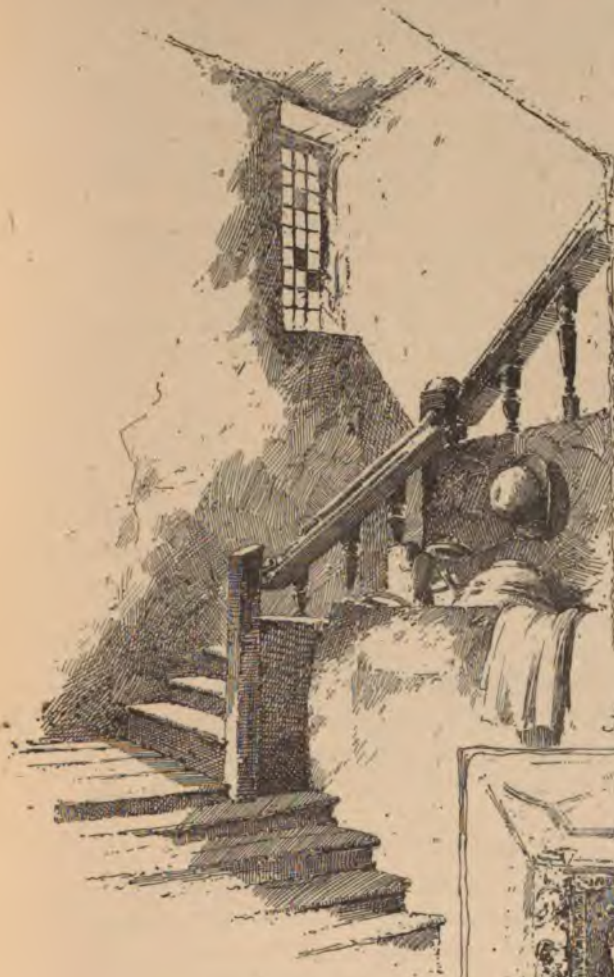
The Barbican  
Sandwich.  
H.





was discharged, which was to the number of one hundred or a hundred and twenty, and that in such good order as the queen and noblemen gave great commendation thereof. Then Her Majesty went

OLD Staircase  
and  
Coat of Arms  
in Cray Horse



towards the town, and at Sandown Gate were a lyon and a dragon, all gilt, set up upon two posts at the bridge end, and her arms were hanged up upon the gate. All the town was gravelled and strewed





with rushes, herbs, flags, and such like, every house having a number of green boughs standing against the doors and walls, every house painted black and white."

Then riding on till she came to "a fine house, newly built and vaulted over, whereon her arms were set and hanked with tapestry," she paused to listen to the eloquent oration of Mr. Richard Spycer, the minister of St. Clement's parish, after which she received from him the cup of gold. The mode of presentation was peculiar. The cup was first handed to a son of the Mayor, who gave it to the footmen, from whom Her Majesty received it, and delivered it to one of her equerries to carry it. And then Mr. Spycer presented her with a New Testament in Greek, which she thankfully accepted. And so she rode on until she came to Mr. Manwood's house, wherein she lodged, a house wherein King Henry VIII. had been lodged twice before. The next day the Queen "had good sport" in witnessing a sham fight, when a fort on the other side of the haven was captured, and the day following, the Mayor's wife and her sisters, the jurats' wives, made "the Queen's majestie a banquet of one hundred and sixty dishes on a table of 28 foote long" in the school house. It is said that the Queen was very merry, and did eat of divers dishes without "any assaye," and caused certain to be reserved for her, and carried to her lodging. On the day of her departure, on account of the wetness of the morning, the great pieces of artillery could not be fired, but the soldiers with their small shot gave her a parting salute.

They had an earthquake in Sandwich on the 6th April in the twenty-second year of Elizabeth, which caused quite a sensation. In the quaint language of the chronicler we read that, "about six o'clock in the evening there was heard from the south-west a marvelouse greate noyse, as thoughe the same had been the shott of some greate batterie or a number of canons shott off at one instant without discernyng of any dyfference of tyme in the going off of the same shott. But sodenlie, and in the twingling of an eye, the same noyse was as thoughe yt had ben round about the hearers, and therewith began a moste feirce and terrible earthquake, which with the noyse aforesaid and other circumstances continued not above the tyme as we commonlie call yt of a paternoster while." The good people were more frightened than hurt it seems, for though the earthquake continued with "such ratlinge as though a number of persons with chaynes shakinge had been presente, yet thankes be to God it did little harme." It

knocked down a gable in one of the churches, and did some slight damage in a few houses.

The plague made great havoc here in 1597, and again in 1635, 1637, and 1643—no doubt brought by the fugitives escaping to the Continent from London.

This town, dating from the middle of the seventh century, has seen many strange vicissitudes. It was a notorious resort of



smugglers for years, and many an exciting chase has been made by the Government officers in pursuit of these gentlemen in the neighbouring marshes. Along this quay, and where the fishermen now lounge about the bridge, what strange sights have been seen. "King Canute in 1015, after he had received the woorse in a fight in Lincolneshyre, withdrew his ships that lay in the haven, and



there most barbarously behaved himself, cutting off the hands and feet of such as he had taken for hostage, and so departed all wroth and melancholike into Denmark to repair his armie."

In 1049 Edward the Confessor resided here, and remained for a considerable time. Here the persecuted Thomas à Becket in 1164

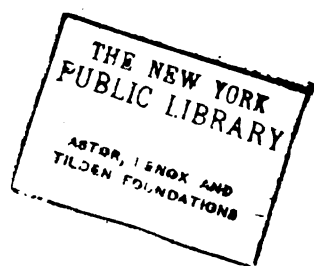


Butchery.

embarked for the Continent, and returned here six years later, being "received by the common people with great joy."

Here landed Richard Cœur de Lion after his imprisonment by the Duke of Austria.

From this port King Edward III. repeatedly sailed for France, and here landed Edward the Black Prince after the battle of Poitiers, bringing John, King of France, and his son Philip as







NEAR SANDWICH.

prisoners. Henry V. embarked here for Calais, and we read that in 1640 the young Prince of Orange passed through Sandwich and was saluted by great and small shot. In 1651 Oliver Cromwell visited the town, and in 1669 Charles II., Prince Rupert, and the Earl of Sandwich, came to the town, and the Mayor presented His Majesty with a glass of sack at the Bull Tavern door, which he drank on horseback. Whether the Bull Tavern has now been superseded by the "King's Arms" we have no means of determining.

The title of Earl of Sandwich was conferred upon the famous admiral of the Montagu family by Charles II. The first Earl of Sandwich was created a peer for his services in surrendering the fleet of the Commonwealth to the King. An Earl of Sandwich was a statesman of great ability during the war with the American colonies, and managed England's naval affairs.

Besides St. Peter's Church there are two other old churches, St. Clement's and St. Mary's. The tower of St. Clement's Church is considered to be one of the best specimens of Saxon architecture remaining in England, but it has a clumsy look.

The Butchery, in a narrow street not far from Fisher's Gate, is a rugged specimen of architecture, and the use to which this building was put is plainly suggested. Many of the old houses are decorated with flints, and there are some fine pieces of workmanship among them.

While there is little prospect that Sandwich will ever revive from its lethargy, and become once more a stirring town, it can be said that few English towns have been more prominent since William the Conqueror's reign for substantial services to the country, and it is a matter of regret that little but the name and fame of these services remain.

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## Two French Admirals.

By CAPTAIN T. SHERLOCK GOOCH, R.N.

### I.—ADMIRAL ROUSSIN.\*

[We have thought that a brief sketch of the career of the hero of the Tagus in 1831 might prove of interest to our readers at the present juncture.—ED.]



ALBIN REINE ROUSSIN, one of the most distinguished French seamen since Trafalgar, was essentially a self-made man. Born at Dijon, the 21st April 1781, the son of an attorney, he at the age of twelve became a *mousse* to save his father from the horrors of a prison and perhaps the guillotine; for Dijon at that time was quite at the mercy of the revolutionary mob, and men and women were being hurried to execution without even the semblance of a trial.

Penniless, forlorn, only just able to read and write, the child was sent to Dunkirk, and there, April the 21st, 1793, as *mousse* (corresponding to our old rating "2nd class boy") on board *La République*, a floating battery, the future Admiral Baron Roussin began his long and successful naval career. After serving in this capacity and in that of "ordinary seaman" for nearly five years, young Roussin appears to have publicly competed for, and won, the grade of *aspirant de première classe* (midshipman). In April 1803, at the age of twenty-two, Roussin received his commission as *enseigne de vaisseau* (sub-lieutenant). Only nineteen years later, and the second-class boy of the Revolution was gazetted rear-admiral by a Bourbon Minister.

Roussin does not appear to have been weighted with political prejudices. He served France well and loyally under the Consulate, the Empire, the Bourbons, and the Orleanists, and by each and all of these Governments the gallant, straightforward seaman was

\* *L'Amiral Roussin.* Par le vice-amiral Jurien de la Gravière. Paris: Plon.

trusted and honoured. Shortly after Roussin had obtained the rank of *enseigne de vaisseau* he was ordered to join the *Sémillante*, a second-class frigate carrying thirty-two 12-pounders. The *Sémillante* was one of a small squadron under the command of Admiral Linois. General Decaen, the newly-appointed Governor-General of the French possessions to the east of the Cape of Good Hope, embarked on board the *Marengo*. He was instructed to proceed to Pondicherry, lately restored to France by the Treaty of Amiens, and to receive that place from the English authorities. But no one believed in the Treaty of Amiens. It was simply regarded as a hollow truce; and the real object of sending out this squadron, each ship of which had been specially selected for her fast-sailing qualities, was to carry on *la guerre de course* against the British commerce in the East.

The directions for prosecuting *la guerre de course* may be summed up as follows:—Avoid fighting, and destroy commerce—privateering, in fact. It was not work that Nelson, Collingwood, Suffren, or Latouche Tréville would have cared about;\* but France, after the destruction of her fleet at Trafalgar, had no resource left except to attack our commerce, and the energetic and resolute French seamen who carried on this warfare with so much success against us in the Indian Ocean deserved well of their country. It is a warfare that is impossible to follow up without a base of operations, and it is surprising that England should have waited until 1810 before seizing Mauritius (that “nest of scorpions,” as the Indian Press called it) from whence the fast-sailing French frigates and privateers preyed on our commerce.

The *Belle Poule* was the first of the squadron to arrive at Pondicherry. But the English authorities were not at all eager to surrender their conquest. “Les Anglais,” writes Admiral de la Gravière, “ne rendent pas facilement ce qu'ils ont pris—les Gladstone ne se rencontrent chez eux tous les jours.” Vice-Admiral Rainier, with a squadron of 4 two-deckers and 3 frigates, anchored within ten miles of Pondicherry on July 11th. M. Linois sent his flag-captain to invite the English Admiral to breakfast on the 13th. Admiral Rainier accepted; and on the morning of that day shifted his flag to the *Rattlesnake*, a sloop-of-war, and proceeded to Pondicherry; but, when standing in to the anchorage, to his surprise he found it deserted. On the preceding evening

\* “La guerre de course! l'amiral Lalande l'avait pratiquée. . . . Sous d'excellents maîtres. Il n'en était pas resté partisan; j'en ai gardé de ses enseignements le dégoût.” Admiral Jurien de la Gravière.



the armed brig *Bélier* had arrived from Brest, bringing news of the warlike message (March 8th) of George III. to Parliament. Linois saw that war was inevitable; he therefore slipped his cables, and with his squadron sailed for the Isle of France.

The full details of how Commodore Dance (a merchant captain) with his fleet of 29 traders, chiefly manned by Lascars and Chinamen, and protected only by one of the Company's brigs-of-war, succeeded in beating off a French squadron consisting of a two-decker, 2 frigates, a corvette, and a gun-brig, are faithfully related by William James, the naval historian.

Perhaps, as the *Sémillante* was one of the frigates engaged, a short summary of this amusing episode may not be out of place here. The time for the sailing of the annual fleet of East Indiamen from Canton to London was approaching. Admiral Linois had learnt from neutral vessels that this flotilla consisted of 24 East Indiamen,\* escorted only by 1 brig-of-war, Commodore Dance, trusting to the experience and courage of his captains, having declined all other protection. Dance sailed from Canton on January 31, 1804, and on February 14, at 8 A.M., Pulo-Aor bearing W.S.W., one of his ships signalled 4 sail to the S.W. These were the *Marengo*, *Belle Poule*, *Sémillante*, and *Berceau*. Admiral Linois had been for some days impatiently cruising off Pulo-Aor to intercept this extraordinarily wealthy trading armada. A thought of failure does not appear to have entered his mind. The capture or destruction of the very valuable fleet committed to Commodore Dance's care would, no doubt, have proved a serious blow to our commerce, but it would scarcely, as Admiral de la Gravière believes, have affected the Funds to the same extent as the loss of a battle. However, Commodore Dance, *prit au sérieux la flotte de "la vieille lady,"* † and acted with the most consummate judgment, cool courage and seamanship.

The weather was hazy and the wind light. Dance first formed his vessels in line ahead in close order. Then, having detailed four of his heaviest ships ‡ and the H.E.I.C. brig *Ganges* to examine the strangers, the Commodore, followed by the rest of the fleet, calmly continued on his course under easy sail. M. Linois was puzzled at the size and the number of the English ships.

\* Commodore Dance's fleet was composed of 16 Indiamen, 11 country-ships, 1 ship bound for Botany Bay, and 1 Portuguese merchant vessel.

† The old lady of Threadneedle Street.

‡ They were armed with an upper-deck battery of from thirty to thirty-six light guns and carronades.

The haze continued all day, and had the effect of exaggerating and distorting objects. At night-fall the French squadron was nearly within range of the rear of the English fleet of merchant-ships, but Linois, thinking it probable that Dance would double back on his rear-guard, and thus place the French between two fires, decided not to attack until daybreak. He therefore took a position of about three miles to windward of the rear of the English ships. Dance hove to and cleared for action, at the same time ordering the country-ships to make sail and take station in line ahead on the lee-bow of the Company's vessels. At daybreak both squadrons (the French three miles to windward) were found hove to, and they almost simultaneously hoisted their national colours. But imagine the French Admiral's astonishment when he saw the blue ensign flying from the peaks of the three largest ships in the English fleet. He had not counted on this. His information had led him to believe that he would only have had to deal with armed merchant-ships, but here was a fleet of East Indiamen, apparently not only perfectly able to defend itself, but also protected by three heavily armed men-of-war; indeed, Captain Motard told M. Linois the following day that four of the English ships carried 60 guns each in addition to their upper-deck battery. However, Linois resolved to attack when the breeze freshened, trusting to the fast-sailing qualities of his ships to escape if he found the English too strong for him. Commodore Dance had conceived the happy thought of ordering his three most imposing looking Indiamen to display the blue ensign, the flag of the admiral in command of the station, but the largest of these did not carry a heavier armament than an upper-deck battery of 36 light guns and carronades, and they were only manned by a mixed crew of 140 Europeans, Chinamen, and Lascars.

Shortly after noon the French Admiral opened fire on the rear of Dance's line. The Commodore, in the *Earl Campden*, with his largest ships immediately tacked, bore down under a press of sail, and engaged the French ships in succession. "Nulle gaucherie," writes M. de la Gravière, "nulle hesitation se trahissent dans l'exécution de cette manœuvre. Des vaisseaux de guerre ne montreraient plus d'aplomb." Seventeen ships, according to Captain Motard of the *Sémillante*, bore down on the French squadron, but, according to James, only three of these—the *Royal George*, the *Ganges*, and the *Earl Campden*—were engaged. However, at 1 P.M. the French Admiral hauled to the wind under all



sail, and stood away with his squadron to the eastward. Commodore Dance chased Admiral Linois for three hours, and then resumed his passage homewards.

In this very remarkable sea fight between English merchant vessels and French men-of-war the former lost one man killed and one man wounded, but the latter, with the exception of a few shrouds shot away, escaped absolutely scathless. Linois was a man of undaunted courage; but his career in the East was a failure. After several cruises, he arrived at the Cape on September 13, 1805, and left again early in November for a long cruise on the West Coast. Hearing at St. Helena of the capture of the Cape by the English, he decided to return to France. But it was eight long years before he again set foot in his native country. For on the passage home his squadron, the *Marengo* and *Belle Poule*, fell in with the *London*, 98, the *Foudroyant*, 80, and the *Amazon*, 38, and after a determined resistance against overwhelming odds the two ships were captured. Admiral Linois, who was severely wounded, showed the most conspicuous courage, and the English Government paid the brave officer the compliment of detaining him a prisoner for eight years.

M. de la Gravière, when a young lieutenant, learnt from his old chief, Admiral Lalande, to dislike *la guerre de course*, and he is of opinion that, except at the entrance of the Channel, the French navy in future wars with England would have but little opportunity of prosecuting it. "Nos dépôts de charbon ne tarderaient pas à être enlevés, et nous irions en vain quêter de port neutre en port neutre un combustible que nous serait partout refusé. Si jamais nous voulions faire la guerre au commerce anglais, c'est à sa rentrée dans la Manche qu'il faudrait attendre. Là par exemple, nous serions terriblement redoutables. . . ."

All this time *enseigne de vaisseau* Roussin was learning his work on board the *Sémillante*, and gaining the esteem of his captain and brother officers.

According to Admiral de la Gravière—and we could have no more trustworthy authority—in 1808 such things as watch-bills and quarter-bills were almost unknown in the French navy. Under these circumstances skulkers had a grand time. In one vessel, not named, these constituted a sort of independent tribe called "the savages." The savages, during the day, hid in dark recesses of the hold amidst the hemp cables and water-casks, stealing out at night to prowl under the mess-tables for any nourishment they could find. As the hammock-hooks were not

only not numbered, but also deficient in quantity, free-fights took place every evening to secure a sleeping berth. To maintain any semblance of discipline the rope's-end was constantly in requisition. The few officers who dared to express a wish for a better state of things were derisively called *pères de famille*.<sup>\*</sup> At sea, the guns were seldom cast loose, and such an exercise as firing at a target was not practised. Decks were not washed, *on les briquait avec la pierre infernale*, which we suppose is the French for "holystone." The ships, in fact, were horribly dirty, and the crews suffered from the dreadful diseases produced from living in a state of chronic filth. There were, no doubt, exceptions to the general rule, for the *Sémillante* appears to have been a well-disciplined man-of-war. It is needless to say that the state of affairs described by Admiral de la Gravière passed away long ago, and that the French men-of-war of to-day yield to no others in point of cleanliness and good order. Our gallant author, *à propos* of chronometers, states that during the First Empire, only line-of-battle ships were supplied with these "precious instruments of navigation." Smaller vessels had to find their way about without them. Captain Motard, however, like (in later days) Captain Semmes of the *Alabama*, had his cabin full of chronometers—trophies of captured Indiamen. Possibly he regarded them in the light of scalps!

The *Sémillante's* most serious engagement took place on her last voyage. On March 15th, 1808, when off the coast of Ceylon, she fell in with the *Terpsichore*—an unequal match. The two ships engaged hotly from 7 P.M. to 8 P.M.; the *Sémillante* then bore up, and the *Terpsichore*, very badly cut up aloft, chased the French frigate, a splendid sailer, for more than five days, finally losing sight of her about midnight of the 20th. The *Sémillante*, hog-backed, and almost a wreck from constant wear and tear, was sold out of the service at Port Louis on May 7th, 1808. Her purchasers loaded her with coffee and sugar. Captain Motard (severely wounded, and broken in health), who, in his six years' command of the *Sémillante*, "had caused the English commerce a loss of about 28 millions of francs," returned to France in his old ship as a passenger.

In March, 1808, the French squadron in the Indian Ocean was

<sup>\*</sup> M. de la Gravière observes that Smollet, in the eighteenth century, describes a similar state of discipline as existing in the English navy; but Smollet wrote of our navy as it was in 1740, and M. de la Gravière is describing the discipline of the French navy of 1808 and for some years subsequent to that date.



reinforced by the arrival of two frigates. Also about this time, General Decaen bought the *Revenant*, a privateer carrying 14 carronades, into the service and re-named her the *Jéna*. M. Morice, a lieutenant of the *Sémillante*, was given the command of the *Jéna*, and, at his request, his old shipmate Albin Roussin (promoted to lieutenant, July 12th 1808) was appointed second in command. The *Jéna* cruised in the Persian Gulf and in the Bay of Bengal until October 8th, but late on that night had the evil fortune to fall in with H.M.S. *Modeste*, of 46 guns. Captain Morice made a very spirited resistance, but after an action of two hours had to surrender to the English frigate. The plucky defence of the little *Jéna* secured her commander, officers, and crew, a cordial and sympathetic reception on their arrival at Calcutta. Morice and Roussin were treated with much consideration by the Indian Government, but it was eleven weary months before they were exchanged; and not before December 12th, 1809, were they again landed in the Isle of France. Roussin had the good fortune to be sent as first lieutenant to the *Minerve*, a frigate commanded by Captain Bouvet, one of the very best officers and smartest seamen that France ever produced.

In the spring and summer of 1810 fortune favoured French naval operations in the East. Captain Duperré, of the *Bellone*, 40, an officer equal in courage and capacity to Bouvet, re-captured the *Jéna*, and made several other important prizes, including a Portuguese frigate and two large Indiamen. But the crowning success of the French arms in the Indian Ocean was the defeat of the English at Grand-Port. Admiral de la Gravière speaks of it as a naval Austerlitz.

At Grand-Port two French frigates, a corvette, a captured Indiaman (carrying a broadside of 15 guns), and a shore-battery engaged two English frigates (for the *Sirius* and *Magicienne* having grounded on a coral reef, bow on, the former out of range, were practically not in the action) from 5 o'clock in the afternoon of August 23rd until the evening of the 26th, and succeeded in capturing H.M.S. *Néréide*, an old 36 12-pounder frigate, taken from the French in 1797. And what was the condition of this old ship when she struck? A mastless hulk; and, out of a complement of 230, 35 officers and men were killed, and 175, including her heroic captain, Nesbit Josiah Willoughby, were wounded. Lieutenant Roussin was ordered to take possession of the *Néréide*. To the end of his life Roussin never forgot the hideous spectacle he saw when boarding the English frigate. The *Sirius*

and the *Magicienne*, a very old craft captured from the French in 1781, hopelessly fast on a coral reef, were set on fire, abandoned, and shortly afterwards both frigates blew up. The *Iphigénie*, Captain Lambert, with the crews of the destroyed ships on board, managed to warp out to Isle de la Passe, at the entrance of the harbour, but two days afterwards had to surrender to a French squadron of three frigates, with the conditions, however, that officers and seamen should be sent to the Cape of Good Hope.

The action at Grand-Port placed Lieutenant Roussin in acting command of the *Minerve*. He retained the command of that vessel until December 3rd, 1810, at which date the Isle of France, its garrison, and the French ships of war at Port Louis (including the *Minerve*) capitulated to an English naval and military force under Admiral Rowley and General Abercromby. Thus, within four months of our defeat at Grand-Port, the French flag disappeared from the Indian Ocean. The officers and crews of the French men-of-war were sent to France by hired English ships. On March 19th, 1811, acting *capitaine de frégate* Roussin, after eight years' service and adventure in Eastern seas, once more saw the country of his birth. The Emperor sent for Roussin. "I wish," he said to him in the presence of a numerous staff, "that you may have many imitators." He was confirmed in his acting rank, decorated with the Cross of Honour, and shortly afterwards appointed to the command of the *Gloire*, a 46-gun frigate waiting for the pendant at Havre. The *Gloire* was the proper command of a *capitaine de vaisseau*, but Napoleon cared little for the conventional routine of the service.

Captain Roussin joined the *Gloire* on October 1st, 1811, but it was not until fifteen months later, December 16th, 1812, that he ventured to put to sea. Much of this time was occupied in fitting the ship out, and in licking an extremely raw and inexperienced crew into shape, and the very close blockade of the port by the English accounts for the further long stay of the frigate in harbour. At last, Captain Roussin, October 18th, 1812, received orders "to prepare for sailing immediately." Day by day for two months he anxiously watched an opportunity for escaping to sea; at length, on the night of December 16th, the blockading squadron having been reduced to one frigate, the *Gloire* managed to slip out of Havre harbour unseen by the enemy, and for the following ten weeks she successfully preyed on English commerce. At daylight, December 18th, the *Gloire* found herself becalmed



off the *Lizard* in company with H.M.S. *Albacore*, 26; H.M. brig *Pickle*, 14, and seven merchant vessels. A slight breeze springing up, the frigate stood towards the corvette, and some shots were exchanged, damaging the *Albacore's* rigging, killing one of her lieutenants, and wounding six or seven of her men. The corvette finding the *Gloire* too strong for her discontinued the action, but Captain Roussin, instead of following up his advantage, made sail and stood away to the westward. He was chased by the *Albacore*, *Pickle*, *Borer*, a 12-gun brig, and *Landrail*, a 4-gun cutter, until midnight of the 19th when the French frigate was lost sight of.\* On December 20th the *Gloire* captured the *Spy*, storeship. Captain Roussin threw her guns overboard and let her pass on. Three days later he captured an English ship with a cargo estimated to be worth a million francs. Her crew were made prisoners but ship and cargo were sunk. And this was the fate of most of the vessels taken by the *Gloire*. A few, however, were spared for the purpose of conveying prisoners to the nearest neutral port. "Nos frégates pressaient la mer avec l'ordre 'de faire le plus de mal possible au commerce anglais': il n'était pas question de parts de prise." Captain Roussin carried out these instructions with more or less success. About the beginning of February, 1813, he thought it time to turn the frigate's bows towards France. The French coast was so closely blockaded that the only hope of the *Gloire* reaching any home port was to watch for a gale and then run in with it. She encountered this friendly gale on the morning of February 25th and it rapidly increased. On the afternoon of that day, in the height of the storm, with a heavy sea running, the French frigate fell in with H.M. brig *Linnet*, of 14 guns and 200 tons. Her gallant commander, Lieutenant Tracey, attempted every device that seamanship and daring could suggest to escape capture, but the plucky little *Linnet* had at last to strike to her big opponent. Captain Roussin complimented his prisoner highly on the resource and courage he had displayed, and it is satisfactory to know that Lieutenant Tracey was promoted to commander for his conduct on this occasion.

In face of the heavy gale and raging sea the captain of the *Gloire* managed to put a prize-crew on board the *Linnet*, but he did it at the cost of all his boats. The storm continued, and under its shelter the French frigate and her prize ran safely into Brest harbour. Her captain estimated that on this cruise of 72

\* See James's *Naval History*, vol. v., pp. 371, 372, 373, 374.

days he had destroyed four million and a half (francs) of English commerce. The *Gloire*, on her return, was attached to the Brest fleet. Three months afterwards Napoleon abdicated. The days of *la guerre de course*, as carried on by sailing-vessels, were at an end. But the *Gloire* was not dismantled and the Government of the Restoration retained Roussin as her commander. In the following November the *Gloire* was paid off. Captain Roussin appears to have remained unemployed from November 1814 to January 1817.

The Restoration was, however, determined above all things to have a scientific and a literary navy. Officers who excelled in taking lunar distances and in writing well-turned despatches were preferred to those whose chief claims for advancement were simply knowledge of *le métier*—that is, of sailing and fighting a ship. Fortunately for Roussin he was a good all-round man, and could navigate, fight, survey, and negotiate equally well.

France in 1824 created her first Board of Admiralty. Hitherto, since the days of Colbert, French naval matters had been managed under the sole responsibility of a Minister of Marine. The Government of Charles X. decided that this responsibility should be shared with a *conseil d'amirauté*. "Grande illusion," writes Admiral de la Gravière, "la responsabilité, quelque détour qu'on prenne pour en alléger le fardeau, ne se partage pas." Rear-Admiral Roussin for three years and a half was a member of the first *conseil d'amirauté*. M. de la Gravière describes it as "une période de loisir," but we much doubt if Admiral Roussin would have so described it, for he worked with all his energy at the reform of many abuses, especially of those connected with the dockyards. However in 1828 service more adapted to Roussin's habits and predilections came to his hand. Brazil, in 1827, for a contravention of a municipal law which France contested captured seven French merchant-ships at the mouth of the Plate. The Government of Dom Pedro refused to give France the satisfaction she demanded for this high-handed proceeding. The French Ministry, therefore, decided to send Admiral Roussin in command of a squadron to Rio de Janeiro for the purpose of making an armed demonstration in Brazilian waters. Roussin, with his flag on board the *Jean Bart*, a two-decker, and accompanied by four frigates, two corvettes, and two brigs, sailed from Brest in May 1828, and after a long passage arrived off the entrance to Rio Harbour on July 5th.

The entrance of this magnificent sheet of water is defended by



some very strongly fortified islands; before passing these, it is customary for foreign men-of-war to stop and obtain permission to proceed to the anchorage off the city. Admiral Roussin, however, waived this ceremony, and with his decks cleared for action sailed past the forts, anchored his squadron within 700 yards of the city quays, saluted the Brazilian flag, and then demanded an audience of the Emperor. This request was at once granted, with the result that in a few days friendly relations were again established between France and Brazil. Having thus satisfactorily fulfilled his mission, Admiral Roussin returned to Brest, and there struck his flag on September 15th. Charles X., through the Minister of Marine, expressed his high appreciation of the gallant Admiral's conduct. The King also conferred on Roussin the honour of naming him *gentilhomme de la chambre*. It does not appear whether the distinguished seaman was pleased or annoyed by this unsolicited appointment. It certainly entailed duties foreign to his habits. However, there is no doubt whatever of his very great gratification when he was informed that the Academy of Sciences had, on January 25th, 1830, elected him as one of its members.

Then came the Revolution of July and the fall of Charles X., but these events did not affect Roussin's service prospects. His rôle was faithfully to fulfil his duty to France, and every party that seized power trusted him. In November, 1830, Rear-Admiral Roussin was appointed Maritime Prefect at Brest, the most important of the great French naval arsenals. On his arrival at the great Breton port, the admiral found himself in the presence of disaffection and cholera. With characteristic courage and energy he faced these two calamities, and by the firmness of his attitude, and by the wisdom of his measures, earned the gratitude of the people and the esteem of all lovers of order. By a decree, dated April 26th, 1831, Admiral Roussin was nominated a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and within a month of this date he was appointed to the command of the naval force destined to exact redress from Portugal for many insults and wrongs inflicted by the Government of Dom Miguel on French citizens.

Dom Miguel, second son of John VI., Emperor of Brazil and King of Portugal, became King of Portugal on the death of his easy-going, kind-hearted father at Lisbon on March 10th, 1826; Dom Pedro, his eldest brother, having inherited the throne of Brazil.

Dom Miguel, reactionary, tyrannical, narrow-minded, and bigoted, was a sovereign of very different temperament from Dom Pedro, a liberal, broad-minded constitutional monarch. To a ruler of the character of Dom Miguel, the word "Constitution" was simply hateful, and he resolved to govern despotically. To such a man the French Revolution of July 1830 appeared not only an act of sacrilege, but also as a personal insult to himself. As a revenge for the deposition of a Bourbon king, Dom Miguel on the slightest pretexts fined, imprisoned, and publicly flogged many French subjects.

The requisitions made by France for reparation of these insults, were treated with contempt. The honour, the security of the Government of July demanded that such conduct should not go unpunished. Louis Philippe, therefore (with the promised neutrality of England), declared the Tagus to be in a state of blockade. The blockade was carried out by the *Melpomene*, a frigate, and some corvettes. Several Portuguese merchant-ships were taken and sent to Brest. But Dom Miguel made no sign. The French Government then decided to send an imposing fleet to the Tagus, force the passage of the river, and insist at Lisbon on complete satisfaction for the insults and injuries suffered by French citizens. Rear-Admiral Roussin's success at Rio pointed him out as leader of the proposed expedition, and he was appointed the commander-in-chief. He was ordered to hoist his flag on board the *Suffren*, a fine new 90-gun ship, at Brest; to sail on June 9th, and to proceed with all despatch to the mouth of the Tagus, where he would be joined by the Toulon squadron under Rear-Admiral Hugon. Roussin's fleet after his junction with Hugon would consist of six ships of the line, five large frigates, two corvettes, and two brigs. To the admiral's intense chagrin, the wind, on June 8th changed from N.E. to S.W., and it was not until the morning of June 16th, a week after he had received urgent orders, repeated day by day, to sail, that the pilots would venture to take the flagship out of Brest harbour. It was an extremely risky proceeding even then, but by 10 P.M., after thirty-one tacks, the *Suffren* had doubled Cape Ushant. Ten days afterwards, Cape Roque was made, and Admiral Roussin communicated with the officer in command of the blockading squadron. The Toulon squadron under Admiral Hugon had not been seen. Roussin, a man of extremely anxious and eager temperament, felt deeply the responsibility of the very important service which had been confided to him. His anxiety would have been less keen if he had



been acquainted with the Tagus, but unfortunately he had no personal knowledge of that river or its defence. General Junot, during the French occupation of Lisbon, had very considerably strengthened the already strong river approaches to the city. These forts were now occupied by an army trained since 1806 under English officers, and partly composed of veterans who had fought with distinction under Wellington. What was the present state of these forts and batteries? Would the Portuguese army fight for such a tyrant as Dom Miguel? On one hand Admiral Roussin was told that 300 guns were in position on the right bank



BELEM CASTLE.

of the Tagus below Lisbon and as many on the left bank. On the other hand—and this was from refugees, always a doubtful source of information—he was assured that the river defences were contemptible: that the Portuguese army had *peu de dévouement* for Dom Miguel; and that the only real obstacles the French fleet would encounter in forcing the passage of the Tagus would be the sandbanks and rocks at its entrance. These certainly were real difficulties, for it was impossible, under these circumstances, to obtain trustworthy pilots. Roussin had no precedent to guide him. It is true that Sir Sydney Smith, in 1806 and 1807, had blockaded the Tagus, but the

passage of the river had never been forced, and the sea approach to Lisbon was generally admitted to be impregnable.

Admiral Roussin decided that, after the Toulon squadron had joined his flag, he would wait for a fresh, steady breeze aft, or nearly aft. Then, the weather being quite clear, with a flowing tide he would cross the bar, force the passage of the river, and anchor off Lisbon. Of the fire from the river defences the admiral did not think much; but taking a fleet of six ships of the line and five large frigates besides smaller craft without pilots over such a bar as that of the Tagus alarmed him considerably; and in a confidential letter he informed the Minister

of Marine that he was prepared for the loss of some of his squadron. The division under Rear-Admiral Hugon, an officer well known in the English navy as the captain of the *Armide* at Navarino, sailed from Toulon on June 8th to reinforce Roussin, but, delayed by contrary winds, did not join the Commander-in-Chief until July 7th. Admiral Hugon's squadron was much more than a reinforcement, for it constituted by far the greater part of the force under Roussin's command. The wind continued to blow from N. to N.E., occasionally freshening to a strong gale accompanied by a heavy sea.

Admiral Roussin was becoming very weary of enforced inaction and of the monotony of constantly standing off and on Cape Roque.

On July 5th he writes in his private journal:—

“Vent de nord-est fraîchissant de plus en plus. Je crains de ne pouvoir tenir ici sans avaries majeures. Je crois également impossible que l'escadre, tant que ce vent durera, puisse me rallier. Cette perspective est désespérante. Rien ne change depuis vingt-cinq jours.” To add to his cares there was the question of the supply of water should the wind continue for any length of time from N.E. How-



THE MILITARY.

ever, two days after this depressing entry in Admiral Roussin's private journal, the Toulon squadron joined his flag. The next morning the Commander-in-Chief ordered the fleet to anchor in Cascaes Bay and in full view of Lisbon, which could be clearly seen about three leagues to the E.N.E. In the afternoon a council of war was held on board the flag-ship. The council confirmed Admiral Roussin in his decision not to attempt to cross the bar without a steady leading wind from N.W. to S.W. The pilots, men taken from fishing-boats and prizes, gave the Admiral the comforting assurance that N.E. winds would probably prevail until the end of



August. Roussin was very anxious. He writes in his private journal:—"J'ai fait le recensement de l'eau des bâtiments. Il faut que nous soyons entrés avant vingt ou vingt-cinq jours. Cette position est bien critique. Je suis décidé à ne point tenir compte des obstacles matériels de guerre, mais le vent de l'arrière est indispensable. On ne peut compter sur des virements de bord sous le feu des batteries." The Tagus and its approaches are to-day almost as well known to English officers as the passage through the Needles or the entrance to Plymouth Sound ; it may, therefore, appear to some of them that Admiral Roussin was unnecessarily anxious. But in 1831 the Tagus was not familiar to either English or French naval men. It is a very different thing to conduct a squadron of sailing ships, several of them of a



FORT ST. JULIAN.

heavy draught of water, without professional pilots over a dangerous and but little known bar, and in the face of a probably heavy cross-fire from an enemy's batteries, to peacefully steaming across the same bar, now well known, and with the ship in charge of a responsible pilot. On Roussin the distinguished honour had been conferred of forcing for the first time the passage of this bar. Europe, with no friendly eyes, was eagerly watching the result of his attempt. The responsibility of his position was consequently very great.

Before entering the Tagus by force, Admiral Roussin resolved to give Dom Miguel one more chance. Therefore, on the morning of July 9th he sent M. de Cayeux, an officer of his staff, in the gun-brig *Dragon*, under a flag of truce, to Lisbon with an ultimatum. The Admiral informed the Portuguese Minister of Foreign Affairs that the non-acceptance of the terms of this ultimatum

within twenty-four hours would be considered equivalent to a declaration of war. The *Dragon*, with a light breeze from N.N.W., left Cascaes Bay at 10 A.M., and took the southern passage. Opposite St. Julian she was for a few minutes becalmed, but a breeze from the N.E. sprang up, and carried the brig to an anchorage off the city. Dom Miguel declined to comply with the French demands but offered to treat in London. M. de Cayeux delivered this reply to Admiral Roussin at 4.20 P.M., July 10th. The French Commander-in-Chief pronounced it a refusal, and decided to enter the Tagus and enforce his demands directly the wind was favourable.

The captain of the *Dragon* reported the forts and batteries on the right bank of the river, including the guns mounted on Fort



THE DOM PEDRO SQUARE.

Bugio, to be armed with 115 pieces, having the appearance of 24-pounders, and the Portuguese ships-of-war off Lisbon to consist of 1 two-decker, 3 frigates, 2 corvettes, and 2 brigs.

Fortune at length favoured Admiral Roussin. For at 9 A.M. on July 11th, the day following Don Miguel's rejection of the French ultimatum, the wind changed to N.W. and freshened to a strong breeze. We may imagine the intense relief and pleasure of the impatient chief when, at 10 o'clock he made the signal to weigh and proceed in two columns for the southern passage. A young flood-tide was making, a heavy sea was breaking on the bar, and there was a thick mist. The next few hours must have been an anxious time to all in the French squadron. The south passage was entered by the *Marengo*, the leading ship of the left column, at 1.45 P.M.



At 2 P.M. Forts St. Julian and Bugio opened fire. The line-of-battle ships engaged St. Julian, and the frigates and corvettes cannonaded Bugio. The flotilla then proceeded for the city, and ran the gauntlet of all the defences on the right bank; but the Portuguese guns were very badly served. About 5.30 P.M. the *Suffren* came to off the Ajuda Palace. Part of the squadron moored to the west of the flag-ship, whilst the other part proceeded to take possession of the Portuguese men-of-war. These, after the formality of firing a few shots, struck their colours. At 6 o'clock the Commander-in-Chief sent an officer to the Foreign Office to demand complete satisfaction for wrongs inflicted on French subjects, as well as an indemnity for the men placed *hors de combat* that day by the fire of the Portuguese forts. At 10 o'clock the Government of Dom Miguel replied that it was prepared to



A TRAMCAR, LISBON.

treat on the bases of the French ultimatum received two days previously. Admiral Roussin was beyond measure astonished at the extraordinary ease with which his plans had been carried out. Without professional or trustworthy pilots he had taken fifteen sailing vessels, including six line-of-battle ships, over the most dangerous bar in Europe: his squadron had engaged twenty forts reputed formidable, and had been nearly four hours under fire; he had also captured the Portuguese fleet, and Lisbon was at his mercy. And with what loss? Not twenty men wounded, and the damage to the ships of the most trifling description.\*

Dom Miguel's Government, however, tried to prolong the negotia-

\* "Nous n'avons pas eu vingt hommes blessés, et l'ennemi a été foudroyé. Les pertes de l'escadre se soient bornées aux plus légers accidents." (Admiral Roussin to his mother.)

tions; but Roussin, in a very curt and peremptory note, clearly intimated to the Minister of Foreign Affairs that he would stand no nonsense, and he desired His Excellency's presence on board the *Suffren* by noon the next day.

This note had the desired effect, and a treaty of reparation was signed in Admiral Roussin's cabin on July 15th.

Thus ended the four days' Franco-Portuguese war of 1831. The success of France was complete, and equally complete was the humiliation of Portugal—England's most ancient ally. The public humiliation of Portugal, the Duke of Wellington declared in the House of Lords, was shared by England. How was the news of the forcing of the Tagus received in France? Coldly, answers M. de la Gravière, for the French people had counted on a popular revolution at Lisbon. Moreover, they were dissatisfied with the cheapness of Roussin's triumph. His success was not sufficiently *éclatant*.

Leaving Captain de Rabaudy with a small squadron at Lisbon, and taking with him the captured ships, Admiral Roussin quitted the Tagus on August 14th, and, accompanied by his prizes, arrived at Brest on September 2nd. He then resumed his duties as Maritime Prefect at that port. In recognition of his success Roussin had been specially promoted to Vice-Admiral on July 26th. For some years he had borne the title of Baron, conferred on him by Charles X. Louis Philippe created the distinguished seaman a Peer of France. At this period of his life Admiral de la Gravière closes the biography of his old friend, who died at Paris on February 21st, 1854.



CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER, LISBON.



## Future Infantry Tactics.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO LATTER-DAY INNOVATIONS AND INVENTIONS.

By H. C. W.



FOR the proper and exhaustive study of infantry tactics it is doubtless advisable to look back into what has gone before, and to endeavour to trace out how our present system has originated. It is, however, in every way unnecessary to preface an article of this description by a plunge into ancient history; or to follow the progress of infantry tactics from the stones and slings of Israelitish warfare to the repeating rifles of to-day. It will no doubt be sufficient to indulge in a brief retrospect of the great wars which have taken place during the past century; to note the changes which a better discipline, improved weapons, or a more elaborate military system have wrought in the fighting tactics of foot soldiers; and to endeavour to draw lessons for future guidance from a consideration of the results likely to follow the introduction and development of military inventions suited to the requirements of the modern battle-field.

I shall more easily bring this paper within the limits of a magazine article if I confine my comparison of past and present tactics to those with which our latter-day system bears an affinity, however slight. It is true that the armies of a century ago depended for success almost entirely upon *shock*, regarding *fire* as little more than preparation for the final onset; whereas the battles of to-day are won by fire alone. Still, as the tactical formations for fighting purposes are now nothing more than a succession of lines, so it is to the wars of Frederick the Great that we must go back to find something approaching to modern formations. Frederick's line was thrust aside and broken up by the column formation of Bonaparte, and the column has again in its turn been superseded by the lines of skirmishers necessitated by the power of the

breech-loader. It is possible to detect a further similarity between the Prussian tactics of a hundred years ago, and the end of all manœuvring in present battles; for the redoubtable Fritz availed himself of the mobility of his armies to outmarch his opponents and fall upon their flank, while in our own times a frontal attack in face of the breech-loader is too murderous to be lightly attempted. It cannot be pretended for one moment that the system of Frederick the Great was a faultless one, but it was at least generally successful against the stiff-jointed armies opposed to him.

Directly, however, commanders began to understand the meaning of the word "mobility" and to realise that battles could never be won by troops unable to manœuvre upon the battle-ground and under fire, the Prussian line was driven out of the field and replaced by small battalion columns preceded by skirmishers. Bonaparte invariably prepared the way for an infantry attack by a powerful artillery fire; and while the skirmishers broke down the fire of their opponents and covered the advance of the double-company columns, these were always in readiness to deploy in order to repel a counter attack, but resumed their formation immediately this danger was averted. During the long peace which followed upon Waterloo, nations were too deeply engaged in recovering from the exhaustion of Napoleonic wars to trouble themselves much about the study of the military art; and Prussia alone, profiting by the lessons taught by the humiliation of Jena and the triumph of Waterloo, set seriously to work to elaborate a military system superior to all others, and to teach her people strategy and tactics as the schools of other nations taught deportment and the use of the globes. Europe was too much engaged with the political aspects of the Danish War of 1864, and that campaign was too quickly at an end, for its many points of military interest to receive more than a mere passing attention. It was here that the breech-loader was first used in battle; and yet in spite of the tremendous possibilities of which it seemed capable, it was not until two years later that its immense power made itself felt in the military world. In 1866 the tactics of Bonaparte were still in the ascendant with the exception that the introduction of the breech-loader had rendered necessary the substitution of company for battalion columns. But it was found by terrible experience that even these smaller columns broke up under fire into successive swarms of skirmishers, and henceforth the fate of nations and the issue of battles were to be decided by fire only, and not by



the fire of skirmishers preparing the way for the shock of armed masses. Up to, and even during the Franco-Prussian war, endeavour was still made to approach defensive positions in ordered masses; but owing to the enormous increase in destructive power gained by the fire of the breech-loader, it was proved that no position, properly defended, could be attacked in front, except at an enormous sacrifice, and then only by clouds of skirmishers. Already in 1870 it was found that infantry must open out, in order to escape annihilation at the rifles of opposing infantry, at distances where in preceding wars they had scarcely feared the effects even of artillery fire; but seven years later attention was first seriously drawn to the deadly effects of even unaimed infantry fire at the longest range of the modern rifle. Military Europe had long since given the Turk every credit for appreciating to the full the value of entrenchments, whether of a hasty or of a permanent nature; and whatever the condition of the Ottoman exchequer, there has never been any difficulty experienced in supplying to the army unlimited numbers of cartridges for the latest patterns of military rifles. It is, however, probable that very few thinking soldiers were prepared to find the armies of Russia thrown into confusion and forced to extend and to seek cover from the wholly unlooked for and murderous effects of the unaimed fire of the Turkish infantry. Poorly clad, insufficiently supplied with food, wanting in medical comforts, and all that other nations look upon as the veriest necessities of life in time of war, the Turks were yet equipped with an excellent rifle, and supplied with a superabundance of ammunition. No matter how unskilled in the use of his weapon and untrained to judge distance, it was enough for the soldier that he knew the range of his rifle and the direction of his enemy, and the effects of the long-range infantry fire of the Turks bid fair to introduce a new factor into the tactics of the future.

But directly it is taken for granted that the already inordinate powers of consumption possessed by the modern rifle are to be indefinitely increased by opening a heavy and sustained fire at long ranges, we are confronted by the problem, which yet remains unsolved, of the supply and transport of ammunition for future campaigns and battles. Much has been said and written, and many ingenious systems have had a fair trial—during peace manœuvres—with a view to test the possibility of renewing during the progress of an action the ammunition expended by those upon whom has fallen the brunt of the attack. I believe that most men who have really studied the subject, assisted by the experience of

the past, and mindful of the probabilities of the future, have arrived in all calmness at the conclusion that it will not be possible in future battles to refill the men's pouches. It is well known how much ammunition has been expended by troops in some of the later Continental actions, and latterly we have seen on all sides a disposition to lighten the soldier's load in order that he may carry more and yet more cartridges. But all our efforts should be directed to the elaboration of a system which will ensure the presence of large supplies of cartridges to fill up the men's pouches before an action is entered upon. We see more and more every day that there can be no interference with the lines of men once committed to an attack; all we can do is to send them forth in the highest state of discipline, and furnished with the best and most complete equipment which the financial resources of a great nation can supply. We can support the attack by covering parties on a flank; we can press on the reserves to fill up the gaps in the fighting line, but I do not believe it will be possible for the most ingenious system ever devised to carry ammunition to the men of a fighting line. Before proceeding to a consideration of the simple manner whereby our fighting line shall never require to replenish its pouches during an action, viz.: by conducting its advance without firing at all, it would be well to enumerate various means and materials for destruction, some of which have been more or less experimented upon in actual warfare, and all of which are certain to have a fair trial in the next European war. These are:—

- a. Machine-guns.
- b. Small-bore magazine rifles.
- c. Smokeless powder.
- d. Mounted infantry.
- e. Movable fortifications.

For many years past the question of the introduction of a machine-gun has agitated the minds of military men, but it is in the navy that the idea has been most keenly taken up, and the latest patterns of these weapons are now to be found among the armaments of our ships, whose officers and men have up to quite recently received a wider education in the working of machine-guns than has been accorded to their military brethren. In an interesting paper written some four years ago by Admiral Colomb, he says, "The saving of manual labour in the manufacture of destruction grows continually in importance in modern war," and again, "The machine-gun specially poses as a labour-saving instrument of destruction." It is, however, not merely to save



manual labour that the question of utilizing machine-guns has arisen, but for another reason. To increase rifle fire an extension of front is required; but it is not always possible to increase the front where it is desired to increase the amount of fire, and here the machine-gun steps in as offering a solution of the difficulty. It would be detrimental to the proper discussion of the general subject of machine-guns were I to attempt to enter upon the relative merits of the different types of these weapons still competing for public favour. But I may, perhaps, briefly here endeavour to point out a few of the advantages connected with the employment of these weapons; recapitulate some of the opinions expressed about them by officers of the various arms to which machine-guns have from time to time been attached; and to sketch some of the conditions under which these auxiliaries may prove acceptable to a British army in the field. Machine-guns may be divided into two classes: *volley-guns*, capable of firing immense volleys with pauses between the volleys—of which the Mitrailleuse was the original as the Nordenfeldt is the present type; and *stream-guns*, of which the improved Gatling may be taken as the present representative. The volley-gun may be relaid after each discharge, while the stream-gun keeps up a continuous rain of bullets, and accepts the chances of waste of ammunition resulting from any error in the first laying of the gun. It has been calculated that a ten-barrelled machine-gun is equal in intensity and in endurance of fire to a company of infantry at war strength, and it is pointed out that while this results in the one case from the exertions of perhaps three men, in the other it is due to the individual and collective efforts of one hundred; that the hundred men require ample front to allow each individual to use his rifle with effect, and they must also be in some measure protected from the fire of their opponents; while the machine-gun can be worked in a small space, and the gunners are more or less protected by their own weapon. Although there exists a very general feeling that machine-guns are the natural weapon for infantry, the subject of the employment of this weapon has been more generally discussed by the other arms of the service. So far as I am aware, a corps of regular infantry has never before, until the Aldershot drill season of 1887, had an opportunity of experimenting with machine-guns. I believe that the infantry corps which had the handling of these guns were by no means pleased with their new weapon; it was declared that their accuracy was not to be compared to that of rifles, and that, save in certain exceptional positions in the defence, a machine-gun

was of little use to infantry. Such a conclusion must surprise many, for the weapon is a favourite one with the Volunteers, is in use among certainly three or four Volunteer corps in England, and even a corps of Bengal Volunteers has lately been armed with one. It may, therefore, be doubted whether the unpopularity of the machine-gun among the regulars may not have arisen from too short an experience of its advantages and mechanism; and whether it would not have been preferable to have adopted the means of transport which obtains among the metropolitan Volunteers, rather than to have attempted in one short drill season to teach the gun detachments of British infantry the care of a machine-gun and of beasts of burden. So far, then, it may be said that with his extremely limited experience of the effects of machine-gun fire, and in face of the great hopes he builds upon the possession of a repeating arm, it is small wonder if, for the present, the soldier prefers a rifle.

Quite recently the cavalry have taken up the question of machine-guns, and they have accompanied the mounted branches on a galloping carriage at home and on a pack-saddle in India. "No animal can be permanently attached to the trail of a machine-gun, for the movement of an animal so attached would render the striking of the object quite a matter of speculation." On the other hand, it is said that if the pack-animals are injured, how are the guns to be moved, or taken out of action? I have now only to mention what has been said on this subject by the artillery, and although here and there may be found an artillery officer who is anxious to hand machine-guns bodily over to the infantry, artillery officers generally maintain that a machine-gun is a piece of ordnance, and must be worked by gunners. About two years or more ago, there was a discussion on machine-guns at the United Service Institution, and the general opinion among the many distinguished artillerymen present appeared to be that machine-guns were merely a cheap, ineffective substitute for field artillery; but I did not observe that the Ordnance Corps was on that account prepared to give them up. It was rather maintained that, to be of any practical use, machine-guns must be worked in batteries; but at the same time it is acknowledged that such batteries would easily be knocked to pieces by the artillery of the enemy, and would require an infantry escort to preserve them against capture by opposing infantry. Many people will be prepared to hold that under these circumstances they had better after all be handed over to that arm which can best defend them,



and which will look upon them, as suggested by Lord Charles Beresford, not so much as machine-guns as machine-rifles. This question, then, of the merest detail, arises—How are they to be transported? If mounted on wheels and drawn by horses, they cannot on all occasions accompany infantry, and they are much exposed when in movement and when coming into action. Mounted on pack-mules, they can go anywhere, but must be left behind if the mules are shot. The only way then remains to adopt the mode of transport now in vogue for several years in the Central London Rifle Rangers, and that is to have them drawn by a team of men. This transport can readily be replaced if knocked up or knocked over, and the gun “can come into action and fire 100 rounds in 22 seconds,” which beats by a few seconds the performance of Captain Lloyd’s machine-gun mule battery in Burma, as mentioned in the *Royal Artillery Institution Journal* for June 1887. It has been said that “in the army, the machine-gun must fight for place, possibly with the field-gun, probably with the rifle; and if it wins against the latter, it means nearly as great a military revolution as steam made a naval one.”

As a military-essayist pointed out in 1888, the rôle of the machine-gun in an infantry attack is to accompany the covering party who protect with their fire the advance of the attacking lines. “It is impossible that assaulting troops can be encumbered with them, but in the covering parties, where strong steady shooting is so urgently required, this powerful, nerveless weapon will be invaluable.” By handing the working of the machine-guns over to the covering parties, the question of satisfying the enormous demands of this weapon in the way of ammunition is already more than half answered. For the defence, the admirable qualities of machine-guns are already everywhere acknowledged, and ammunition can more readily be supplied.

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since repeating rifles were first used in war, but still many of the European nations find themselves armed with nothing better than a single-loader. “The gain of a magazine rifle over a single-loader, apart from the confidence which it inspires, consists almost entirely in the number of rounds which can be fired continuously through the magazine.” That is to say, that the rate of fire of a magazine rifle, if the fire be continued for any time, is not really, in the long run, any quicker than that of a single-loader, and is, indeed, only quicker if the time of firing the contents of the magazine be taken.

So it amounts to this, that the leading military nations of Europe have adopted, or are arming their soldiers, with magazine rifles for two reasons; because they are all resolved that under no circumstances shall their troops enter the field imagining themselves to be worse armed than their adversaries; and because each nation hopes that the critical moment of the next battle in which her troops may be engaged will find the preponderance of fire upon her own side. It may, therefore, almost be said that the magazine rifle has been chosen for the infantry arm of the future almost entirely for its moral effect; and so much does Germany, the most military of nations, believe in moral effect that, poor as she is, she has not hesitated to adopt an inferior weapon as a temporary measure, in order that a sudden outbreak of war may find her no worse armed than her neighbours.

It is outside the province of an article of this description, and would be wearisome to attempt any description of what I may term the purely mechanical matter of the construction of magazine rifles. It will be enough to remark that almost every conceivable position for the magazine has either had a fair trial, or is now being tried in the armies of the Continent; that the old-fashioned plan of storing the cartridges in the butt has been altogether given up; that the respective disadvantages of placing the magazine either under or over the barrel, are that in the one case the balance of the rifle is altered with every shot, while, in the other, the magazine is most awkward to the firer, and interferes with his aim. The best position, then, for the magazine appears to be under the breech, and this plan has been adopted in many of the best of the magazine rifles now under the consideration of the experts of Europe. I said above that the value of a magazine rifle over any single-loader lies in the number of rounds which can be fired continuously through the magazine; it is, therefore, necessary that the magazine should hold as many cartridges as is compatible with the handiness of the weapon. It is, however, quite impossible that any magazine could be constructed capable of holding more than four or five of the cartridges hitherto fired from military rifles. It is, then, partly for this reason, and partly for two others, to which I shall now refer, that the magazine rifle, the arm of the future, must of necessity be a small-bore rifle. When the breech-loader was first introduced, one of the chief objections urged against it was the increased expenditure of ammunition which it would involve; it was also pointed out that the infantry soldier would have to carry far more car-



tridges upon his person, and that it would be impossible to supply him on the field. It can, however, be proved by statistics that, although on one or two occasions in recent wars the number of cartridges fired by one or other of the combatants has been abnormal, yet, on the whole, the expenditure of ammunition has not been very much in excess of what it was in the days of muzzle-loaders. In spite of this experience, the same cry that was raised upon the introduction of the breech-loader again makes itself heard over the question of magazine rifles, and demands more cartridges for the infantry soldier. Since it is impossible for any man to carry more than a certain limited number, it follows that the size and weight of the cartridges must be reduced if an appreciably larger number of them are to be carried on the person to the battle-fields of Europe. Another reason put forward for its adoption by those in favour of a small-bore rifle is that for "the most necessary quality in a good military arm, viz. a flat trajectory, a small-bore is an absolute necessity," and declare that high muzzle velocity and flatness of trajectory, without corresponding increase in recoil, can only be obtained in a small-bore rifle. For these reasons—and it cannot be denied that they are formidable ones—almost the whole of military Europe has decided to arm its forces with small-bore magazine rifles.

Against the small bullets it is urged with a certain amount of reason that they have not sufficient stopping power; and that, although they will smash a bone if it lies in their path, they will not flatten on striking a horse, and may go through a man without making a perceptible wound. It is also contended that it is not necessary to reduce the size of the bore in order to obtain high velocity or flatness of trajectory, and that even greater results can be obtained "by the regulation of the grains of powder, of the nature of the powder, and in other ways." Its opponents again declare that a bullet cannot be composed of a metal of a lighter specific gravity than lead, inquire how the fouling is to be got over, and what charge of powder is to be used to give the required high velocity. The answer to this is that a compound lead and copper, or lead and steel, bullet gives admirable results when fired from a small bore; that a composite bullet of this description will prevent fouling, and that a new compressed powder has been invented which gives immense velocities. I may here mention what by some has been considered a weak point in connection with the use of a small bullet; it is stated that at long ranges, and when there is a high wind, the light bullet will be blown on one

side. Captain James, who has for years past advocated the use of small bores in military rifles, declares that, since in future we shall rely upon the mass fire of numbers, and not upon the aimed fire of individuals, "lateral deviation, considering that we aim at broad targets of little depth, is of less moment than flatness of trajectory."

For a long time past military science has made every effort to prepare a new gunpowder, for use in rifles and field-guns, which shall fulfil three conditions: it must be smokeless, noiseless, and must not be susceptible to the influences of climate or of store. Chemical research has found no difficulty in producing a powder which fulfilled the first of these conditions; but up to quite recently all descriptions of smokeless powder which have come to the front have the disadvantage of rapid deterioration when in store; and it has been stated that Russia, almost alone of all the Continental nations, declined to commit her army to a magazine rifle until a suitable smokeless powder should have been invented. However, during the last few months Germany has definitely adopted a powder which is practically smokeless, and which is said to keep well under all conditions; when fired, the report of the explosion of the new powder is said to be, if anything, rather louder than that of the old, while the smell is declared to be quite appalling; but Germany is content with a powder which fulfils some of the conditions required, and has accumulated large stores of this new explosive rather than insist, as we do in England, upon absolute perfection while retaining all that is old-fashioned and out of date. The manœuvres of 1889 in the neighbourhood of Hanover were remarkable for the many important military innovations which were given an exhaustive trial under conditions approaching as nearly as possible to those of war. The chief points noticed with reference to smokeless powder were as follows: 1. That it is only half the weight of the old, an important matter in connection with artillery transport. 2. That its action is first expansive and finally explosive. 3. That it puts far more pressure on the gun than does the old smoky powder. 4. The extraordinary manner in which it assists in the concealment of infantry.—We have hitherto imagined that a heavy curtain of smoke was an admirable cover under which troops might advance, and behind which reserves might be hurried up. Indeed, our latest infantry manœuvre regulations lay down that at the final stage of an attack independent firing is to be encouraged, in order that, under cover of the heavy smoke thus produced, reserves and reinforcements



may be brought up unperceived and with little loss. The experience of the last German manœuvres, where the opposing corps were alternately provided with smokeless and smoky powder, does not bear this out. Over and over again infantry firing smokeless powder were able to get unperceived within short range and even on the flanks of those using the old; and these latter seemed utterly unable to guess whence the fire came, or even the distance which divided them from their invisible opponent. The troops using smokeless powder had also an immense advantage over their opponents, both in rapidity of fire and accuracy of aim. It seems impossible to foresee all the advantages which will accrue in the next war to the side which has adopted the new powder before its opponents can have done so, but it seems impossible that any military power can now longer delay to adopt an "innovation against the practical value of which no serious objection would so far seem to have been urged." It seems to me that one advantage which will result to infantry from the employment of smokeless powder will be a comparative immunity from artillery fire at long ranges. At present artillery firing over the heads of, or from the flanks of its own infantry, must, at long ranges, play upon the smoke of the opposing infantry, and are thus enabled materially to assist their advanced infantry. But if henceforth the smoke of infantry fire is to resemble nothing more than a faint brown haze, artillery will have in future nothing to aim at when endeavouring from extreme ranges to assist their advanced or advancing infantry. Whatever the results of the introduction of smokeless powder when used by combatants on either side, there can be no doubt that no military nation can hesitate longer to accept it; while its employment will call for a higher standard of discipline from all infantry soldiers, who are to advance against an unseen enemy, and under a fire to which they cannot reply and by which they may be annihilated before they have discovered whence it comes.

In spite of all the protestations of mounted infantrymen, there is a very general opinion that this fourth arm was instituted with the intention of usurping some of the duties of cavalry, in order that the latter might be set free for what were vaguely denominated "its more legitimate duties." For all our later small wars corps of mounted infantry have been hastily organized; but it was not until the increasing powers of artillery and of infantry seemed likely to restrict the duties of cavalry to those of scouting and reconnaissance, that the idea was seriously taken up of organizing for Conti-

mental warfare bodies of mobile infantry, who should be more easily and less expensively trained than cavalry, and who could perform sufficiently well the diminishing duties of that arm. Had the improvements in the other arms been really so pronounced as to promise to drive cavalry from the battle-field, then it must be admitted that it would have been better to have entirely done away with our few regiments of expensive horsemen, and to have raised in their stead companies and corps of mounted infantry. But while admitting the possibilities of this fourth arm, it must be allowed that so far from the rôle of cavalry being now at an end, recent experiences at German manœuvres seem to prove that in the next European war cavalry will be used in such masses and to such purpose as have never before been seen, and that the duties of this arm will rise far above anything which can be accomplished by mounted infantry. At the same time there must be occasions when a mobile infantry, which can keep within appreciable distance of a rapidly moving cavalry, can and must render the greatest service. In the manœuvres of 1889, to which I am continually referring, light infantry was frequently sent to the front in carts and carriages, and were able to give an immense support at once, moral and physical, to the cavalry in whose rear they moved. If mounted infantry are ever in modern warfare to work as a fourth arm of the service, it would be necessary to organize them upon the same footing and in the same proportion as regards numbers as are our cavalry, artillery, and infantry. In Continental warfare I doubt if the mounted infantry regiments we are so slowly raising can ever be of much account, that is to say if mounted infantry is to be considered and to act as a fourth arm of the service; for this purpose it would be necessary to use it in such masses as we appear to have no intention of raising. Over and over again in civilised war it will be necessary to push infantry rapidly to the front, and if "mounts" can be locally obtained it is more than likely that carts and carriages will be available, which will carry a large number of men, and which can be left in charge of comparatively few. There seems to me to be very few occasions when mounted infantry will be able to be made use of in the place of cavalry; on the other hand, as artillery escorts and in the covering parties of the attack, mounted infantry, as at present organized, will be of the utmost value. There is no reason, that I can see, why the organization of mounted infantry should be for a special corps; if it is to be retained as such, and used as such in the Continental war for which we are all preparing ourselves, then



we are not raising it in sufficient strength. On the other hand, there can be no reason why mounted infantry should not be raised and trained regimentally, in order that when required it may be used in addition to a special corps, and, while performing the duties of escorts and covering parties, may set the special corps free for the duties which the exigencies of the moment may determine.

An impression is gaining ground that permanent fortifications are a mistake; while, on the other hand, field works are assuming an increased importance, and every portion of the attack will have in future to shelter itself against the tremendous fire of the defence by artificial cover of some sort or another. The actual assaulting body are perhaps the only portion of the attack which should be discouraged from covering or delaying its advance with the spade. But to the defence the preparation of every description of artificial cover will be allowed and even insisted upon, and I may here notice what has been experimented upon of late by the Germans in the way of movable fortifications. These are ironclad turrets built of steel, and mounted on wheels; they are shell and bullet proof, are painted the colour of the ground, and are armed with a quick-firing gun, manned by two gunners. The chief objection to the employment of these movable turrets is, of course, their weight, which not only renders it most difficult to move them in the first instance into position, but also makes it almost an impossibility to change their position, should this be desired during the progress of an action. The defence has already such enormous advantages over the attack, that it may be doubted whether for the defence of ordinary positions, such as are taken up at the commencement of an action, movable fortifications would be considered worth the enormous difficulties attending their transport, and the serious loss which their capture would entail.

The survivors of the great war of 1870 have magnified its losses, and for several years after the close of the campaign it was customary, alike for the historian of and the actors in those scenes, to believe that never before had any nation so suffered on the battlefield. A reaction is now setting in, and a comparison of the losses in that and in other campaigns reveals the fact, which our race should at least have not forgotten, that the greatest losses ever known occurred in the American War. Here, too, were no military nations who met and fought and fell, but men wholly untrained to war, men whom our recruiting sergeants would look upon as likely to make the worst recruits. I believe that even in

Germany the older officers are coming round to the idea that in scarcely a single engagement were their losses abnormal; but in our case at least the mischief is done, and the contemplation of the German losses in 1870 has caused us to teach our individual soldiers too exalted an idea of the value of cover. In the earlier actions of the Franco-German war the losses were heavy because the Germans especially attacked in formations which were unsuitable and out of date. It was not long before the infantry corrected this for themselves; but thus it came about that men took advantage of cover whenever they could get it in the advance, and then the difficulty arose, not how to get men under cover, but how to get them out of it. I should like to see our men taught to look only to their leaders to keep them under shelter, and to have our officers learn to study the formation of ground, so that they might bring their men up under cover without, as now, each individual man looking to his own personal safety during an advance. In short, while taking every care to ensure that the safety of each unit was looked to as far as might be, I would like to see individuals discouraged to look for cover on all possible occasions. If our small army is to take the field in company with, or in opposition to, the immense armies of Continental nations, it will be necessary for our subordinate commanders to be most careful of the lives of those under them; but the men must look for safety to their commander, and must on no account be permitted to seek it for themselves. I would have every precaution that may be possible taken that cover, whether natural or artificial, should be at hand when required; our infantry should never be far from their entrenching tools, and when there is a likelihood of these being required they must be carried on the men's backs. No commander will hesitate to entrench his men when necessary, and I believe that cover will seldom be abused when we cease to teach our men that they are not to be constantly looking out for it during an advance. We have been taught that the next best thing to cover from *fire* is cover from *sight*, and I would here suggest that all the losses inseparable to the preparatory stages of an attack are saved if the attack be delivered at daybreak; or that, on the other hand, the preparation may be made during the day and the final assault take place at night. Few nations have yet seriously attempted to train their men to manœuvre and to fight in the dark; we have lately made a commencement in the British army; but it is of little use to teach men to march and attack by night



over a country, if they are not also taught how to fire in the dark so as themselves to repel an attack.

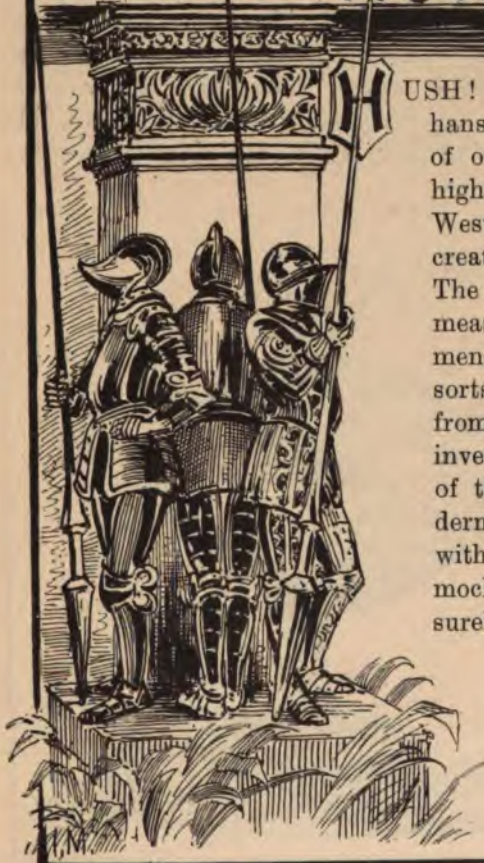
Every day does the tendency of our military training go towards improving the discipline of the men who are to win our battles: "nothing short of the highest pitch of steadiness and discipline will suit the conditions of the future." I can see no object in elaborating a system for the supply of ammunition to an attacking line, for in future the troops intended for the assault must be taught to advance with as little firing as possible. These troops will only, if properly led and trained, feel the inclination to open fire when any check occurs in their advance, and it must be the constant aim and object of the commander to close the main body on the fighting line and carry it forward whenever any check is imminent. Our assaulting troops must press ever and ever forward, trusting to the covering parties on their flanks to overcome the fire of the defence. I would have the fighting line kept always at its full strength even at the risk of overcrowding. I would have our men taught that they are not to seek cover for themselves directly they shake out into a loose formation; I would have them taught to disregard the stories of the slaughter of the modern battle-field; and I would remind them that their forefathers advanced under a far more crushing fire than ever Continental infantry have experienced; and, finally, I would have our infantry of the assault move silently on the position until that last halt when their magazine fire may break out and prepare the way for all to go in with the bayonet.

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# TUDOR

## EXHIBITION

\* AT \* THE \* NEW \* GALLERY \*



**HUSH!** The rattle of distant hansoms and the rumbling of omnibuses over the muddy highways and byways of the West End are but the strange creations of a too fertile brain. The shouts of newsboys, the measured tread of patient policemen, the hurry scurry of all sorts and conditions of creatures, from the famishing dog which investigates the several aromas of the gutter to the portly alderman bound citywards, who, with nose "tip-tilted" sniffs mock turtle from afar, all are surely vain imaginings; we have anticipated in our mind's eye the railways, telegraphs, and telephones of the nineteenth century by three hundred years or so. Just as the Spiritualists, through

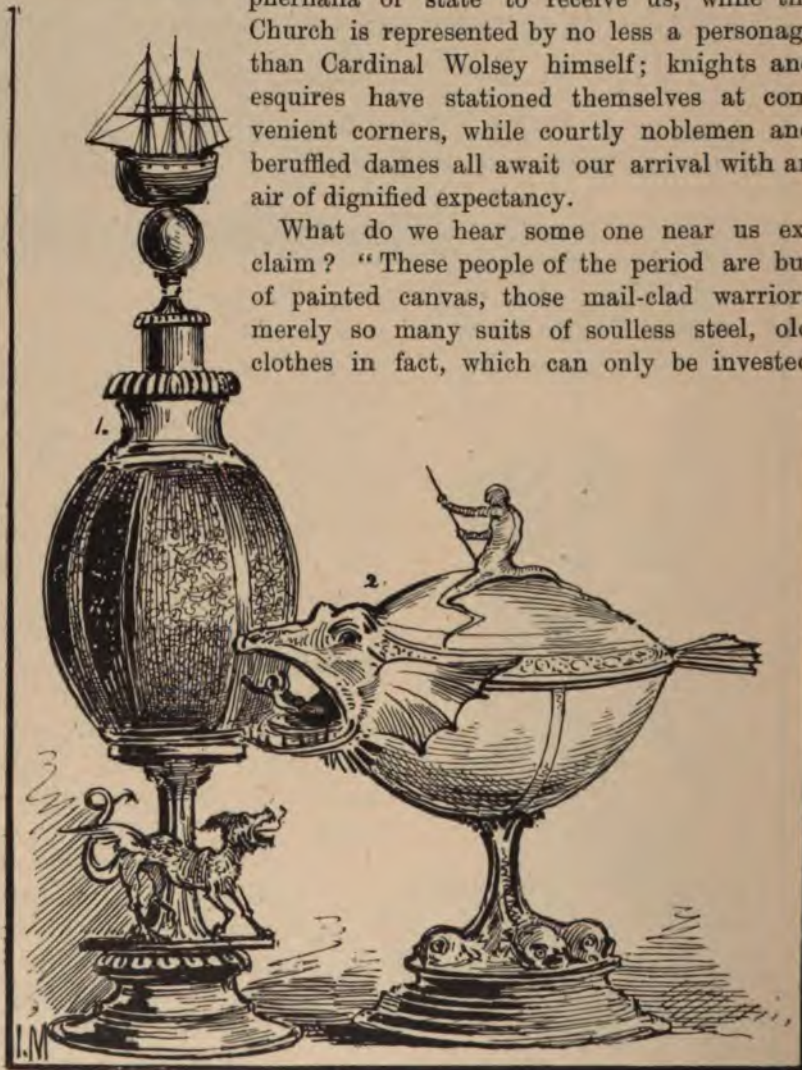


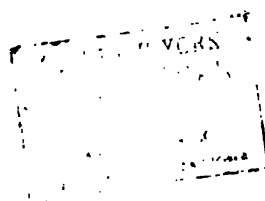
the medium of the *planchette*, would link us with the future, so does "The New Gallery," from year to year, through the medium of its turn-stile, link us with the past.

It seems but yesterday since "Charlie" was "our darling," and all that appertained to the unfortunate House of Stuart concerned us most. Now, however, do we live in Tudor times, Henry VII., bluff King Hal, little King Edward, and good Queen Bess have all assembled to greet us. Besides, the divine William lends the lustre of his presence, and Sir Thomas More has laid by his para-

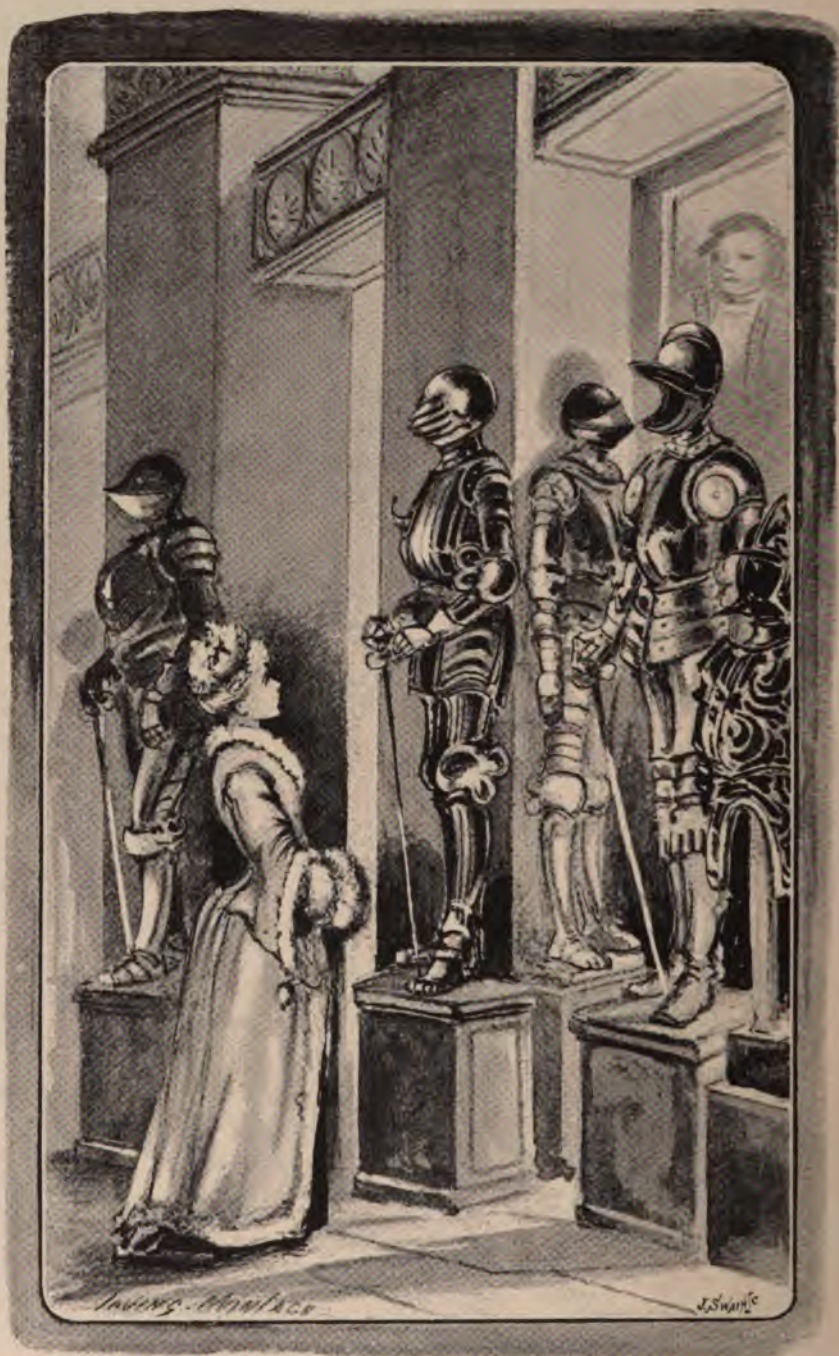
phernalia of state to receive us, while the Church is represented by no less a personage than Cardinal Wolsey himself; knights and esquires have stationed themselves at convenient corners, while courtly noblemen and beruffled dames all await our arrival with an air of dignified expectancy.

What do we hear some one near us exclaim? "These people of the period are but of painted canvas, those mail-clad warriors merely so many suits of soulless steel, old clothes in fact, which can only be invested









EXTREMES MEET.

with abstract interest by those who read between the lines."

To such a one, we would say, "Get out into the busy haunts of men again. Go! lead your material life elsewhere; jump on the knifeboard of a Putney 'bus and ride away, leaving us in communion with the brilliant throng by whom we are surrounded."

Nor were we singular in this sentiment. Our first visit to the Tudor Exhibition was not paid, as it should have been, on Press day; it was two or three days afterwards that we presented our pasteboard *open sesame* at its seductive entry. Nay, more, it was just in the gloaming, when all the world and his wife were intent on dinner to the exclusion of every other consideration.

The gallery, crowded to excess all day, was almost deserted, when presently we were attracted by a *piquante* nineteenth-century damsel, who was standing in pensive contemplation of (why not?) her iron-clad ancestors, who in grim array looked down upon her from the vantage points of their pedestals. Good sturdy Tudors these, ever ready to break a lance "in service of ye faire," to whom their vizors give expressions for which they were wholly irresponsible.

See that yawning, booted and spurred warrior with his vizor up; he gapes in very disgust at his own enforced inactivity. Then note the smirk of that ironclad, near whom she is, who looks for all the world as if the charms of this nineteenth-century damsel will presently re-unite the dust of ages within that outer case, and that stepping down from where he is stationed he will whisper—

Meet me by moonlight alone,

In the grove at the end of the vale—

when—positively for the last time—he





would tell that old, old story which, be they Tudors, Stuarts, or Plantagenets, the lords of creation have told so glibly any time since time was.

But this gentleman is not by any means alone in his glory; there are several standing round in silent envy, while the bluff King Hal himself looks down from a distant frame; indeed, he may be said to do this just now from any point in the New Gallery, as if, not satisfied with six wives, he had his eye upon a seventh.

Talking of pictures brings one to the unique collection of Holbeins, and the large and most interesting display of works by other great masters of the Tudor period which decorate the walls.

We confess, from our own point of view, there is an eternal "flatness" of things which strikes us unpleasantly at a first glance, to which is added a mild attack of Henry VIII. on the

brain, from which, however, recovering, we are at once disposed to unearth all the beauties of Holbein, Hobema, Zuccherro, Lucas De Heere, and Jansen. Probably, from an historical point of view, No. 57, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" (painter unknown), is one of the most interesting. It has been lent by Her Majesty the Queen. It is a bird's-eye view of those proceedings which form so brilliant a page in Anglo-French history, and which at first seems curiously involved. The left of this picture is devoted to the arrival of Henry VIII. at Guisnes, accompanied by Cardinal Wolsey, who rides a





mule, and followed by an immense and most brilliant escort of nobles with their attendants. Next, you again see that monarch in the middle distance of the picture, fondly embracing Francis I., a salutation which the French King affectionately returns; but why their respective steeds, which are considerably nearer the

spectator than they are, should be about the size of ordinary Newfoundland dogs is only a mystery which, having already admitted two Henry VIII.s, one need not worry about, especially since a monster appears in the sky to remind us there were dragons in those days. Indeed, the way in which everything is happening at once would be calculated to drive the ablest special artist out of his wits. Making allowance, however, for the practices of the period (and several of the best contributions to this collection are in allegory), there has, in this case, certainly been handed down to us a most graphic record of the great event; and in justice to its unknown limner, be it said, there *were* those at that time who declared that when Cardinal Wolsey was holding high mass a dragon of huge proportions did actually appear in the blue vault above—and perhaps it did, who knows?

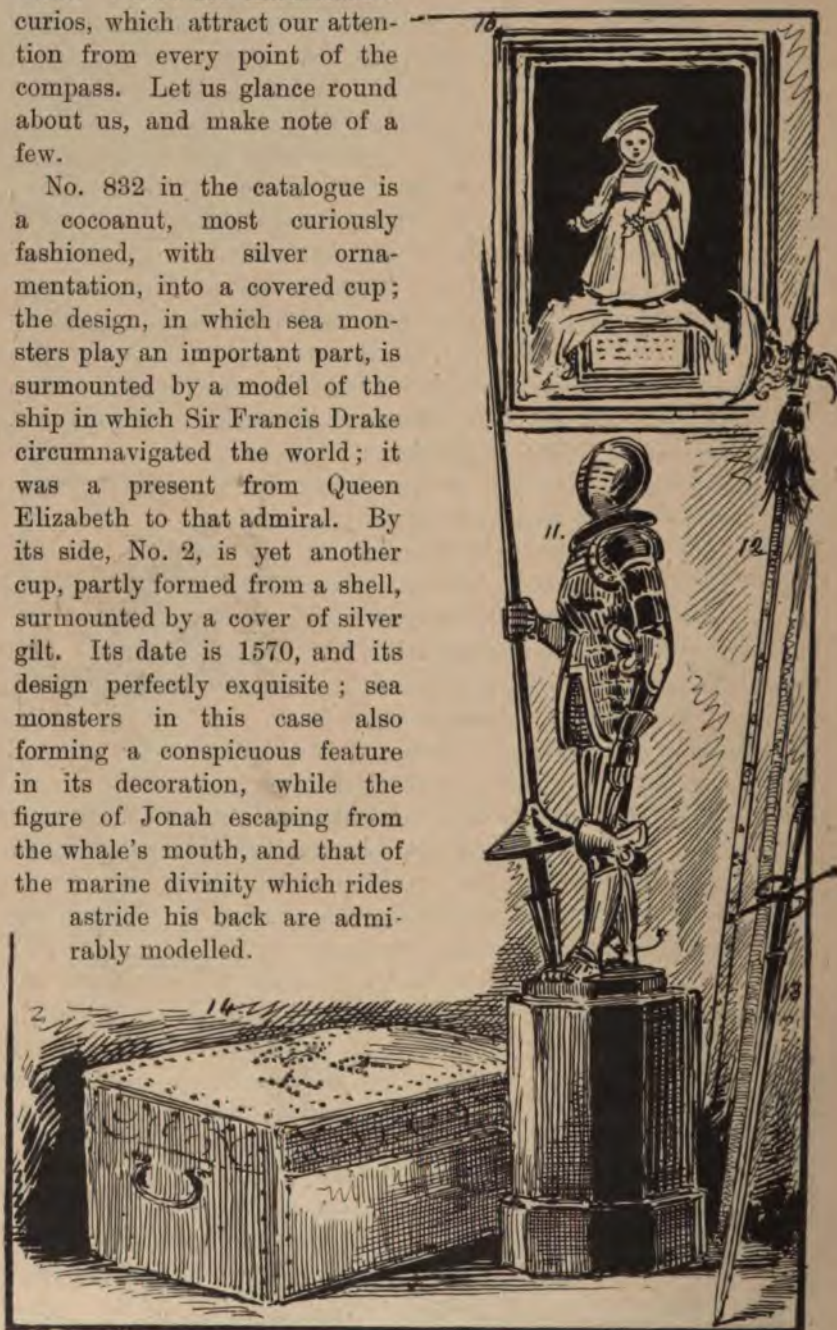


Touching the portraits of that man of many wives, I should say that since those by Holbein are less flattering they are more like that royal Bluebeard than those by other painters. Whilst strolling round, however, we could not help feeling a sense of regret that Sir Walter Raleigh had not introduced the narcotic weed to the world at that time, since Henry VIII. looked "lonely like," as Mark Twain puts it, without that pipe which would have so well accorded with his aldermanic proportions; but we may not stay too long in contemplation of the many



royal and other celebrities who look down upon us from the walls. There are innumerable curios, which attract our attention from every point of the compass. Let us glance round about us, and make note of a few.

No. 832 in the catalogue is a cocoanut, most curiously fashioned, with silver ornamentation, into a covered cup; the design, in which sea monsters play an important part, is surmounted by a model of the ship in which Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the world; it was a present from Queen Elizabeth to that admiral. By its side, No. 2, is yet another cup, partly formed from a shell, surmounted by a cover of silver gilt. Its date is 1570, and its design perfectly exquisite; sea monsters in this case also forming a conspicuous feature in its decoration, while the figure of Jonah escaping from the whale's mouth, and that of the marine divinity which rides astride his back are admirably modelled.



No. 3 is a well-preserved example of the shoemakers' art. It once encased the delicate foot of good Queen Bess. Did she ever trip it on the light fantastic toe I wonder, to meet Essex of nights, in that same beautifully embroidered, high-heeled slipper—him to whom she gave that ring, No. 22, on which a not too complimentary portrait of Her Most Gracious Majesty appears.

Ah! and what have we here in Nos. 4 and 5—more cups, of very different but equally artistic design, notably one which belonged to Thomas à Becket. On the cover rises a pedestal with several belts and bands of large pearls, which support St. George overcoming, on foot, the dragon. Its companion is a flagon, said to have belonged to Katherine Parr. No. 6 is a pair of bellows of Elizabeth's time; these are interesting as an example of the rude carving of the time, suggesting as the design does that a female ancestor of A. Sloper, Esq., of Fleet Street notoriety, must have been to the fore as a model in those days.

The next curio we come to is No. 7, which is the sign of "Ye Boar's Head" inn, a hostelry in Eastcheap; this is inscribed on the back with the name of the then landlord, one William Broke, 1566. This relic was discovered, curiously enough,

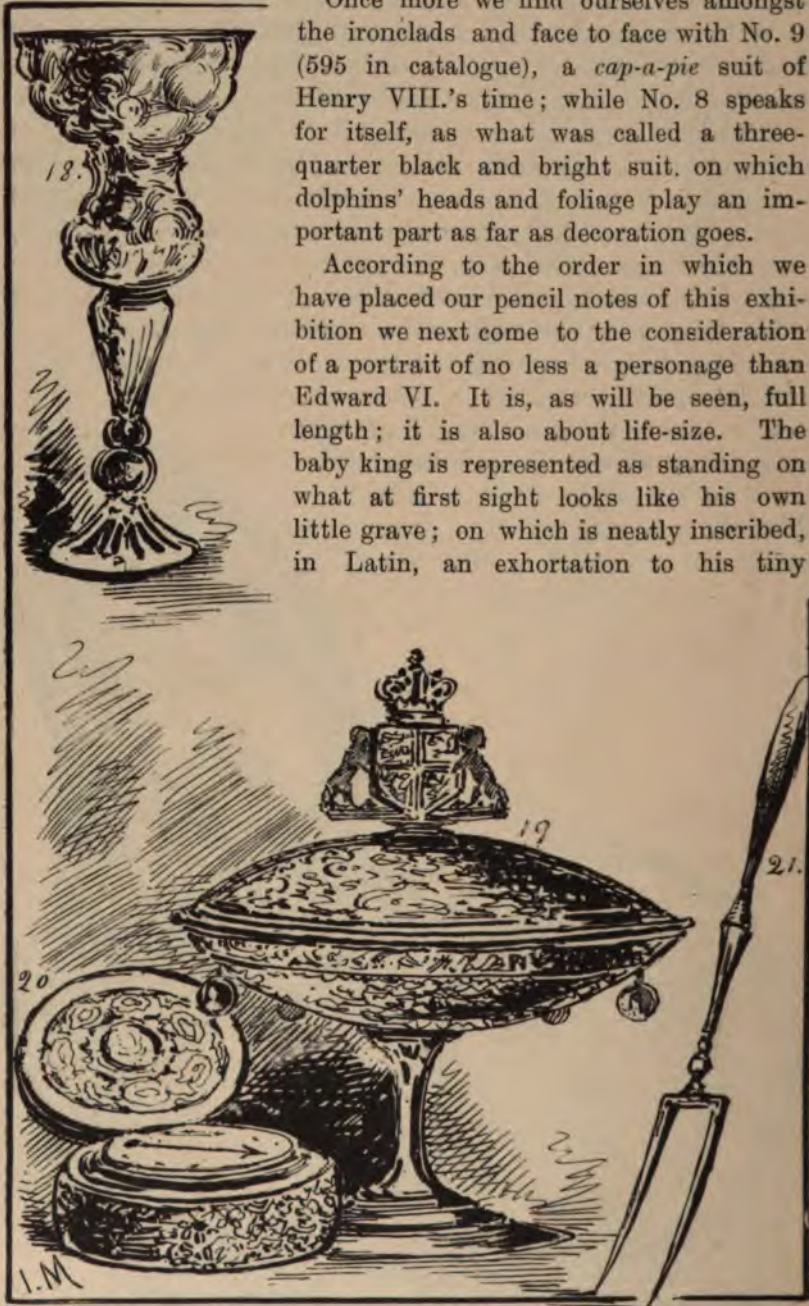




in the midst of a heap of rubbish caused by the *débris* from the great fire of London.

Once more we find ourselves amongst the ironclads and face to face with No. 9 (595 in catalogue), a *cap-a-pie* suit of Henry VIII.'s time; while No. 8 speaks for itself, as what was called a three-quarter black and bright suit, on which dolphins' heads and foliage play an important part as far as decoration goes.

According to the order in which we have placed our pencil notes of this exhibition we next come to the consideration of a portrait of no less a personage than Edward VI. It is, as will be seen, full length; it is also about life-size. The baby king is represented as standing on what at first sight looks like his own little grave; on which is neatly inscribed, in Latin, an exhortation to his tiny



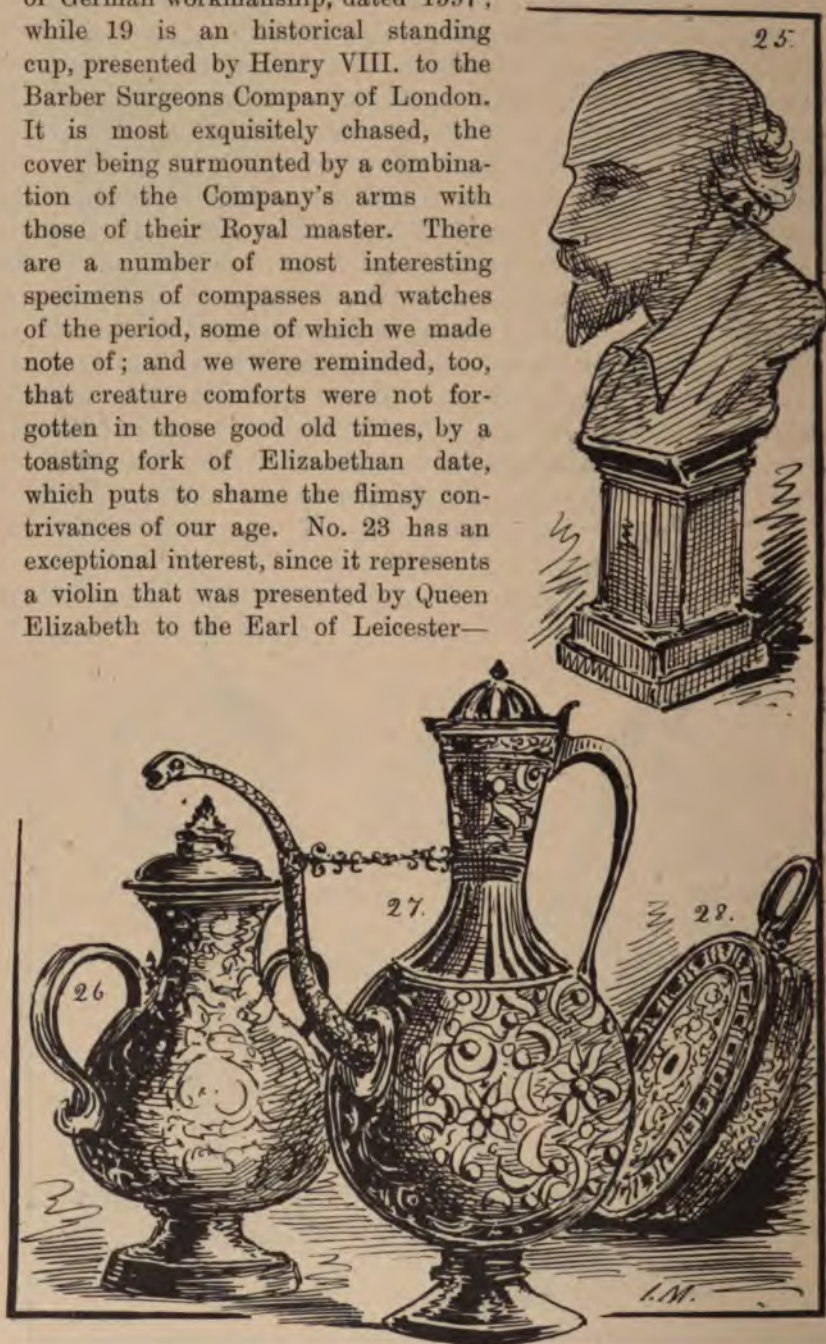
Majesty to follow in the footsteps of his father, to which a whispered response seems to come, "Heaven save the mark! not in all things." Next we gaze wonderingly upon No. 14, a well-worn trunk, and on turning to the catalogue learn that it belonged and was much used by Katherine Parr. No. 13 is a very fine example of a two-handed sword, and many halberts and other gracefully designed weapons besides.

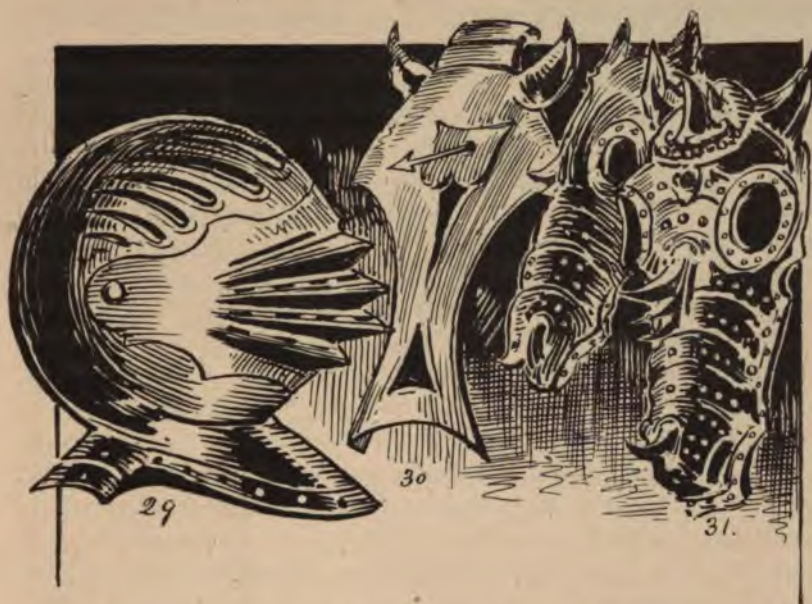
Probably the best example extant of a complete suit of armour of Henry VIII.'s period is to be found in that lent by Baron de Posson. In contradistinction to that worn at the tournament, this suit comes under the heading of field or hosting harness, that is to say, war armour. Judging from the three wax portraits in alto-relief of Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, and Sir Thomas More, we should say, if King Hal is to be taken as our example, ample justice has been done to all, the astute modeller having felt that imitation is not always "the sincerest flattery." In other words, if this portrait of the King be true, his court painters have, one





and all, done him serious injustice. No. 18 is an embossed goblet of German workmanship, dated 1597; while 19 is an historical standing cup, presented by Henry VIII. to the Barber Surgeons Company of London. It is most exquisitely chased, the cover being surmounted by a combination of the Company's arms with those of their Royal master. There are a number of most interesting specimens of compasses and watches of the period, some of which we made note of; and we were reminded, too, that creature comforts were not forgotten in those good old times, by a toasting fork of Elizabethan date, which puts to shame the flimsy contrivances of our age. No. 23 has an exceptional interest, since it represents a violin that was presented by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester—





she had more than one string to her bow. It is of beautifully carved box-wood; their arms being engraved on the finger-board. But what was the engraving on their hearts we wonder, as we pass on, and discover ourselves standing in front of No. 24? Here we have an addition to the large collection of exquisite cups and vases which have been lent to this exhibition. No. 24 is the "Berry" cup, as it is called; the date is 1570, the shape that of a double gourd, and the design, as far as the foliage is concerned, as beautiful as it is unconventional. No. 25 is a life-size bust of Shakespeare, cut out of Herne's oak in Windsor Forest. It seems to convey the generally accepted notion of the features of the poet, though it errs on the side of passive unconcern; it is soulless wood—"only that and nothing more." No. 26 and 27 are vessels for wine or water, as inclination dictates. The former is most carefully and beautifully chased, while the latter has on it a somewhat loud floral design. The colouring seems its one redeeming point, never forgetting, of course, the contour of the whole which, look at it from any point you will, is a series of graceful curves, were it not for the unfortunate necessity there appears to be for the support which holds up the spout. No. 29 is a characteristic helmet of Henry VIII.'s time, in a most perfect state of preservation, and looks as though it were but yesterday it had been turned out of the armoury. By



its side are to be seen *chanfreins*, studded and bespiked till they assume the aspect of demon chargers, peering out in an uncanny way from sly corners at us. Last of all comes a genuine old Black Jack, which makes one hark back to the days of Baron Beef and brave Sir Loin, when to eat, drink, and be merry was the order of the day; while, though the shade of Simon the Cellarer should have been laid long ago, he seems to rise now vividly in one's mind's eye, while

His nose doth show  
How oft the Black Jack to his lips doth go.

A range of 118 years—the duration of the Tudor period—has afforded opportunity for collectors of subjects of peculiar interest, and we feel that, considering how many interesting relics there must be yet which will never meet the gaze of the general public, this opening up of historic pages, extending from 1488 to 1603, when the last of the Tudors went to that bourne from which no traveller returns, is a treat indeed to all those interested in such matters. We cannot fail to remember that with them came the dawn of progress, the advancement of civilization, and that religious reform which represents our present form of worship; the feudal system was dying hard but fast—all things tending towards that development which now so rapidly began to assert itself, and of which we have reaped the benefit. Let us hope that we may sow as good seed for future generations. Undoubtedly,

there was room for improvement and to spare, if one may judge only from the fact that in Henry VIII.'s reign no less than an average of 2,000 persons were annually hung for theft alone; this condition of affairs, however, considerably improved even in Elizabeth's time, for that number was then reduced to the annual average of 400. Of course, within such limits as this illustrated sketch affords, it is impossible to do more than suggest the historic pleasures which await those who have yet



to visit the Tudor Exhibition. Suffice it to say, we left that collection much interested and delighted with all we had seen, and were particularly pleased to have discovered that the Virgin Queen's hair was *not* the fiery red it has generally been supposed to be; perhaps her passions were as subdued as the locks we saw, and the historians have maligned her.

Shakespeare, Sir Francis Bacon, Wolsey, Cranmer, Sir Thomas More, Sir Walter Raleigh, each, with many others, contributed their quota towards the development of a country which till then had been wrapped in comparative oblivion. Just as the geologist from a splinter of bone infers the whole animal, so may we from the importations into England in the time of the Tudors form some idea of our present indebtedness—for instance, hops, cherries, gooseberries, and apricots were introduced at this period into our market gardens, and large specially prepared plantations in Lancashire welcomed, for the first time, the now much-appreciated potato, which Sir Francis Drake discovered and brought us from the far-off island of Santa Fé, and which Sir Walter Raleigh soon afterwards introduced into Ireland. Surely the Irish should have a St. Raleigh in their Calendar; and, although every school-boy knows it, it would be a discourtesy indeed to so illustrious a traveller not just to mention that little visit of his to the Island of Tobago, from which he brought us that souvenir of souvenirs—the fragrant weed—which for generations since has soothed our many sorrows.

Nor were even the minor requirements of the fair sex forgotten; for did not Catherine Howard introduce pins from France, a luxury which dipped, however, so deeply into the family purse that actually a certain amount was set aside for them, from which custom originates the well-known expression of "pin money." Queen Elizabeth, indulging as she did in these luxuries, even to the extent of having a dress trimmed with needles and pins, had, nevertheless, a soul above trifles; for it must be remembered that she it was, in granting a charter to the East India Company, founded our Indian Empire. Of battles, with varying success, we might quote Flodden, Stoke, Spurs, Pinkie, and St. Quentin, in which some of the glittering, well-preserved arms and armour now at the Tudor Exhibition have done yeoman's service. Records innumerable, scrolls signed and counter-signed by hands which in those days held the destinies of the nation, should be conned by those who have time at their command; thus do rare parchments, trusty blades and rich embroideries tell how—while



diplomatists planned and knights fought—the gentler sex plied their needles, each leaving in some shape their footprints on the sands of time.

“Oh! thank you, so it is.” It is six o’clock. A polite attendant has reminded us it is closing time, so, taking one sad, lingering look behind us, we pocket our sketch-book; click, click, goes the turnstile, and here we are, back again in Regent Street, back from our short sojourn with the mighty spirits of the past.



## Volunteer Notes.



**V**OLUNTEERS will have regarded the commencement of the year 1890 with mixed feelings. The twelve months that had passed had in many respects proved most eventful, and the events in question had not taken place without, in some instances, a singular *bouleversement* of old ideas on the subject of Volunteering, and the grooves in which its strivings after better things, not to say perfection, should run. In the first place, looking at the several important problems which presented themselves to the student of the Volunteer movement at the commencement of 1889, we have seen the brigade principle vindicated with what, considering the shortness of the time that has elapsed since its introduction, may be regarded as remarkable completeness. The question whether the idea would stand the test of practical application to the requirements of the Annual Camp has been answered most satisfactorily, and as to this must be added a most successful experiment at Easter in mobilization by brigades, it may safely be said that the theory which was originally greeted with such unfavourable comment, and in some cases by downright abuse, has passed into the region of practical politics, and this, too, with the flattering concurrence of many most experienced and thoughtful officers. Turning to other problems, the year 1889 witnessed the abandonment of Wimbledon by the National Rifle Association, and the triumph of the Honourable Artillery Company over circumstances which at one time seemed likely to involve that ancient body in a very awkward situation. Volunteer officers were again permitted to qualify as musketry instructors, the Volunteers made an excellent show at Aldershot before the German Emperor in August, and the Yeomanry made a decided effort to improve their musketry. But a legacy, if not of woe, at least of some anxiety and trouble, has been left to 1890 by its predecessor in the two questions: firstly, how to complete equipment, and secondly, how to counteract the dearth of officers.

On both these matters we have had a good deal to say in preceding issues, and shall, no doubt, have still more to say in



months to come. We did not propose to more than mention the two debatable topics in this number, had it not come to our notice that in the "Volunteer Notes" for November we gave offence to a well-known corps, the London Irish, which we held was not justified in appealing to the public for assistance in building their new quarters. Facts have come to our knowledge which lead us to regret that we spoke with undue freedom on this subject, and prominent among these facts is the present accommodation of the corps consisting of a small house which is "wanted" by an adjacent hospital, the lease terminating in two years' time. Accordingly, we make the *amende honorable*, at the same time desiring to point out that what we said was said in all honesty of purpose, and was actuated by the sincere conviction that the Volunteer movement profits to a peculiar extent by plain speaking when the latter is not prompted, as our remarks certainly were not prompted, by "envy, hatred, and malice."

Quite at the commencement of the year an order was issued from the War Office, directing that, in future, Volunteer colonels appointed Aides-de-camp to the Queen are to hold that distinction for more than ten years. It not infrequently happens that when an order of this kind is promulgated, it, or rather its *raison d'être*, is misunderstood, and a notion gets abroad that the Volunteers have been slighted. In the present instance this is not by any means the case, and the matter can be explained without difficulty in a few lines. In the Regular army the rule is that an A.D.C. to the Queen, not belonging to the Royal Family, should, on promotion to the rank of Major-General, vacate the appointment, and a study of the "Birthday Book," as the *Official Quarterly Army List* is sometimes irreverently called, will show that it is not by any means usual for an officer belonging to the Regular forces to be an A.D.C. to the Queen more than ten years before he is promoted into the list of generals. This fact, moreover, has been previously illustrated by the issue of an order imposing similar restrictions upon Militia Aides-de-camp to Her Majesty.

The term "Wimbledon," as applied to Volunteer shooting, is growing rapidly obsolete, and Bisley is becoming familiar in men's mouths as a "household word." The work on the new site is proceeding most satisfactorily, and there is now no sort of doubt that not only will the ground be in good order for the 1890 meeting, but that Volunteer shootists will be treated to a somewhat pleasant surprise in the increased range accommodation, not to speak of the natural beauties of the new location.

Very important progress has also been made in the direction of providing on the Staines site, which at one time was thought would be the new Wimbledon, a suitable collection of ranges for the use of Metropolitan corps. The plans, which have received the approval of the military authorities, provide for the erection of 130 targets at ranges from 100 to 1,200 yards, and for ample security from stray bullets. The railway companies concerned have made satisfactory concessions, and it is confidently anticipated that the targets will be ready for use early in May. Not only should this creditable result tend largely to the improvement of Volunteer marksmanship, but it should have a distinct influence upon the financial status of some corps which now pay enormous sums for the use of ranges in the immediate vicinity of London.

That pillar of the Volunteer movement, Lord Wantage, V.C., has launched a project for securing an exceptionally strong muster of the Public School Corps at this year's camp of the Home Counties Brigade, and the project has been very favourably commented upon by the Press. We have had occasion in previous numbers to express an opinion that cadet corps are not very practical institutions, and that they do not by any means realise all that is claimed for them. This, of course, is a mere matter of opinion, and as the corps actually exist there is small harm in letting them see as much as possible of the practical side of Volunteering. On the Churn Downs, under the fatherly eye of their Brigadier, the boys should have a pleasant and healthy outing, should learn, if they have not learnt them before, several new and attractive mysteries of the art of soldiering, and should return to their schools as brown, and bright, and enthusiastic as only an English public schoolboy can be.

The Artillery branch of the Volunteer force continues to receive the careful attention of the Government, who are evidently bent upon raising it to the highest possible pitch of efficiency in order that its services may be freely utilized in the event of war. During the past two months the Secretary of State for War has given sanction for the formation of several more batteries of position, the understanding being that a brigade will be allowed an additional grant of £100 per battery, on condition that the guns supplied are properly housed, that they are horsed on stated occasions, and that three detachments are to be always kept fully trained for the service of each gun. In connection with the order conveying the above sanction it has been decided that none of the guns on travelling carriages now about to be issued shall be supplied to



the City of London or 3rd Middlesex Brigades, the men of these corps being regarded as garrison gunners for service in the permanent defence of the Thames. This latter reservation affords rather a good instance of an occasion on which citizen soldiers are regarded even by the War Office as having in the present a distinct rôle, one, however, which actually makes them substitutes for their Regular *confrères*.

Amongst Volunteer resignations notified since the commencement of the year must be specially mentioned that of the Marquis of Lorne, who has given up the Honorary Colonelcy of the old Glasgow Highland Volunteers, now the 5th Volunteer Brigade Highland Light Infantry. The noble Marquis has held this appointment for no less than nineteen years, and will no doubt be greatly missed in the corps.

*Colburn's United Service Magazine* for January contains an interesting account of the Volunteer force in India, now numbering some 22,000 members. The writer gives a somewhat roseate description of the condition and prospects of the force, which, to some extent, no doubt, is justified, but which does not coincide with other recent accounts, notably one which appeared a few months ago in an Anglo-Indian paper. At the same time it must be remembered that an indifferent Volunteer is possibly more useful in India than in England, as in the event of an outbreak his enemies will not be quite what the English Volunteer will have to face in the event of an invasion. In India, the great end and aim of the Government should be firstly, to provide every adult male European with a rifle, a magazine rifle for choice, and then to encourage him to use it at least sufficiently often in a year to keep himself fairly in practice. This done, the increased security of the European civil community will be out of all proportion to the expense and trouble incurred.

A good deal of ill-feeling has arisen from Press and other comments on a painful discovery recently made by the War Office, with reference to Volunteer musketry returns. It appears that in one corps a case of fraud had occurred, and the War Office improved the occasion by issuing a rather strong order on the subject, and by subsequently preparing a new form of target practice register to be used, if approved, by Volunteers as a preventive against falsification. The circumstance has been commented on with much freedom, it being openly hinted at in some quarters that for Volunteer returns to be "adapted" to the exigencies of the moment in the matter of the capitation grant, is no new thing.

It should be remembered in this connection that a paper specially devoted to the interests of Volunteer shootists recently took up this very subject with much vigour, and, apparently without contradiction, gave various instances, for the authenticity of which it professed itself able to vouch, of fraudulent practices in this direction. Where there has been so much smoke there has probably been some fire, but we do not propose to discuss the question further, except by the expression of a hope that never again may such a blot be alleged against the fair name of Volunteering.

During the past month an order has been issued by the Quartermaster-General's Department which involves some very important changes in the allowances to Volunteer corps on mobilization in brigade camps, and for assembly on other occasions. While the daily allowances to Infantry Volunteers attending regimental camps remains unaltered, considerable modification is made in the allowance to Infantry Volunteers in brigade camp, and to Artillery and Engineer Volunteers in regimental camp. The travelling allowances have also been altered, and the existing allowance in aid of travelling for united drill or gun practice is abolished. Instead of this, an allowance at the rate of 2d. per Volunteer per mile (when the distance is above five miles) for the actual distance between the head-quarters of the company or battery, and the place where the duty is performed, will be given to cover the double journey, one allowance either for attendance at inspection (all arms), for battalion drills (corps other than Artillery), for gun practice (Artillery). In some quarters this new scale has not been at all favourably received, but thoughtful students of the Volunteer movement are inclined to regard it as at any rate an honest effort on the part of Government to ameliorate the present system, and that as such, and perhaps as a forerunner of still better things, it deserves to be welcomed with, at any rate, more kindly criticism than it has received in at least one corner of the Volunteer press.

As a corollary to the above order, a Memorandum has been issued within the last fortnight, in which reference is made to the practice which sometimes obtains of men being permitted to absent themselves from camp for a considerable portion of each day, drilling only in the mornings and evenings. The Commander-in-Chief expresses himself unwilling to lay down hard and fast rules, but considers this practice most unsatisfactory, and one which should be discountenanced. It certainly seems not quite in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that a man should draw a Government allowance for being present in camp, and



should spend the best part of the day outside that camp. But there are unquestionably many cases in which it would be a very serious hardship for a man to be utterly unable to visit his place of business during the camping week, and it speaks well for Volunteer zeal that in these circumstances men should be found ready to undergo the inconvenience of the double occupation. Possibly the Commander-in-Chief's intimation that his memorandum is not to be taken as conveying any ruthless mandate in the matter will be sufficient to ensure the continuance of the indulgence alluded to in all deserving cases.

Some months ago, Mr. Stanhope on a public occasion remarked that he was carefully considering whether it would not be possible for Government to assist that excellent object, the provision of ranges in the vicinity of large towns by substantial loans in aid. Emboldened, no doubt, by this important utterance, the Manchester Brigade Range Committee made application for a Government loan of £12,000 for the establishment and equipment of a rifle range at Glazebrook. The Committee have just received a reply to the effect that Government is not now prepared to make advances of public money to assist objects of this kind, but that it is further considering whether any other means can be found for facilitating the very necessary provision of ranges in the vicinity of great towns. Whether any aid other than pecuniary will be of much solid benefit seems somewhat doubtful, but in view of the several expensive schemes which Mr. Stanhope has in prospect for meeting still more important military exigencies, it is hardly to be wondered at that just now he should find himself unable to carry out his own very liberal suggestion.

The new regulations for the Honourable Artillery Company of London have in several important respects, such as the terms of efficiency and the general rules for the appointment of officers, assimilated that ancient body to other Volunteer corps. It is now further laid down that the Company shall not exceed in number 2,000, including the reserve company, and the establishment is fixed at 316 officers and men, in two field batteries, eighty-one in a Light Cavalry troop, and 558 in six Infantry companies, exclusive of reserve and veteran companies. New regulations as to uniform are stated to be still under consideration, and will be added hereafter by army order.

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## Tactical Use of Mounted Infantry.

BY CAPTAIN H. R. GALL.



THE prevailing idea that the next war will witness a still greater revival of the use of cavalry than seen in 1870 has been strengthened by the imposing display of squadrons at the recent manœuvres in Germany and also in France. How to meet the enemy's cavalry and to prevent it from obtaining an advantage at the outset will be a question of the most serious importance to that side which acts on the defensive in the next great war. One drawback to fighting the advanced cavalry of an army with cavalry alone is that it is liable even when successful to break up the cavalry divisions, and to leave the victors (supposing them to have been vigorously opposed) without that preponderance of the mounted arm upon which a brilliant success that would be decisive in the subsequent campaign would largely depend. It might be urged that this applies equally to both sides; but the supposition is, that at the outset of a campaign the defending side is the weakest in cavalry, while at the same time it is important to stop the enemy's advance and prevent him from seizing the initiative. Under these circumstances, during the first stage of a war, any combination of troops that may be reasonably expected to delay the enemy's advance, without incurring too great a risk of using up the cavalry of the defending side, is deserving of consideration.

To fight cavalry with a mixture of horse and foot soldiers is nothing new. History repeats itself by the adoption in the English army of a combination of the two arms. The objection to mounted infantry has been that it combines the defects of two arms without possessing the highest qualities of either. This idea is entirely a wrong one, for it implies that mounted infantry are



sometimes intended to fight on horseback; but mounted infantry are not dragoons. Well trained cavalry and artillery are more likely to succeed, when opposed by cavalry and artillery only, than if they were encountered by a skilful combination of infantry and machine-guns with cavalry and artillery. This combination is easier and involves less loss of mobility than has been generally supposed. For example, the advanced troops of an army might be divided into brigades, each representing a complete tactical unit consisting of—

- 2 regiments of light cavalry.
- 2 batteries of horse artillery.
- 1 battalion of mounted infantry.
- 6 machine-guns.
- 100 trained and selected scouts.
- Small-arm ammunition, tool and light baggage carts.

All reconnoitring to be performed by the scouts, who should be carefully trained to acquaint themselves rapidly with minute details of localities.

**MOUNTED INFANTRY.**—The principal fighting rôle belongs to the infantry, which arm in order to be able to manœuvre with cavalry must be superior to it in mobility; the men should ride lighter and be mounted on horses selected for speed and agility, but not intended to deliver a charge. This superior mobility is necessary to enable the infantry, when manœuvring with cavalry, to dismount in time to aid them with their fire. Mounted infantry should never fight except on foot, and should always endeavour to select positions favourable to the development of rifle fire. Dismounted and in action, they should only mount when about to be moved for distances exceeding half a mile. When mounted and manœuvring to get into position their movements should be exceedingly rapid. A dismounted escort should always remain with the horses of those who are fighting. A machine-gun may sometimes form part of the escort, especially in open country favourable to cavalry.

The fighting formations on foot will be those of infantry when acting against cavalry and artillery. Square may be formed to protect the horses if seriously threatened by the enemy's cavalry. Mounted infantry may gallop in open order to within 1,200 yards of field guns in action, then dismount and advance in skirmishing order and attack them; they will, of course, always endeavour to attack guns in flank or obliquely. Mounted infantry need not be taught any cavalry drill; they need only be trained to ride over difficult country, and to groom their horses. They should be

constantly manœuvred in conjunction with the other arms, and be practised in engaging large bodies of cavalry; they should be taught to ride for the nearest cover, and to reserve their fire until the cavalry are within effective range. The effect of well-directed volleys delivered at short ranges should be constantly impressed on all ranks. Any probable enveloping movements of the enemy's cavalry ought to be forestalled by posting mounted infantry and machine-guns at certain pre-arranged places.

Mounted infantry, presuming that they are good shots, should be constantly impressed with the idea that they ought to have nothing to fear from cavalry.

MACHINE GUNS.—Machine guns should be attached to limbers and thoroughly well-horsed. Their mobility should be amply sufficient to enable them to co-operate with each arm as required. In selecting positions for machine guns, especially when pushed forward, great attention should be paid to getting as much cover for them as possible. The tactics of the cavalry and artillery will be the same as usual for these arms when co-operating with infantry, or acting alone.

TACTICS OF THE FOUR ARMS COMBINED.—The position of the cavalry and artillery will usually be on the flanks of the infantry, taking care not to advance beyond the support of the latter, unless ordered to do so by the commander of the brigade. In like manner until the enemy's squadrons have been broken up, the artillery should rarely be advanced beyond the protection of the infantry. The cavalry as a general rule should not charge until the enemy can also be engaged by the infantry, but should rather be encouraged to manœuvre so as to bring the enemy under the fire of the infantry and machine guns.

When scouts are out they should be supported by small detachments of mounted infantry. When reconnoitring, the movements of cavalry and artillery are generally restricted to the roads. Mounted infantry on the other hand can always dismount and should act off the roads if necessary. So long as movements are restricted to roads mounted infantry have a great advantage, and ought always to be able to check cavalry whenever the country is enclosed and difficult. Should the country be very open, the formation to meet cavalry and artillery might be as follows:—

Infantry in the centre; first line dismounted.

Supports, or second line, mounted; in rear of the flanks of the first line.

Third line mounted; manœuvring on the most exposed flank.



Machine guns acting with the infantry should unlimber whenever their long range fire is likely to be effective.

The cavalry manœuvring on the least exposed flank should endeavour to regulate their movements by those of the infantry, unless charged by the enemy's cavalry, when the infantry must support them with their fire.

Artillery should come into action wherever it can best co-operate with the other arms. Where machine guns can go, light carts carrying ammunition and entrenching tools can follow, and the advance of cavalry might frequently be checked by holding villages situated at the junction of main roads. For putting a village into a hasty state of defence, no combination of troops could be more desirable than mounted infantry and machine guns, with cavalry and artillery co-operating outside on the flanks.

It has been urged that dragoons can satisfactorily perform the work of mounted infantry. This is not true; dismounted dragoons at best make inferior foot soldiers, and are very little, if at all, superior to their opponents' cavalry, if they dismount to do their heavy fighting on foot. On the other hand, there ought to be no fear of properly trained mounted infantry ever becoming inferior cavalry.

The utility of mounted infantry in wars with savages, especially when long distances have to be traversed in desert countries, is so obviously apparent that it needs no comment.



## Jottings from the Foreign Press.

THE LATE DUKE OF AOSTA.—The *Illustrazione Militare Italiana* gives some details of the career of this gallant and chivalrous soldier, which has found so untimely an end. Amadeus Ferdinand Maria was born at Turin on the 30th May 1845, the son of King Victor Emanuel and Maria Adelaide, daughter of the Archduke Rainier of Austria. Entering the army at the age of 14, in the year 1866 he was promoted major-general just before the outbreak of hostilities. At the battle of Custozza, being in command of the brigade of "Grenadiers of Lombardy," he was disabled by a spent bullet, which struck the plate of his waist-belt. In 1867 he married the Princess Maria Vittoria della Cisterna, and four years later accepted the proffered Crown of Spain, an act which was ominously associated with the murder of Marshal Prim. On the 28th July an attempt was made on the King's life, and in the following year he abdicated. On the 8th November his first consort expired at San Remo. On the accession of his brother Humbert to the throne, he was appointed to command the Turin army corps, thence was transferred to that of Rome, and occupied successively the posts of Inspector-General of the Army and Inspector-General of Cavalry. He nobly assisted his Sovereign during the inundations at Verona and the cholera at Naples. In 1888 he held supreme command during the autumn manœuvres in the Romagna. In the same year he married his niece, the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, who has borne him a son, the present Duke. On the 18th January he expired from malignant pneumonia in the arms of his royal brother at the age of 44 years, leaving behind him the record of an upright, blameless, and courageous military life.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.—The *Illustration* gives an account of the French sea-captain Trivier's adventures during a trip across the continent of Africa. Starting with a caravan of natives from Loango on the east coast, he made his way on foot to Brazzaville on the Congo, thence to Stanley Falls on board a Dutch steamer. By aid of Tippoo Tib, "the Sultan of Central Africa," he succeeded in reaching Lake Taganyika, and attempted to join



Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha, but was eventually constrained to make the Mozambique coast *viâ* Lake Nyassa, the Shiré, the Zambesi and Quillimane.

A FRENCH OPINION OF THE VOLUNTEERS.—Continuing its remarks on the "English Army in 1889," the *Revue Militaire de l'Etranger* for January treats of the Volunteers. They are, thinks the *Revue*, the most characteristic feature of the English Army, and also the most popular of its component parts. This is because they partake of the good qualities and defects of the nation; they embody, as it were, the passion which every Englishman has for independence, his robust and justifiable confidence in himself, but also his instinctive dislike for regular organization, which shocks his prejudices and tastes. The writer attaches little importance to the eulogies of the British press; but the favourable opinion pronounced by the German Emperor would be weighty testimony could one ascertain his real views, which are assuredly modified to gratify the pride of the Briton. The Volunteers, however, concludes our critic, are highly interesting. They have revived military traditions which England had gradually forgotten during the long interval of peace between Waterloo and the Alma. In short, at the present moment, they constitute the real "home army" on which the nation would have to rely for the defence of its territory in the improbable event of invasion. On the Continent, he thinks, they would make but indifferent soldiers; the law, however, does not permit them to be sent there. At home, on the other hand, their good marksmanship, tenacity, and "self-reliance" would make them valuable on an emergency. In carefully chosen positions behind entrenchments, supported by a nucleus of regulars, the Volunteers would prove formidable adversaries to an invader.

THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF EUROPE.—The *Ny Illustrerad Tidning* of Stockholm has published a most interesting sheet, which brings home to the mind the intimate relationship which exists between the European royal houses. It contains 27 portraits of reigning Sovereigns who are the direct descendants of the famous Swedish King, Gustavus the First, or Vasa, as he is usually denominated. The "tail male" came to an end with Gustavus Adolphus, his grandson, who was slain at Lützen in 1632, and was succeeded by his daughter Christina, who abdicated in favour of her cousin, Charles X., of the Palatine House. This dynasty, again, was extinguished by the bullet which in 1718 finished the eccentric career of his grandson, Charles XII. The reigning Tsar is descended from one of this hero's sisters. From her, three daughters of Gus-

tavus Vasa and one of his granddaughters have sprung this august assemblage, among whom, in addition to the reigning Monarchs of Sweden and Norway, we recognize our own gracious Sovereign, Alexander of Russia, and the infant King of Spain. Queen Victoria's likeness appears wedged in between their Majesties of Portugal. But the wrath of common-place mortals we know fails to reach celestial minds. The portraits are excellent, and form a really interesting collection.

MONSTER ARMOUR-CLADS.—M. Weyl, in the *Journal de la Marine*, dissuades his Government from following the example of Great Britain and Italy in building monster armour-clads of 14,000 tons. It is always more difficult to obtain parliamentary sanction for naval expenditure in France than in England; and if this were the only obstacle the writer would recommend their construction. But there are weightier reasons to be urged against such a course. France already possesses an excellent type of armour-clad in the *Amiral Duperré* and her class. These, with a tonnage of 12,000, have a high free-board, speed equal to that of the Italian "monsters," and behave excellently well at sea. Artillery has of recent years made such rapid strides in advance that the 27-c.m. gun will now penetrate any existing thickness of cuirass; why, then, have recourse to monster guns which necessitate monster ships to carry them, especially when we consider that for the cost of two such monsters three, or nearly three, vessels of 10,000 tons may be constructed? It is urged that the latter will not contain sufficient coal to pursue the monsters into mid-ocean; but, remarks the writer, France, unlike England, has no commerce to speak of to be protected in distant waters, her interests being mainly confined to the Atlantic seaboard and the Mediterranean. M. Weyl protests against being "taken in tow" by England in this matter, and affirms that the views he advocates fairly represent those of French naval officers.

A GERMAN OFFICER ON THE INDIAN ARMY.—The *Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine* for February contains the "Reminiscences of a German Officer at the Manœuvres in British India," which are much more flattering to our feelings than the usual run of foreign criticisms. Arriving at Lucknow in January 1889 the traveller was treated with customary hospitality; but the warmth of his welcome has not prevented him from tempering his eulogies with a seasoning of advice. On the 5th he was present at a review of the division, among the troops composing it being the 17th Lancers, the 8th Foot, the 11th Bengal Infantry, "a



regiment of Scottish Rifles," the 23rd Fusiliers, and three regiments of Bengal Cavalry. In the march-past the natives kept a more accurate alignment than the British; but this he attributes to the effects of the tropical heat on the latter. The 17th Lancers and Horse Artillery created a great impression on his mind; but "the more striking the appearance of the latter the more marvellous it seemed that they should still be armed with muzzle-loaders." Nowhere had he seen breech-loaders in India, and he had heard that there were only two batteries armed with them in the country. He was astonished to find that the native cavalry were not armed with the lance, which he had understood to be the national weapon of India. He remarked the inferiority of native horsemanship to that of the English, but ascribed it principally to the inherent defects of the country-bred animals, to which the Australian is vastly superior. The writer, however, opines that, in spite of the vicious propensities of the former, a Prussian riding-master would in time turn him out "militärfromm." During the manœuvres at which he was present, the three arms acted too independently, forgetting that victory must be the sum of their combined efforts. The positions occupied by the infantry were too extensive, and, in some cases, "dead angles" were left in front of the line. In general, there was too great a disposition to disperse into open order, forgetful of the difficulty of keeping troops in hand this step once taken. Our tactics, he thinks, are in advance of our armament. To this, it may fairly be replied that it is a fault on the right side; and that if in 1889 the British troops in India were armed with the Martini-Henry, they will soon be equipped with a magazine rifle. At the cavalry manœuvres the 17th Lancers again excited his lively admiration, and the bad manœuvring of the native cavalry attracted his criticisms. He ascribes their shortcomings in part to our rejection of "stirrup to stirrup" equitation, the trooper, instead of keeping his glance fixed on the squadron leader, having to watch the directing flank. A description of a British barrack in Hindustan, its perfect sanitation and comfort, concludes the theme, the writer politely expressing the conviction that the British army in India, equal at the present moment to coping with internal and foreign enemies, will shortly constitute a factor available for employment in complications beyond her borders.

In an article entitled "The Distribution of the Russian Army in Peace with a View to Preparedness for War," the *Jahrbücher* points out that, although the Muscovite forces are massed in the

West, no other distribution could be expected, if we consider the enormous extent of the empire and the inadequacy of its railway systems for ensuring rapid concentration. Here in Great Britain, where railways are much more numerous, we do not mass our troops in the Highlands of Scotland, but principally in the southern counties of England. If a line be drawn from the southern extremity of Lake Ladoga to the mouth of the Dnieper, dividing Russia into two unequal parts, of which the eastern is five times the size of the western, we shall find that  $15\frac{1}{2}$  army corps out of her 20 are quartered in the latter, and 15 cavalry divisions out of 17, while close in rear, at St. Petersburg and Moscow, the Guards and Grenadiers stand ready to proceed to the front by rail.

A pleasing biographical sketch, "Lord Nelson as a Naval Commander," is begun in the same number. It is chiefly modelled on the writings of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière.

THE ARMIES OF EUROPE.—The *Rivista Militare Italiana* for January quotes the peace establishments of the various armies of Europe in 1889 as of the following strength:—

Russia . . .	876,938	Belgium . . .	43,405
France . . .	512,472	Denmark . . .	42,909
Germany . . .	491,840	Roumania . . .	35,413
Austro-Hungary .	290,106	Sweden and Nor-	
Italy . . .	240,215	way . . .	33,020
Great Britain . .	221,358	Bulgaria . . .	32,346
Turkey . . .	180,000	Greece . . .	26,346
Spain . . .	131,400	Portugal . . .	24,361
Holland . . .	65,733	Servia . . .	13,243

Great Britain has 61,400 sailors; next, in order of strength, comes Russia, with 29,379; France, with 24,728; Germany, 16,413; and Italy, 14,372.

TACTICS IN AFRICA.—In the same Review, Colonel Luciano begins a treatise on this subject which should be read by British officers. Starting from the undoubted fact, which our own experiences have brought home to us, that the tactics rendered necessary in Europe by improved arms of precision are totally unsuited for resisting the solid masses of a savage enemy, the writer proceeds to discuss the moral and physical characteristics of the Africans as warriors, and their armament, but with especial reference to the Abyssinians: their mode of fighting, the topography of the theatre of war, its vegetation, hydrography, communications, climate and geological conformation. After this instructive pre-

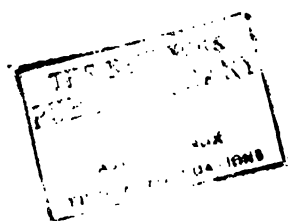


lude, we come to the gist of the article; a consideration of the tactical means best adapted to defeat this enemy in vastly superior strength on the given theatre of war. Though our limits forbid us to dwell upon its contents, we cannot refrain from quoting the final paragraph of a passage which describes the British march from Abu Klea to the Nile in 1885 :

This march will remain for ever a memorable example of physical endurance, indomitable tenacity, and inflexible discipline ; and it is without question one of the finest exploits of a campaign which can adduce many such, and where science, cool audacity, and valour, were denied the well-earned meed of ultimate success. This episode alone would suffice to prove the quality of English sinew. It must, however, be remembered that exploits like this can only be accomplished by picked troops, who are both robust and hardened to war, and that the English army was represented in the Soudan by the flower of the veterans who had fought in various campaigns in Asia and Africa.

THE DEFENCE OF THE TAGUS.—According to the *Journal des Débats* the fortifications at the mouth of the Tagus are in a very dilapidated condition, so much so that it recommends the employment of torpedoes, mortars (of which there are an abundant store at Lisbon), and even horse artillery to aid in its defence. These field batteries would sweep the decks of the attacking squadrons while finding safety in their extreme mobility. The northern channel (3 to 4 fathoms) between Fort St. Julian and the bank Cachopo do Norte could be barred by means of torpedoes and scuttled ships filled with stones. The principal channel between Cachopo do Norte and Cachopo do Sul (on which is built Fort Bugio) is about 6 fathoms deep, and might, it is thought, be defended by sunken torpedoes, but the southern passage is too shallow for armour-clads. Our contemporary, to judge from its utterances, appears to be of opinion that the Portuguese armour-clad *Vasco de Gama*, backed by its four attendant torpedo-boats, and flanked by the fire of Bugio and St. Julian, could dispute with success the entrance of the central channel against a hostile fleet !

LOUIS RIEL.—In the *Revue d'Infanterie* for January, M. Garçon completes his article "Quatre Hommes" with biographical sketches of Grant and Riel. The English reader will perhaps be astonished to find the latter eulogized as a high-minded patriot. His execution in 1885, after his second act of rebellion, is strongly condemned by the writer, who petitioned the Queen for Riel's pardon. The request was, of course, rejected, and it is hard to see why a traitor should be pardoned because he happens to represent an alien faction in one of our dependencies. M. Garçon, however, anticipates consequences from his death such as are supposed to







ANTIQUE RUSSIAN ORDNANCE.

have flowed from the execution of John Brown, and quotes in support of this expectation the treasonable utterances of the French press at Quebec and Montreal.

SMOKELESS POWDER AND TACTICS.—The *Revue d'Artillerie* for January contains a long paper on this subject, which, after pointing out that the terms "smokeless" and "noiseless," as applied to the new explosive, are merely comparative, disputes various opinions which have been made public on the subject. The awful sights and sounds of the battle-field will not, thinks the writer, depress the soldiers' spirits more than heretofore, because all around him will be plainly visible, while aforetime the scene was shrouded by an impenetrable veil of smoke, and uncertainty is the most intolerable affection to which the human mind is subject. It stands to reason that a clear and uninterrupted field of vision will materially assist the defence, whose position will not be revealed by their own smoke, while the assailants during an advance will be plainly descried. Supports and reserves will have to be deployed into open order at an earlier stage of the attack than has hitherto been necessary.

ANTIQUÉ RUSSIAN ARTILLERY.—The *Revue du Cercle Militaire*, supplemented by the *Vsemirnaya Illustratsia*, enables us to present our readers with a notice of the high artillery jinks which were carried on in the Russian capital at the close of the past year. The occasion was the five hundredth anniversary of the introduction of artillery into Russia by the Grand Prince Demetrius, a popular hero through having inflicted a decisive reverse on the Tartars, which is justly regarded as a turning-point in Muscovite history. In celebration thereof an Artillery Exhibition has been held in the fortress of Petropavlovski, the ceremony being graced with the Emperor's presence, and that of other high functionaries of State. On the arrival of the Grand Duke Michael Nikolayevitch, Master-General of Ordnance, General Vannovski, Minister of War, read an imperial rescript, which duly set forth in stereotyped phrase how the Russian artillery had, since the introduction of ordnance, borne a gallant part in maintaining the independence of Russia, which has been menaced by numerous and powerful enemies. A certain fable of Æsop's, touching the conduct of a wolf and a lamb, was here remembered; but all apprehensions for the safety of Russia were speedily allayed by the Emperor, who declared that, although he felt every confidence in the power of the artillery to repel aggression, he hoped the Lord would spare them that painful ordeal. General Brandenburg then related



the history of the Russian Artillery Corps. The first cannon were wrought-iron breech-loaders introduced from Germany, but were soon supplanted by muzzle-loaders. In 1475 Ivan III. established a foundry for brass cannon at Moscow, under the superintendence of an Italian, Fioraventi. There is in the Museum a brass cannon dated 1485. Ivan the Terrible in 1552 employed 150 pieces of heavy ordnance at the siege of Kazan. Peter the Great of course devoted great attention to artillery matters; and we learn that the Emperor Paul organised the first battery of Field Artillery at Gatchina. Arakcheyeff was its captain, who, as the Minister of Alexander I., developed on a grand scale the system he inaugurated. Rifled cannon were introduced in 1860; they were brass muzzle-loaders, and seven years later breech-loaders were introduced. Steel cannon came into use in 1877. The *rédaction* of the *Revue du Cercle Militaire* did not neglect so good an opportunity for testifying sympathy with Russia. A telegram was dispatched to the Grand Master. How completely our Gallic friends have forgotten the unfortunate Poles in favour of their new allies. What a master passion is *La Revanche*! Next month we propose to give portraits of several of the Russian Masters-General of Ordnance in past times.



## Naval Notes.



THE new year has not opened for us very auspiciously; we have already two serious failures of new vessels to record, and in one case, that of the *Barracouta*, the mishap has resulted in the death of two men and the infliction of severe injuries on eight others. The *Barracouta* is a third-class cruiser of a special type, of which four have been built; one, the *Barossa*, has already passed through her steam trials at Portsmouth successfully, but her completion is delayed, as it has been found that she is too weak to withstand the recoil of her guns, and that it is necessary to strengthen the deck and beams under and in the vicinity of where the guns are mounted. The *Barracouta* has been unfortunate from the first; on the 30th of January she left Sheerness for her trials, but was scarcely clear of the harbour, when her steering apparatus completely collapsed, and she had to be towed back. The necessary repairs having been effected, she again left, but was obliged to return owing to dangerous leakage in her cylinder covers. On the morning of the 8th inst. she started off for the third time, and was off Margate when a fierce rush of steam and flame was driven out of the furnaces of her port boiler, sweeping the whole stokehole, with the terrible result just mentioned to the ten men down there at the time. A searching inquiry is being made into the mishap, which at present is involved in mystery, as the boiler itself does not appear to have sustained any damage, and was, in fact, used during the run back to Sheerness.

The second failure is that of the new torpedo gun-boat *Speedwell*, an improved *Rattlesnake*, but she has, like the *Seagull* and *Sharpshooter* of the same class, completely broken down in her steam trials, which were commenced at Portsmouth on the 3rd inst. She differs from her sisters in being structurally somewhat stronger, consequently there was less vibration than in others of



her class previously tried ; but as regards the boilers, the usual failure ensued. The contract power of the engines under forced draught is 4,500, but before they were worked up to 3,500 the tubes of two of the boilers leaked to such an extent that the trial had to be brought to a close. Measures are being taken to strengthen and stiffen the hulls of all the vessels of this type, which are far too fragile to withstand the strain and vibration of engines of such power as have been put into them when working at full speed, and some modifications in their design will undoubtedly have to be made.

We are glad to see that the *Victoria* has at last received her strengthened 111-ton guns, and she is now being pushed rapidly forward for commissioning. It is reported that the Admiralty intend to send her to the Mediterranean without her undergoing the usual gun trials with the new weapons, as the mountings have already been successfully tested, and the guns themselves have passed the proof at Woolwich without showing any defects. This can hardly be considered a wise course, as, in face of the repeated failures of our heavy guns, there will be a general belief, not only among the public, but in the service, that the authorities are afraid of submitting the guns to a second test for fear of any defects developing themselves, and that they prefer to get the ship safely away from England before experimenting further with the guns. The *Trafalgar* has now received the whole of her armament, and according to present arrangements will undergo her gun trials on the 17th instant. The *Warspite* is to be commissioned on the 15th inst. to take the place of the *Swiftsure* as flag-ship in the Pacific. This change will add greatly to the efficiency of the squadron on that station, for although the *Warspite* is only an armoured cruiser, while the *Swiftsure* is rated as a second-class battle-ship, yet, in consequence of her superior speed, large coal stowage and modern armament, she is far more fitted for the duties which in war time would devolve upon the flag-ship out there than the slow, obsolete ship she relieves. Both the *Warspite* and her sister ship the *Impérieuse* were the subjects of much hostile criticism some three years ago, when it was found they drew some 18 inches more water than in the original design, and that in consequence, when filled up with coal, &c., the top of the armour-belt was brought down to a level with the water ; their masts were removed, and a military one substituted, and other alterations made ; and now, in spite of their still somewhat increased draught, both ships are good

for a sea-going speed of 16 knots, which they can keep up without any undue straining of engines or boilers. No two ships in the service are, in fact, better fitted for the duties for which they have been selected, as flag-ships in China and the Pacific. The *Mercury* has been commissioned, and goes to China to take the place of the *Cordelia*, transferred to Australia. Although completed nine years ago, she is commissioned now for the first time for foreign service; she is a sister ship to the *Iris*, which has already done two commissions in the Mediterranean; and although they were the first of the modern type of fast cruisers built for the navy, they are better ships than many of the later so-called improvements upon them. The *Undaunted*, belted cruiser, is commissioned, and proceeds to reinforce the squadron in the Mediterranean; the *Goldfinch*, the last completed of the new gun-boats, relieves the obsolete *Raven* in Australia; while the *Grasshopper*, a sister of the *Rattlesnake*, is the first of the new torpedo gun-boats to be sent on foreign service, and goes to the East Indies.

Considerable progress has been made with the new ships commenced under the building programme of last year sanctioned by Parliament. Some 1,400 tons of material has been already built into the battleships *Hood* and *Royal Sovereign*, building at Chatham and Portsmouth; an equally good start has been made with the first-class cruisers *Hawke* and *Edgar*, at Chatham and Plymouth; while the first keel-plate of the *Centaur*, a ship of the same type, was laid down at Portsmouth on the 20th January, and orders have since been received at that dockyard to lay down a fourth of this class, to be called the *Crescent*; six others are also being built in private yards. This type of cruiser is officially designated as "improved *Merseys*," and it is satisfactory to know that the *Mersey*, *Severn*, and *Thames* were admitted to be excellent vessels by the Committee on Naval Manœuvres. They are good sea-boats, handy, and have steady gun platforms, and are able to fight their guns longer than most ships. In the new cruisers, however, various important alterations have been made. The *Mersey* is 300 feet long by 46 broad, with a displacement of 4,500 tons, engines of 6,000 horse-power, and a speed of 18 knots. The *Centaur* and her sisters, on the other hand, will be 360 feet long, with a beam of 60 feet, a displacement of 7,350 tons, and engines of 12,000 horse-power under forced draught, and 7,500 under natural draught, giving her an estimated speed of 20 and 18 knots respectively, while her coal capacity of 850 tons will enable her to steam 10,000 knots at 10-knot speed, and 2,800 miles at 18 knots. The double-bottom



will be considerably more extended than in the *Mersey* class, while the protective deck, which will extend the whole length of the ship, will have a maximum thickness of 5 inches of steel, and her guns will be protected by steel shields, as has been done in the case of the *Trafalgar's* auxiliary armament.

While the building of new ships is thus being pushed on expeditiously, an idea seems to be rapidly gaining ground, and apparently not without some foundation, judging from the evident signs of weakness displayed by many of the new ships, that the work in the dockyards is often being scamped, and that the riveting especially is very bad; if this is true, it will be a regular case of the "penny wise and pound foolish" policy. Formerly, no work in private yards could compete with the style of work performed in the dockyards, but competent observers now state that the quality of the work now done in one or two of the yards is simply shocking. The men are insufficiently trained, and are too much "jacks of all trades"—one day planing planks, at another riveting steel plates; and if this is the case, it is evident that the men cannot execute work so carefully as if they were always engaged on the same job. Owing to the injudicious discharges of late years, a want of skilled workmen is now being felt in the dockyards, and in consequence of the briskness of the shipbuilding trade, great difficulty is experienced in entering men sufficiently skilled for the work.

Large as our shipbuilding programme now is, Lord G. Hamilton will find himself compelled to add to it, if the Admiralty intend to maintain, in its integrity, the standard of strength for our navy agreed upon last session; as, since the passing of the Naval Defence Bill, France, Russia, and Germany have all taken the preliminary steps to add largely to their own fleets, and extra credits have been set aside for the purpose. In France, three new ironclads, the *Valmy*, *Bouvines*, and *Jemmapes*, coast-defence ships of the same type as the *Furieux*, have been already commenced, and, in addition, the Minister of Marine has laid before the Budget Committee a building programme nearly as extensive as our own. No important armour-clads, however, were launched in France last year, and only two first-class cruisers, the *Alger* and *Jean Bart*, and two smaller vessels in the same category, the *Davoust* and *Surcouf*. The first-class battle-ship, *Marceau*, of 10,581 tons and 12,000 horse-power, has been completed, and is on the point of undergoing her steam trials at Toulon; she carries four 52-ton and fourteen 3-ton guns, and a complete torpedo equip-

ment. Like ourselves, the French occasionally find out that new ships do not turn out always all they should be. The first-class broadside cruiser *Dubordieu*, the flag-ship of the new commander-in-chief in the Pacific, which only left on the 30th December to relieve the *Duquesne*, has had to return, and has been paid off at Cherbourg in consequence of grave defects in her machinery, and her officers and crew have been transferred to the *Victorieuse*, a first-class armoured cruiser just completed at the same port. They are also finding out that forced draught is, as Admiral Mayne styled it, an invention of the Evil One. The *Vautour* torpedo cruiser made a capital full-speed trial, averaging some 18·5 knots, but at the conclusion was found to have damaged her boilers so much as to necessitate extensive repairs, and it is doubtful if she will be able to exceed 15·5 again.

In Russia, great activity is being displayed in the dockyards. At St. Petersburg a new ironclad was laid down last midsummer; she is to be 338 feet long, 67 feet beam, with a displacement of 9,500 tons and engines of 9,000 horse-power, and is expected to realise a speed of 16 knots; her armament will consist of four 12-inch and eight 6-inch guns. Two steamers are being built at Newcastle, and one in London, for the volunteer fleet, and at Elbing the *Rytzarski* torpedo cruiser. A new belted cruiser of 10,600 tons, the *Rurik*, has also been commenced at the Baltic works, and it is intended she shall attain a greater speed than any vessel of a similar kind at present building. Two other belted cruisers, the *Hangut* of 6,600 tons, and the *Pamiat Azova* of 2,000 tons, are nearly completed. Another battle-ship of the *Nicholas I.* type for the defence of the Baltic has also been laid down, while an ironclad gun-boat of quite a new design, the *Grozashchi*, is also being constructed. At Sebastopol an ironclad, to be called *George the Victorious*, and at Nicolaieff another, to be called the *Twelve Apostles*, both of the *Catherine II.* type, are well pushed forward in their construction, and in all the Russian yards the men, it is said, are working overtime.

In Germany large supplemental estimates for increasing the navy have been presented to and passed by the Reichstag. Last year only an ironclad for coast defence, the *Siegfried*, and two small torpedo cruisers were launched, but two second-class armour-clads are in course of construction at private yards, and four first-class battle-ships of 10,000 tons displacement are to be laid down immediately at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven, while twenty more torpedo gun-boats will be added during the year.



Space will not permit us to refer at present to other foreign navies, but enough has been done to show that if the standard of superiority of our fleet is to be maintained, the Admiralty must be prepared to lay down an equal number of new battle-ships, as soon as those now constructing under the Act of last session are launched or floated out of the docks where they are building, and we can only hope the Government will have strength of mind enough to insist on the requisite money being voted by Parliament.



## Sporting Notes.



THE Longfleet and Hamplestone covers on Lord Wimborne's estate of Canford, Dorsetshire, yielded good sport to his Royal visitors. Out of a bag of 1,000 pheasants, 260 fell to the Prince's gun. Some good duck-shooting was obtained on the banks of the Stour. The total bag consisted of about 3,000 head of game.

Stalkers will long remember the past season, chiefly on account of the size and condition of the "Monarchs of the Glen." A correspondent in a sporting journal has contributed a *resumé* of the heavier stags killed last season. Lord Burton, in Glenquoich Forest, shot in one day three of 17, 18, and 19½ stone, the last bearing thirteen tines. Captain McTaggart, in Glenrossal, had two of 18 and 19 stone. Captain Starkey in Rhidorroch had one of 16 stone. In September the Marchioness of Stafford brought her first stag to the ground, and it weighed 16 stone. The Duke of Hamilton with a single *coup de fusil* sent a ball through a hind and a magnificent male of 22 stone. In Struy, Colonel Clifton Brown had three averaging 17 stone each. The Duke of Westminster's party at Reay shot stags up to 19 stone. Mr. C. J. Lucas, at Caenlochan, had two of 18 and 19 stone. During October last year many fine deer were shot, but September is the the most prolific month.

A new sporting powder has been invented by Messrs. Baschieri and Bellagni, of Bologna. It is called Acupiria. The new substance, which is granulated, pale yellow in colour, and impervious to damp, was used by several of the Italian competitors at Monte Carlo.

Wild-fowl have been abundant in the estuary of the Thames. On the saltings, near Whitstable, a sportsman recently, at night, killed thirteen curlew, firing one pound of shot from a punt gun,



and another, using a similar gun from a yacht, killed seventeen widgeon at one shot.

In the jungles, woods, and scrub around the camp at Cairo, sportsmen are meeting with fair success. Up to the middle of February the bag consisted of 597 woodcock, 198 francolins, 58 wild duck, 42 snipe, 50 quail, as well as 3 wild boars, 1 antelope, 3 tiger cats, and several jackals, hyænas, &c. Leopards have been seen lurking about, but none have been killed.

Sportsmen in the Irish marshes and lakes have been having only meagre sport owing to the unsuitable weather. The estuaries on the west coast, where wild geese congregate in large numbers during severe weather, have been affording almost no sport at all. A common way of attracting geese is to build a bonfire, and, when they appear in the estuary, to set fire to it. The birds begin to collect in the air above it, gradually coming within easy range. This is often practised at Waterville, where the grey leg, the bean goose, and the white fronted goose are found.

The Sports and Arts Exhibition, at the Grosvenor Gallery, is a complete and brilliant success. There is a magnificent collection of trophies of heads, skins, horns, antlers and tusks, and the rooms are hung with well known and valuable sporting pictures. There is also a large collection of sporting gear, illustrative of the growth and development of all the principal branches of sport, collected and arranged in a manner which reflects the highest praise on the promoters of the exhibition. Some of the arms are rare and valuable, and include a wheel-lock rifle-gun of the sixteenth century; a sixteenth-century combination axe and gun, hunting knives, boar spear-heads, snaphaunces, musketoons, and matchlocks. An interesting weapon is a "prod," or stone bow, for discharging pellets of clay or lead, and said to have been used by Queen Elizabeth for fowling. The Duke of Fife has sent two splendid heads from Mar Forest; one a fourteen and the other a sixteen pointer. The Duke of Edinburgh has made several interesting contributions, notably his famous Russian bear, and a very pretty head from Balmoral Forest.

Anglers have had poor sport lately, owing to the flooded condition of the rivers. On the Yare and Swale, rods have been getting three or four brace of grayling with the swimming worm. In Yorkshire coarse fishing is at a standstill. Some fair baskets

of grayling have been got on the Derbyshire streams. The Itchen is in capital order for that fishing.

The St. John's River, in Newfoundland, which is one of the most productive salmon rivers in the world, is to be let. It has been leased for many years by a New York private angling club.

Waterville Lake is one of the best free waters in Ireland for salmon and trout fishing. It is about three miles long, and its greatest breadth is about a mile and a half. The surrounding scenery is most charming, the Dunkerron mountains to the south of the lake rising to a height of about 2,500 feet. On the north-east side of the lake there is a fine luxuriant wood, while on the west, within a few hundred yards, the broad expanse of the Atlantic is visible. The fishing season commences on February 1st and ends on October 15th. February, March, and April are best for salmon, and from the middle of July to the end of the season trout and peel afford good sport. The average weight of salmon is about 12 lbs., and the trout range from  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. to 4 lbs. Anglers can obtain good quarters at the Hartopp Arms Hotel on the shores of the lake.

Captain Fitzroy has announced his intention, in consequence of ill-health, of resigning the mastership of the East Kent Hunt, which he has held only for one season.

Followers of the hounds in the West of England have learned with regret that Lord Portsmouth intends to give up the Eggesford hounds in April.

The coursing meetings at Eaton Hall are not to be held this year. His Grace's reasons for this step rest solely on the disease and mortality among the hares.

The Earl of Pembroke is to resign the mastership of the South Wilts Hounds at the end of the present season.

The club house at Hurst Park is now almost completed. The first meeting will be held on March 19th and 20th. The club certainly promises to be a successful one. Pony and galloway racing is to be one of the chief amusements. Polo and cricket grounds have been laid out by men from Lord's under the able supervision of Sir Matthew Wood.



Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has sold Amazon, the winner of last year's Omnium to go to America, for £6,000.

Sir William Eden is to resign the mastership of the South Durham Hunt at the end of this season.

Lord Stanley of Alderley is to take charge this session in the House of Lords of a Bill for the provision of a close time for hares in England, Scotland, and Wales. A Bill with the same object has already been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Bonsor, and has given great satisfaction in those districts where hares are rapidly being exterminated.

More interest than usual seems to be taken in the practices of the rival crews this year. The race takes place on the 26th inst. at half-past 4. It is curious that since 1836 Oxford has won twenty-two times, while Cambridge has won exactly the same number. The following gentlemen represent Oxford:—W. F. C. Holland (Brasenose) *bow*, H. E. L. Puxley (Corpus), R. P. P. Rowe (Magdalen), C. H. St. John Hornby (New), Lord Amptill (New), F. C. Drake (New), G. Nickalls (Magdalen), W. A. Fletcher (Christ Church), *stroke*; and J. P. H. Lonsdale (New), *cox*. The Cambridge crew are as follows:—C. S. Storrs (Emmanuel) *bow*, J. M. Sladen (Trinity Hall), E. T. Fison (Corpus), J. F. Rowlatt (Trinity Hall), A. S. Duffield (Trinity Hall), S. D. Muttelbury (Third Trinity), G. Francklyn (Third Trinity), G. Elin (Third Trinity) *stroke*, and H. W. Laidlay (Trinity Hall) *cox*.

The yachting world has lost one of its most ardent supporters in General Baring, for many years one of the most prominent members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The *Wildfire*, which belonged to him at the time of his death, is considered to be the fastest steam yacht of her size in England.

American ladies have taken to rifle shooting. The fair sex in Bermuda have inaugurated an association, of which the Governor's wife, Mrs. Newdigate Newdegate, is President. A code, formed upon the Wimbledon rules, has been drawn up, and is strictly enforced by the Committee. The range is limited to 100 yards, and the weapons to .220 calibre, and some really remarkable shooting has already taken place at the monthly prize meetings.

## A List of Military Inventions

PATENTED DURING THE FOREGOING MONTH.

*[This List is specially compiled for the ILLUSTRATED NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE by Messrs. Rayner and Cassell, patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom all information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.]*

- 680. Improvements relating to armour-piercing and other projectiles or shells. HIRAM STEVENS MAXIM, 45, Southampton Buildings.
- 691. Improvements in ships' and other berths, cots, and bedsteads. THOMAS KENDRICK, 7, Staple Inn, Middlesex.
- 740. Improvements in and relating to water-tight and other doors, ports, scuttles, and the like. WILLIAM GRAHAM CLARK, 62, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
- 861. Improvements in steering gear for ships. WILLIAM HORATIO HARFIELD, 4, South Street, Finsbury, E.C.
- 869. An improved deep-sea trawling gear. JOSEPH BALL, 5, Stanley Street, Great Grimsby.
- 880. Marine signalling for preventing collisions at sea. ROBERT FOSTER, 8, Woodside Place, Shettleston, Glasgow.
- 957. Improvements in and relating to toy and miniature guns. JAMES HUTCHINSON, 96, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.
- 998. Improvements in propelling apparatus for navigable vessels. SANDOR HAIGH, 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
- 1,009. Improved arrangement of stop or check breaks for steam and other vessels. FREDERICK BERR, 166, Fleet Street, London.
- 1,021. Improvements in the construction of propelling screws. JOHN MOORE, 18, Southampton Buildings.
- 1,078. Improvements in mountings for guns. (JEAN BAPTISTE GUSTAVE ADOLPHE CANET, France) ALBERT SAUVÉE, 52, Chancery Lane.

### SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

- 20,705. SUTHERLAND. Shooting ranges and targets. 1889. 8d.
- 2,790. HORTON. Small Arms. 1889. 8d.
- 5,290. LORENZ. Sword &c. scabbards. 1889. 8d.

The above specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner and Cassell, 37, Chancery Lane, at the price quoted.



## At the Play.

AT the VAUDEVILLE, "*Clarissa*," Mr. R. Buchanan's version of *Clarissa Harlowe*, after being delayed some time, on account of Mr. T. Thorne's illness, has now been produced with every prospect of success. The first three acts are, indeed, skilfully arranged and dramatically effective, and only the last is weak, contradictory, and tiresome, notwithstanding some good acting on the part of Miss Emery and Mr. Thorne. Mr. Buchanan has not only (necessarily) left out a good deal of the many-volumed original, but has added characters and situations of his own. Among the former must be counted Philip Belford—since only the surname is borrowed from Richardson—a telling character, excellently rendered by Mr. Thorne, and Hetty, his sister, a personage as stagey and conventional as the long dark cloak with a hood, without which it would seem to be impossible to gain any sympathy for an "unfortunate" on the boards. Miss Winifred Emery gives a specially charming rendering of the title rôle, her acting being unforced and unaffected, and, except in the last act, quite free from "staginess," and even then the artificiality is probably to be laid to the charge of the author rather than the actress. Mr. Thalberg showed much promise as Lovelace, looked handsome, and avoided exaggeration, but was somewhat lacking in the finish and incisiveness which would have suggested the libertine's coarseness under the veneer of exquisite manners characteristic of the times. The minor characters were adequate, but scarcely more, except, perhaps, in the case of Lady Bab and Jenny, represented by Miss L. Bryer and Miss Mary Collette, who each deserve a special word of praise. Care had been taken with the mounting, though without any of the over-elaboration which distracts instead of illustrating the author's theme.

Mr. George Alexander's tenancy of the AVENUE has begun triumphantly, if hardly on so elevated a platform as was foreshadowed. We had not expected him to rely on a three-act farce from the French, but the fare, though light, is good of its kind, and not unwholesome, considering the kitchen from which it comes. Mr. Hamilton Aidé has proved himself an excellent cook, but he has not been able to skim off *all* the grease in "clearing" his soup. The first two acts, however, of "*Dr. Bill*" are very amusing, and the whole is well acted, especially by Miss Fanny Brough, whom it is always a pleasure to see; the last act is tame, and too full of

explanations ; but when did one ever fail to find two acts sufficient in a farcical comedy ? Mr. F. Terry makes a good Dr. Bill, and to our mind is none the worse for being without that excessive "dash" and "go" which are considered essential in these parts. Mr. Webster makes a fatuous masher almost too vacant and limp for belief, and the character is not new ; but Mr. Chevalier is excellent as the energetic father-in-law, and makes, as usual, the most of his points. Two clever actresses, Miss Marie Linden and Miss Carlotta Leclercq, are rather thrown away on small parts.

Mr. Broughton's "Fool's Mate" is a pretty little piece put on the stage with much care and liberality, but its interest depends too entirely on a dreadful minx of a child, whom one longs to shake, and who is made all the worse by the affected style of the young performer.

At TERRY's Mr. Jerome does not come very well after Mr. Pinero, and "New Lamps for Old" is a disappointment to those (and there are many) who admired his "Barbara" and laughed at his "Stageland." The piece is, indeed, badly constructed, destitute of plot, and terribly over-burdened with repetitions, and the main subject is not a specially pleasant one, nor sufficiently strong to support the burden of three acts, though it might have served very effectively as a side issue. Mr. Penley is, as usual, Mr. Penley, and that is all that his admirers demand, and as he goes up and down in his lift, the applause which greets each appearance must be indeed gratifying to him, though whether it is equally welcome to the other performers, who have to sit through it doing nothing, may be questioned. Mr. Bernard Gould and Miss Graham did well what was allotted to them, and Mr. Kerr gave a very good study of a hackneyed character, of which we have got a little tired. Miss Gertrude Kingston also acted with much spirit a character which the author has overdrawn, and two specially good representations were given in the case of Mr. Lestocq and Miss Houston as the servants.

At the CRITERION "Cyril's Success" proved to be one of those pieces which, notwithstanding their flattering reception when first produced, will not "keep." It is full of smart sayings in Byron's best manner, and the characters are mostly distinct and telling ; but the construction is old-fashioned, the main pivot of the plot fatally weak and stagey, and the flavour seems somehow to have evaporated. Mr. Leonard Boyne, Miss Olga Brandon, and Miss Brunton all did their best to carry off the piece ; but the rest of the cast was weak, most especially Mr. David James, who failed to give the least point to the caustic speeches of Matthew Pincher, and was obviously relieved when he came to the genial bit at the end. The piece has now been withdrawn in favour of a revival of the evergreen "Our Boys," in which Mr. James appears as usual to advantage, and, as usual, overdoes certain parts ; while the two "boys" are specially well represented by Mr. Boyne and Mr. Gardiner. Miss Brandon is not suited as Mary Melrose, and Miss Cicely Richards is sadly missed as the slavey. Mr. Elwood makes a good Sir Geoffrey.



The NOVELTY is temporarily occupied by Mr. Turner with a revival of a still older friend "Our American Cousin," with Mr. Turner as Lord Dundreary. The only noticeable point in the performance is the lowness of the prices charged, which are those that one remembers twenty years ago or more. Report says that this theatre is before long to be opened for burlesque, under the name of the NEW QUEEN'S.

Mrs. Langtry, who has nearly recovered from her late illness, promises to produce "As You Like It," just as we go to press.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Benson will be wise enough in his future productions to lean rather towards the romantic and poetical than towards the comic parts of Shakespeare. All admired the taste and feeling shown in the representation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but his best friends must have regretted his choice in "The Taming of the Shrew." A worse performance of Petruchio and Katharine has seldom been seen in a London theatre. The wooing scene was a wrestling match, the home-coming a pantomime rally, and both Mr. and Mrs. Benson shouted till they were literally hoarse. The little points of taste so noticeable in some scenes were in others conspicuously absent, as, for instance, when the tailor brings on a "buck basket" big enough for Falstaff, nominally to contain one small gown and cap, but really to provide a receptacle into which the tailor himself can be bundled. Then, again, we had hoped better things from Mr. Benson than the repetition of the mistake made by Mr. Daly's company in introducing "Should he upbraid" into the last act; this barbarous parody might at least have been spared in the very play from which its distorted words are stolen. Mr. and Mrs. Benson were, by-the-bye, at their best in this scene, and in that on the road, which last we were thankful to see restored to its proper place instead of being tacked on to the previous scene in Petruchio's house, as was done by the American Company; and we think the undoubted failure of the two principal characters somewhat blinded most of the critics to the evenness of the performers of the minor parts, among whom Mr. H. Ross deserves special praise.

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## Foreign Service Magazines.

### SUMMARY OF ARTICLES.

REVUE DU CERCLE MILITAIRE. (Paris: 37, Rue de Bellechasse.)  
January 19th, February 2nd and 9th, 1890.

The Cossacks of the Ural at Home and at War—The Sickness of Soldiers (January 19th)—The Supply of Ammunition to Field Artillery—Night Marches and Night Fighting—Infantry Outposts (February 2nd)—The Russian Soldier in Barracks (February 9th).

JOURNAL DE LA MARINE. LE YACHT. (Paris: 55, Rue de Châteaudun.) Nos. 618, 619, 620, and 621.

The *Gymnote* (618)—Yachting in England (618)—English Naval Construction in 1889 (618)—The Newfoundland Fisheries (619)—Leviathan Armourclads (620)—The "Hoche" (620)—The Yarrow First-class Torpedo-boat (621)—Speed as a Factor in Naval War (621).

REVUE DE CAVALERIE. (Paris: Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) January 1890.

The Lance—The Turkoman Cavalry—The History of the French Cavalry Regiments—The Shoeing of Horses for War.

REVUE MILITAIRE DE L'ÉTRANGER. (Paris: L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.) 15th and 30th January 1890.

The Military Forces of Sweden—New Regulations for the Italian Infantry (*concluded*)—The English Army in 1889 (*continued*)—The Reorganization of *Corps d'Armée* Districts in Austria-Hungary (15th January)—The German Military Estimates for 1890-91—The rôle of Artillery in Siege Operations (*continued*) (30th January).

LE PROGRÈS MILITAIRE. (Paris: 12, Rue du Mont Thabor.) Nos. 960 to 968.

French Colonies (960)—Military Service in Alsace-Lorraine (964)—Siege Manœuvres (966)—The Command of Armies (966)—The Regulations Affecting the Marriage of Non-Commissioned Officers (966)—The Remount Service (968).

JOURNAL DES SCIENCES MILITAIRES. (Paris: L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.) January 1890.

The Tactics of Supply in the Field (*continued*)—The Artillery in the (French) Autumn Manœuvres—The Campaign of 1814—Infantry Patrols—Fire Tactics and the French Musketry Regulations (*continued*).



LA REVUE D'INFANTERIE. (Paris : 11, Place Saint André-des-Arts.)  
January 1890.

Notes on Infantry Fire (*concluded*)—Four Men : Skobelev,  
Brooke, Grant, Riel—The Battalion School (*continued*).

LA FRANCE MILITAIRE. (11, Place Saint André-des-Arts.) Nos.  
1,714 to 1743.

Cavalry in Modern Warfare (1,714)—A German View of the  
French Army (1,715)—History of the French Army (1,718 &c.)—  
The German General Staff (1,720)—The Russian General Staff  
(1,722)—The Military Tax (1,723)—The German Navy (1,726)—  
General Brialmont's Views on the French Army (1,728)—Belgian  
Fortifications (1,729)—The Austro-Hungarian General Staff (1,733)  
—The Italian General Staff (1,738).

INTERNATIONALE REVUE. (Rathenow : Verlag von Max Babenzin.)  
January 1890.

Commissariat Questions in War—Italian Correspondence—The  
New French Bill—Barracks in Bokhara—The Military Organi-  
zation and National Defence of Switzerland—Souvenirs of the  
Mexican Expedition, 1862-65.

MITTHEILUNGEN UEBER GEGENSTAENDE DES ARTILLERIE UND GENIE-  
WESENS. (Vienna : Druck und Commissionsverlag von R. v.  
Waldheim.) January 1890.

High-Angle Fire—Electric Lighting for Artillery Fire—Calcu-  
lating Machines.

MITTHEILUNGEN AUS DEM GEBIETE DES SEEWESENS. (Pola : Druck  
und Commissionsverlag von Carl Gerold's Sohn in Wien.)  
December 1889 and January 1890.

On the Three Arms of Modern War-ships—The French Naval  
Manœuvres of 1889—English and French Arsenal—The Effect of  
Heat upon Ships' Compasses (December 1889)—The Coal Con-  
sumption of French War Vessels—Trials with English and French  
Compound Armour-Plates—A New Auxiliary Motor—The Launch  
of the French cruiser *Jean Bart* (January 1890).

RIVISTA MILITARE ITALIANA. (Rome : Voghera Carlo.) Jan. 1890.

The Condition of Military Europe in 1889—Tactics in Africa—  
General Pasi.

RIVISTA MARITTIMA. (Rome : Tipografia del Senato). January  
and February 1890.

Large Ocean Passenger Steamers—The Naval Frontier—Naval  
Construction in France—The Tactics of Coast Defence.

(Owing to lack of space, the remainder stand over till next  
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Le Journal d'Armement. (Paris: 11, Place Saint André-des-Arts.)  
January 1890.

Light or Infantry Fire (concluded)—Four Men: Skobeleff,  
Klein, Reed, Hall—The Battalion School (continued).

Le Journal Militaire. (11, Place Saint André-des-Arts.) No.  
1, 1890.

Journal of Modern Warfare (1,711)—A German View of the  
War (1,715)—History of the French Army (1,718 &c.)—  
The Russian General Staff (1,724)—The Russian General Staff  
The Military Tax (1,726)—The German Navy (1,726)—  
General Schmitt's Views on the French Army (1,728)—Belgian  
Army (1,729)—The Austro-Hungarian General Staff (1,730)  
The Italian General Staff (1,734).

Neuchâtel Review. (Neuchâtel: Verlag von Max Balmann.)  
January 1890.

International Question in War—Italian Correspondence—The  
New French Staff—Tactics in Submers—The Military Organiza-  
tion and General Defense of Switzerland—Souvenirs of the  
Swiss Expedition 1858-61.

Zeitschrift für Armement und Artillerie des Reichs. (Berlin: Verlag von H. v.  
Wachsmann.) January 1890.

Electric Fire—Electric Lighting for Artillery Fire—Calcu-  
lating Machines.

Mittheilungen aus dem Militär- und Seewesen. (Pola: Druck  
und Verlagsanstalt von Carl Gerold's Sohn in Wien.)  
December 1889 and January 1890.

On the Water Arm of Modern War-ships—The French Navy  
Manoeuvres of 1889—English and French Armaments—The Effect of  
Heat upon Steel Compound. (December 1889)—The Coal Con-  
sumption of French War Vessels—Trials with English and French  
Compound Armaments—A New Auxiliary Motor—The Lessons  
of the French naval Armament (January 1890).

Rivista Militare Italiana. (Rome: Vignola Carlo.) Jan. 1890.  
The Condition of Military Europe in 1889—Tactics in Africa—  
General Part.

Rivista Marittima. (Rome: Tipografia del Senato.) January  
and February 1890.

Large Ocean Passenger Steamers—The Naval Frontier—Ship  
Construction in France—The Tactics of Coast Defence.

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No. 16.

APRIL 1st, 1890.

Vol. IV.

## Epochs of the British Army.

IV.—THE EPOCH OF MARLBOROUGH. (*See Frontispiece.*)



WE remarked on a former occasion that nations are prone to look at the bright side of their military history. A perception of this truth, and that success in war is the birthright of no particular race or people, but the guerdon of military genius, is the fruit of study: and never, perhaps, in the history of Europe has this fact been made more plain than during the Epoch of Marlborough. How firmly do we fix our gaze on the triumphs of Marlborough and Eugene over the less capable marshals of Louis XIV., and their less decisive successes against the redoubtable Villars. How complacently do we ignore the other theatre where British troops were engaged, though to the full as glorious for them as the Netherlands and Germany: where Berwick and Vendôme won the stakes for which the conflict began, and established the throne of the Bourbons at Madrid. We have a tradition, it is true, of Almanza and Fontenoy: our Portuguese allies deserted us on the first occasion; the Dutch left us in the lurch on the second.

VOL. IV.

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Surely, however, there are more important lessons to be drawn from these reverses than such commonplace salves to national vanity. It would be more to the point to lay to heart the fact that in the year 1710 a British division was surrounded and taken prisoners in the town of Brihuega owing to the defective performance or neglect of outpost duties.

This epoch was one of mighty leaders and masters of the art of war. Survey the various theatres of strife: the Netherlands, Germany, Italy, and Spain, while far away to the East, the Titans of the North, Peter and Charles, are fighting to the death their bloody contest for supremacy. Everywhere the fortunes of war sway and vary according to the skill and genius of the chiefs who for the moment guide them. Against a Tallard, a Marsin, or a Villeroy, a Marlborough or a Eugene is almost uniformly successful; but they are more evenly matched when pitted against a Vendôme or a Villars. In Spain the heroism of British troops, though frequently crowned with victory, is no makeweight for the talent of a Berwick.

The year 1704 was the turning-point of this protracted struggle, the year of Blenheim, when the combined genius of Marlborough and Eugene was opposed to the disjointed movements of Tallard and Marsin. To some minds this grand strategic march of our English commander from the banks of the Meuse to those of the Danube seems a prototype of that executed by Napoleon in 1805. And assuredly Marlborough had greater difficulties to encounter than the French Emperor. The march of the French legions was obstructed by no concentrated enemy in front, nor was their leader distracted, like Marlborough, by the inconveniences attendant on a divided command. This campaign, nevertheless, while accentuating the paramount importance of military genius in command, at the same time illustrates its fallibility; for we find the united skill of these two illustrious chiefs bringing their armies into positions so critical (they were separated by the Danube and Lech), that the enemy concentrated at Augsburg might, had he used the opportunity, have crushed them in detail. Blenheim, like Waterloo, was a stupendous defeat which laid open the frontiers of France to the victorious armies. In the valley of the Moselle, now so familiar through the military events of modern times, Marlborough was confronted by Villars, the victor of Friedlingen, who, aided by the disunion which reigned in the camp of the Allies, succeeded in saving his native land from invasion.

The year 1706 was likewise a glorious one for the Allied arms, which seemed already to touch the goal which was the object of their efforts. In Spain, by British assistance, Charles III. for a brief space sojourned at Madrid, though speedily to be supplanted by his rival. Prince Eugene expelled the French from Italy by what is considered a masterpiece of strategy. Although confined to the Tyrolese mountains, he had promised his sovereign that Turin, then besieged by a French army under La Feuillade, should be relieved in the course of the year. The enemy under Villars lined the banks of the Mincio; but, happily for the Imperial leader, he was summoned to Flanders in order to relieve Villeroy, who, on the 23rd May, had lost the battle of Ramillies. Marsin, the defeated of Blenheim, and the Duke of Orleans formed but a poor substitute, so that Eugene swiftly threading the defiles leading from Roveredo to Vicenza, gave the slip to the enemy, crossed the Lower Po and reached Turin, marching by its southern bank. Here he re-crossed the river, and stormed the entrenched camp of the enemy, who had to evacuate Italy.

As Germany had been liberated from French domination by the triumph of Blenheim, so in 1706, the battle of Ramillies swept the invaders from the Netherlands. Ramillies was the Austerlitz of Marlborough, the great occasion on which his unaided skill, unhampered by the presence of a colleague, evoked grand and startling tactical results. On the field of battle the sureness of his *coup d'œil* rarely failed him; but it is not often that an enemy is thus caught *in flagrante delictu*, or commits glaring mistakes which afford his opponent a chance for exhibiting his ability. The movement by which Ramillies was won appears to posterity as simple as A B C. The French leader, Villeroy, had placed his left wing between the sources of the Geete, where its front, protected by a morass, was unassailable; but the self-same obstacle rendered it equally impracticable for the troops which composed it to assume the offensive. Deceiving the enemy, therefore, by a feint with pontoons against this wing, executed by the troops of the first line of his own right, he rapidly carried the corresponding parts of the second line away to his left and centre, and concentrated them for an overwhelming attack on the enemy in that quarter. The French, crushed by superior numbers, abandoned the field in panic rout, covered by the left wing, which soon became involved in its flight.

In 1706 the Allied Powers reached the zenith of their prosperity, but in the following year their prospects were darkened by the



disastrous battle of Almanza. On the one side were French and Spaniards; on the other, a motley array of British, Dutch and Portuguese. To add to complications the Franco-Spaniards were led by the Duke of Berwick, an Englishman, and a nephew of Marlborough: the Allies by a French Huguenot, Ruvigny, Earl of Galway. There seems however to have been remarkably little leading at all, at any rate on our side of the conflict; for Lord Galway was wounded in a cavalry *mêlée* at its commencement, and the tactics employed were elementary to a degree. The Allied centre, composed of British and Dutch infantry, advanced carrying all before them to the very walls of Almanza; but, on the right wing, the Portuguese cavalry decamped without much resistance, while on the left, the British and Dutch horse did so after an obstinate struggle. The devoted column of infantry in the centre was thus abandoned to the flank attacks of the entire hostile cavalry, which, directed by the skilful and experienced Berwick, presently succeeded in pressing them back into a terribly destructive retreat. Having gained the wood of Caudete, distant some miles from the field, our gallant countrymen, finding themselves destitute of ammunition and provisions, and, moreover, abandoned by the cavalry, laid down their arms on the same terms as had been granted to the French at Blenheim. The cavalry had rallied under Galway at Alcira. This was a signal defeat enough, but, after all, our contingent in the Allied Army scarcely exceeded a full division of infantry and a brigade of cavalry. There were present the regiment now called "Queen's Bays," and the regiments of horse which now bear the titles of 3rd, 4th, and 8th Hussars. Of infantry, a combined battalion of Foot Guards was there, together with the regiments afterwards numbered as the 2nd, 6th, 9th, 11th, 17th, 28th, 30th, 32nd, 33rd, 35th, and 36th, together with six others, afterwards disbanded.

The battle of Almanza decided the fate of Spain for the time being, though Charles, supported by British troops, still maintained a hold on the province of Catalonia. In 1708 the Prince Eugene repeated Marlborough's exploit of 1704 in an inverse sense; he flew from the banks of the Danube to the Netherlands to the aid of his colleague. Vendôme, though in nominal command of the enemy, was hampered by the presence of the Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of the French King. Divided counsels must have maimed the plans of so able a chief, for the Allies, manœuvring by their left, were able to intercept his communications with France; after effecting which, they crossed



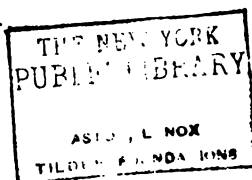
the Scheldt at Oudenarde and, attacking him at a disadvantage, thrust him back on Ghent with great loss and in utter confusion. This brilliant success was followed, on the part of the Allies, by the siege of Lille, which was covered by Marlborough and conducted by Eugene. Berwick had in the meantime assumed command of the enemy, but, contentiousness being still rife among their chiefs, nothing was effected towards the relief of the beleaguered garrison, who consequently capitulated on the 8th December after an heroic defence conducted by Marshal Boufflers. In 1709 the fortunes and prospects of the allied Powers declined still farther from the point attained in 1707. Villars had once more stepped into the breach to save his country from the dreaded Marlborough. Advancing to the relief of Mons, which was closely besieged by the Allies, he drew up his army near the village of Malplaquet, in a *trouée*, or gap, between tracts of woodland, and entrenched himself so formidably that his position became wellnigh impregnable. On the 11th September the Allies, made presumptuous by invariable success, delivered their attack, Eugene on the right, Marlborough in the centre, a feigned attack having been projected for the left wing. After long suspense, and immense slaughter, Marlborough succeeded at last in forcing the hostile centre, though not till a severe wound had deprived the French of the services of Villars their chief. The loss of life was enormous, and the defeated army retired in excellent order under the direction of Boufflers. It was a Pyrrhic victory, the repetition of which would have been equivalent to a ruinous defeat, so that Villars not unnaturally was heard to boast that had it not been for his wound he would have stood his ground till nightfall. At any rate, it will at once be admitted that the French fought differently under his leadership against Marlborough from their performances under Villeroy or Marsin. As to the victory's effect on Marlborough's military reputation, it may be summed up in the words: he had been almost beaten, like Gustavus Adolphus at Nuremberg and Napoleon at Eylau. Nevertheless, in the following year he forced the boasted lines of his opponent at Bouchain, and menaced an irruption into the ancient domains of the French crown.

In 1710, however, events took a decisive turn in Spain which was disastrous to the Allies. Reinforced by British and Austrian troops, King Charles advanced once more from his Catalonian base towards Madrid. On the 27th July there was a splendid cavalry action at Almenara, where twenty-two squadrons of British



cavalry under General Stanhope defeated double the number of Spanish horse, drawn out in the open field and supported by strongly posted detachments of infantry. In this action the 2nd Dragoon Guards led the van under the personal guidance of Stanhope, who is said to have slain the Spanish commander with his own hand. The enemy having crossed the Ebro at Saragossa, took post to the south of that city, where, on the 20th August he was attacked and totally routed by the Allies under Stahremberg. Brilliant victories like these led them by easy stages to Madrid, whence Philip V. hastily removed his court to Valladolid. But at this point a real commander came to the rescue in the person of Vendôme, on this occasion to be complete and unfettered master of his actions. Charles, constrained to evacuate the capital amid the hearty and unconcealed rejoicings of his subjects, was vigorously pursued by the French duke, until, abandoning the command to Stahremberg, the King returned to his accustomed abode in Catalonia. The rear guard of the Allies, as they receded early in December across the plains of Castile, was composed of the British contingent under the impetuous Stanhope. Their fate, while resting for the night in the village of Brihuega has already been mentioned. They did not, however, surrender till their ammunition was exhausted, nor until they had accounted for a number of their assailants equal to their own strength, 2,228. The prisoners seemed to have belonged to the 2nd Dragoon Guards, one squadron Royal Dragoons, 8th Hussars, Scots Guards, 6th and 33rd Foot, and were in most cases speedily exchanged. On the following day Stahremberg retraced his steps, but too late to avert the catastrophe. Attacked by Vendôme at Villa Viciosa on the 11th, he was able to repulse the enemy, but found it necessary to retire into Catalonia, harassed during this retrograde movement by an exasperated population. Tactically indecisive, the battle was strategically a complete victory which irrevocably fixed the Spanish crown on the brow of Philip, and when, in the ensuing year, the death of Joseph I. gave the Empire to Charles, England withdrew from a struggle which had certainly not been undertaken to promote the union of the Empire with Spain. The effect of Marlborough's disappearance from the theatre of war was made manifest by the victory of Denain. Rarely has history recorded a more brilliant exemplification of what military genius can effect than this exploit of the talented Villars.

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A MONTENEGHIN SWORD-DANCE.  
(From a picture by PAJO JOVANOVIĆ.)

## Algiers: An Old Story Retold.

By COMMANDER G. H. R. ERROLL, R.N.



THREE hundred miles due south from Marseilles lies one of the fairest cities in the world. Terrace upon terrace, it rises in snowy whiteness from the very margin of the opal sea, presenting a scene of marvellous beauty to the approaching voyager. See how it glistens in the brilliant sunshine, backed by the deep green of the wooded slopes behind it, like some bright jewel in a velvet case! Observe the shining domes, the graceful minarets, side by side with Christian spires; observe the busy quays piled with the merchandise of all nations! Trains are puffing to and fro; hundreds of carts, and swarms of bronzed labourers are busy emptying or lading the great ships that crowd the harbour, their gay flags and pennons fluttering in the balmy air. When we land, our admiration increases. What magnificent boulevards, lined with handsome shops, and filled with fashionable loungers whose toilets would do credit to the Bois or Rotten Row! Listen to the delicious ripple of female chatter and laughter—to the sound of the band playing under those distant palm trees!

Surely this is a pleasant place to be in.

Let us drive into the country. What charming villas and luxuriant gardens, what exquisite views over the bay to the blue mountains beyond! See the pretty English girls walking merrily down the hill with great bunches of rare flowers, with which they are going to decorate the church. Hark! somebody is playing a piano in yonder drawing-room—the sounds come to us through the trumpet plants and oleanders; it is the latest waltz that was all the rage last season in London.

“Surely this is a paradise upon earth!” we exclaim, as we roll in our luxurious carriage under the shade of the great trees; and we find it almost impossible to realise that a few years ago, aye, within the memory of living men, it was an inferno of abomination, of misery and of woe, where incarnate devils held high revelry, and Satan must have clapped his hands for joy.



Alas ! it is a sad reflection, but much of this beautiful town, many of those delightful villas and shady groves were created by the enforced labour of thousands of Christian slaves. Thousands of our fellow countrymen and women wore out their lives here in grinding, pitiless, hopeless toil, and in hideous degradation. By thousands they died and passed away, leaving but little record to tell us of the sufferings they endured. Their bones lie on every hill-side, and have fertilized the gardens in which their descendants take delight. See that old Moor stalking by, with his white beard and stately manner that the ladies so much admire : he possibly had a delicate English lady for his nurse, whose scalding tears fell upon his infant face as she thought of her own dear children, and her sweet country home, that she could never never hope to see again. His father was a pirate captain, and the son of the robber scowls and curses under his breath at the Giaour as he sees him luxuriating in the ancestral halls. Yes, when that man was young, a cruel death would have awaited you and me had we been found where we rest so securely now ; and instead of that dreamy waltz, the only sound likely to have issued from those windows would have been the bitter cry of outraged womanhood.

There are few pages in modern history that present a more curious study than the rise of Algiers, and its career of successful villainy carried on in the face of an outraged world. A success arising not only from the extraordinary apathy of Europe, but also from the amazing audacity of the pirates themselves ; an audacity founded, perhaps, on a sublime ignorance of the resources of the powers whom they had the temerity to insult.

It is unnecessary to trouble ourselves with the early history of the country, and its fluctuating fortunes in the hands of the Romans and Carthaginians : the colossal ruins, scattered in stately elegance throughout the land mark where luxury once reigned and art flourished. They are now the home of the owl and the jackal ; the withering shadow of the hand of Ishmael has passed over them all.

At the beginning of the tenth century we find the country inhabited by the Kabyles, a race, apparently, of shepherds. About this epoch occurred a remarkable incursion of Arabs. Advancing in vast numbers from the mysterious regions of the Sahara, they swept the more peaceful inhabitants of the land before them, driving them to wild refuges and fastnesses in the caves and peaks of the mountains, where their descendants remain in a more or less unconquered condition unto this day.

The Arabs founded the present city of Algiers, and being a race of born robbers they soon commenced to prey upon and plunder their neighbours, whereby they greatly enriched their stronghold, which rapidly became a place of considerable importance.

In the sixteenth century, the Spaniards—being then in conflict with the Arabs, or Moors as they had come to be called—took possession of the island of Peñon in the Bay of Algiers (whereon the lighthouse now stands), which they fortified and garrisoned, and from which they harassed the neighbouring town.

At this time the shores of the Mediterranean were kept in constant alarm by reason of the atrocities committed by a band of Turkish pirates under the command of the brothers Barbarossa. The Moors in despair solicited their assistance, which was readily accorded, in expelling the Spanish intruders.

But Aroudji Barbarossa had no sooner driven out the Spaniards than he made himself master of the town, and seized upon the throne of Algiers. He was succeeded by his brother, Kheir-ed-din, who strongly fortified the place, greatly increased his fleet of corsairs, and inaugurated that system of piracy which afterwards attained such an infamous notoriety. Perceiving the strategic importance of the old Spanish fort on Peñon, he connected that island with the city by a vast mole. Upon this colossal work 30,000 Christian slaves were employed for three years; and thus amidst the whistle of the lash and the shriek of the victim, amidst grinding toil and bloody death, was laid the foundation of the renowned harbour of Algiers, the den of the pirate, and the scourge of Christendom.

From this time forward, the history of Algiers is a record of perpetual crime and bloodshed. Dey succeeded Dey, only to be in turn assassinated by his successor. In many cases their tenancy of the throne lasted but a few days; it seldom extended to years. Any man who had a sufficiently strong following seized upon it in turn, an event always consummated by the massacre of his predecessor and his adherents, in order to satisfy with their emoluments his own rapacious followers; thus the government was generally in the hands of the most ruffianly and brutal of the soldiery.

In the meantime the pirate cruisers, encouraged by impunity, became more and more daring. They ravaged the shores of the Mediterranean, and even had the audacity to extend their depredations to the coasts of England and Ireland.

The following facts are extracted, by kind permission of the



author, from a most interesting work on Algeria by Sir Lambert Playfair, the British Consul-General. He tells us: "That in 1631 they sacked the town of Baltimore, in Ireland, carrying off 237 persons, even infants." These unfortunates were brought to Algiers, where an eye-witness, the Rev. Devereux Spratt, himself a captive amongst them, says, "It was pitiable to see them exposed for sale, for they separated wives from their husbands and infants from their parents. They sold the husband to one and the wife to another, tearing the daughter from her arms without any



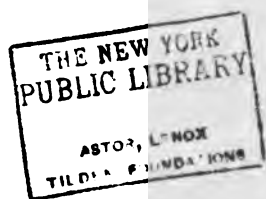
hope of ever seeing her again. No Christian could witness what took place without melting into tears, to see so many honest girls and so many well brought up women abandoned to the brutality of these barbarians."

In 1640 the corsairs landed at Penzance and carried off sixty persons. They burnt the *Elizabeth* off Plymouth, and so infested the south-west coasts that the fishermen were afraid to put to sea.



ALGIERS IN 1816.





In 1655 the audacity of the pirates received a check at the hands of Admiral Blake, who, having bombarded Tunis, proceeded to Algiers, where his prestige enabled him to make a bargain for the ransom of all English captives at a fixed price. Does it not make one's blood boil to reflect that England should have consented to treat with such a crew? But the insults heaped upon us, as well as other nations, by these barbarians with complete impunity almost surpass belief. We read of thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen being carried off and subjected to the most shameful indignities. No rank was safe from outrage. In 1659, the Earl of Inchiquin was proceeding as Ambassador to Portugal, accompanied by his son Lord O'Brien and suite. They were taken by a corsair when off the Tagus, and the whole party, ambassador and all, sold for slaves in the market-place of Algiers. Surely the British Lion was roused to wrath at last? Not at all. After many petitions to the Crown from the bereaved Countess, and considerable haggling on the part of the Government, the Earl and his son were ransomed for £1,500; what became of the suite history does not relate.

Mr. Pepys, in his most instructive *Diary*, written about this time, relates that he went to the "Golden Fleece" tavern to meet Captain Mootham and Mr. Danes, who had been in slavery at Algiers, and how "they did make me fully acquainted with their condition; how they did eat nothing but bread and water, and how they were beaten upon the soles of their feet and their bellies at the liberty of their master."

In 1682 an even more disgraceful treaty was concluded between Charles II. and the Dey of Algiers, by which we agreed to pay a ransom for English slaves, provided the Algerines were willing to let them go. Incredible as it appears, this shameful treaty was renewed by George II. in 1729. Is it surprising that when the European powers were willing to make such treaties as this, when every maritime nation was paying them an annual tribute, the Algerines in their ignorance came to believe themselves the masters of the world? Their arrogance and their demands exceeded all bounds; treaties were continually broken as soon as made, or evaded by treachery and duplicity. Their piratical raids became the scourge of Southern Europe, and no man was safe within miles of the sea. Not only did they make slaves of all who were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, but it was the constant habit of the Deys, on any nation attempting reprisals or delaying its tribute, to condemn the consul and



all other subjects of that power who happened to be within reach to the galleys, or to some more barbarous fate. On these pretexts hundreds of innocent persons were done to death, many being burnt alive. On two separate occasions, being menaced by a French squadron, the French Consul together with some twenty other unfortunates were contemptuously thrown towards their countrymen from the mortars on the batteries.

On August 16th, 1747, a detachment of the Hibernian regiment was captured whilst proceeding from Majorca to Spain. The party consisted of a lieutenant-colonel, six captains, and ten other officers, the colours of the regiment, and sixty privates; also Mrs. Jones (formerly Mrs. Joseph Tichbourne, of Sharfields) with her two young children; also her daughter by her first marriage, now 19 years old and married to Captain O'Reilly, a lady much esteemed for her virtue and beauty; and her maid-servant. The captives were all taken to Algiers and sold into slavery, from whence they never more returned; but a lurid gleam comes to us through the impenetrable veil which obscures their fate. "Mrs. Jones one day happening to appear at the door of her master's house, with her youngest child, a Turkish soldier came up and importuned her, threatening her with death if she resisted. She retreated to a loft, accessible only by a ladder, which she pulled up after her. The Turk seized the child, and when she still refused compliance, wounded it with his sword in the arm. She shrieked for help, and he wounded it in the other arm. At last he cut off one hand and threw it at her, upon which she seized the half of a broken millstone that lay in the room, threw it down upon the Turk and broke his leg. He then cut off the child's head, and discharged his pistols at her without effect. She watched her opportunity, and with the other half of the millstone dealt him a blow that rendered him insensible. She then descended and despatched him with his own sword, put her mangled child in a basket, and went and delivered herself to the Dey."\*

The sequel of this sad story is unknown, but all previous experience leads one to conclude that a cruel death was the only fate awaiting a slave who had dared to kill or even strike a Turk.

The number of Christians in slavery at this time was astonishing, and we learn from the few narratives that remain to us—the pathetically few—that their condition was most pitiable. Their toils began at dawn and ended at the Mahomedan prayer-time,

\* *The Scourge of Christendom.* By Sir L. Playfair.

about two hours before sunset. Half an hour was allowed them for dinner, which consisted of two loaves of literally black bread, each of which could be easily held in the palm of the hand. Their overseers could strike them at their own will and pleasure, without any sort of provocation. Sometimes from 200 to 1,000 blows were administered on the soles of their feet, their irons increased to 50 or 60 pounds weight, and the miserable wretches then flogged out to their work as before. "When prayer was over they were conducted back to the bagnios, or prisons, where, infested with loathsome insects, they ate their supper, consisting of another small loaf of the same revolting description, and then lay down amidst indescribable filth upon the bare wet stones, to shiver through the long night, their limbs racked with pain and fever, or to get what sleep they could until another dreaded day dawned upon them."

On this miserably insufficient food they had to toil laboriously under a burning sun, the delicately nurtured and the robust alike, the lash of the whip falling incessantly on their bleeding shoulders. Some were employed in the quarries; some were harnessed together like mules in the stone carts, and driven far worse than any beasts of burden; and some unfortunates were condemned to the most dreaded fate of all, the labour in the public ovens. Hated for their religion by their fanatic masters, they were subjected to every species of indignity, cruelty, and torture that a devilish ingenuity could devise. Their only hope was speedy death, which, thanks to the insanitary condition of their prisons, the insufficiency of their food, and the continual ravages of the plague gave to many thousands a happy release. It is on record that out of one batch of 300 captives 50 died on the first day of their slavery, and 70 more within a fortnight.

Many of the slaves were the property of private persons. In this case they generally were not provided with any food at all, but were permitted to labour or solicit alms for their own maintenance after prayer time. Some were farmed out; others allowed to work for themselves on paying a certain sum to their owners, but all alike were helplessly in the power of their capricious masters.

The environs of the city were closely guarded, and slaves caught attempting to escape were hideously punished. It was not unusual to see a man led through the city with his right hand chopped off, and hung by a string round his neck. A young man, who had under great provocation raised his hand against his master was



crucified to a wall, where he was slowly burned to death by having firebrands applied to his body. Wm. Oakeley tells us that he saw people dragged naked by the heels, by horses, through the city until they died of the wounds produced by the sharp stones; another he saw who had a sort of iron crown upon his head, in which burning flax was placed until he died. He adds, "Two others I saw executed in a most terrible and dreadful manner, but I did not know their crimes. The one was thrown off from a high wall, and in his fall he was caught by the way by one of the great sharp hooks which were fastened in the wall for that purpose. It caught him just under the ribs, and there he hung roaring in unspeakable pain till he died. The other was fastened to a ladder, his wrists and ankles being nailed through with iron spikes. Two days I saw him alive under this torture; how much longer he lived under it I cannot tell."

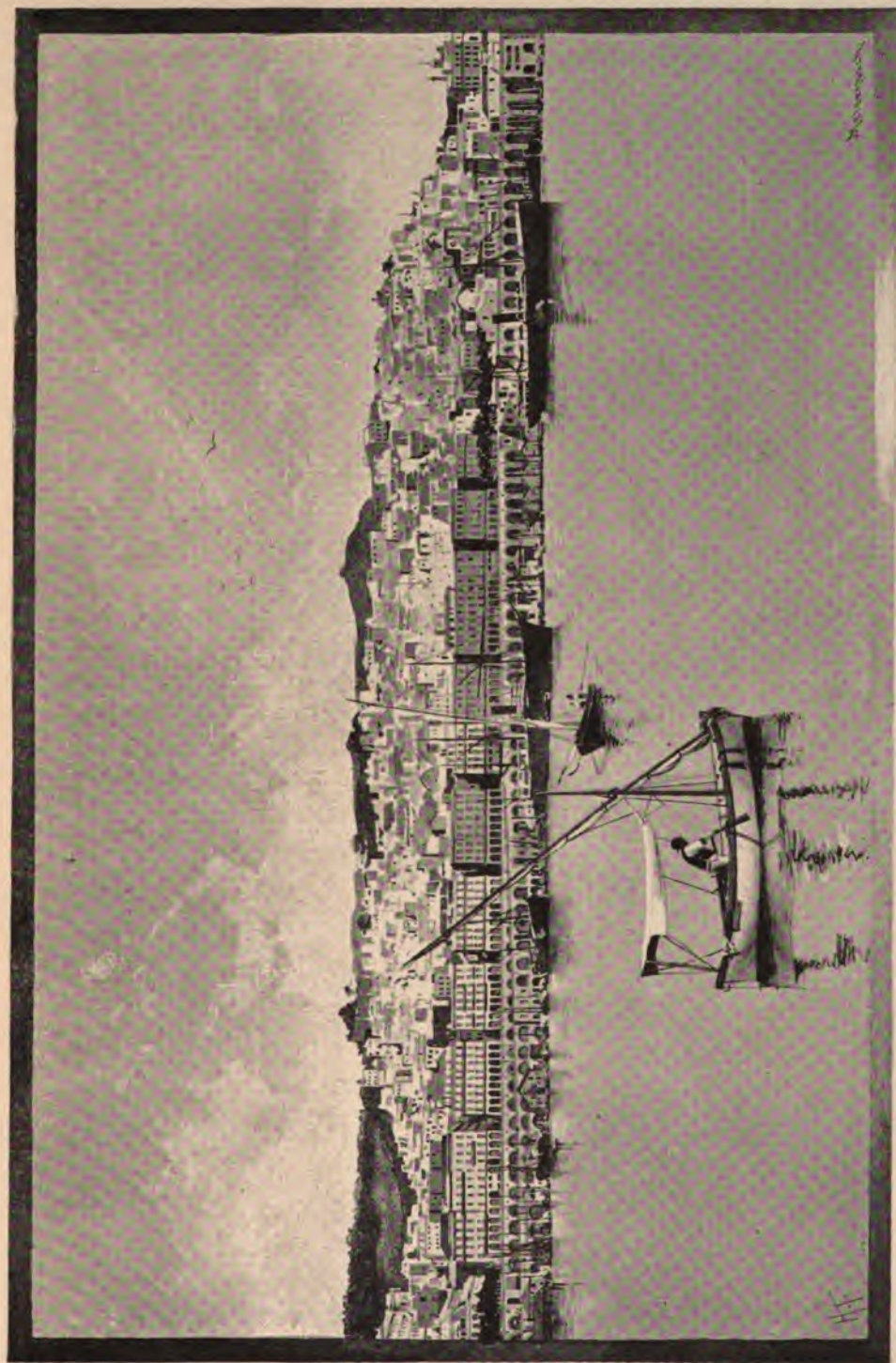
Beating to death was common. We read of a man receiving so many blows upon the soles of his feet that they were beaten off right down to the ankle. Then there was the still more shocking punishment of breaking alive, which is thus described by an eye-witness.\* "The soldiers having fetched an anvil and hammer from a neighbouring blacksmith's, a rope was fastened to the man's leg and his ankle dragged upon the anvil, where it was immediately shattered by a blow from the hammer, a shriek of horrible agony arising from the wretched victim; they then shattered the shin, and then the knee . . . the shrieks were frightful, but with utter callousness and deliberation they proceeded to treat the other leg in the same manner, as did they also each arm. The miserable wretch, whose cries had now ceased but whose heaving chest showed that he still lived, was then carelessly flung aside and left for death to deliver him from his torments."

Women who offended were usually tied up in sacks and drowned in the harbour.

But it was not the slaves only who were subjected to these atrocious cruelties, every inhabitant of that Aceldama was equally in the power of the miscreant who happened to occupy the throne. Attached to the palace was the strangling room, where victims of the higher classes were done to death. By a devilish refinement of cruelty, it was customary to revive the victim twice with a cup of water before applying the bowstring for the third and last time.

But enough of horror. Let us hasten on through the last acts

\* *The Pirate City.* By R. M. Ballantyne.



MODERN ALGIERS.



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of this most terrible tragedy to the final scene of righteous vengeance upon the murderers.

In 1783, when the United States became an independent nation, the Algerines promptly declared war upon them, and their vessels had to pay a blackmail to these pirates of 750,000 dollars, besides an annual tribute of 22,000 dollars.

In 1790 Baba Hassan seized on the throne. His first act was to inform the consuls that all the annual tributes would be doubled. Even this was submitted to; and in 1800 the great Napoleon himself bought peace with Algiers, at the price of 300,000 piastres and a vast present of arms and ammunition.

It seems almost incredible in these days that a mere handful of ignorant barbarians should have thus laid the whole civilized world under contribution. It never seems to have occurred to any of the great Powers to dispute the demands of the Dey, although compliance with them only made him the more exacting. The fact was that the European nations were too much occupied in fighting amongst themselves to pay much attention to Algiers, and each was well content that the pirates should prey upon the commerce of its neighbours provided it could purchase indemnity for its own.

To the Americans we must yield the honour of having given the first blow to this unendurable tyranny.

In 1815 an American squadron proceeded to Algiers, and made a demand for a modification of the existing treaties. Hadji Ali was confounded at this unexpected step, and being entirely unprepared for resistance accepted their conditions. This wretch was a perfect monster of brutality; he appears to have had a mania for torturing young children. With his own hands, he was accustomed to inflict a wound daily upon them, enjoying their terror and agony until they died; some he slowly roasted, others he actually cut up and salted with his own hands, their remains being found at his death. We are glad to learn that, in consequence of his concessions to the Americans, he was murdered by his own soldiery. After a brief period of anarchy Omar Dey ascended the throne.

But the day of reckoning had come at last. The cry of the innocent blood had ascended on high, and the vengeance of outraged Heaven was about to fall upon the accursed city. In the zenith of her arrogance and pride she was to be cast down. Blood cried aloud for blood; her streets should be filled with her dead. Surely never was vengeance so rightfully meted out, for the cup of her abominations was full.



In the beginning of the year 1816,\* Napoleon having been safely consigned to St. Helena and peace restored to agitated Europe, the attention of the English Government was aroused to the necessity of protecting our commerce from the depredations of the Mediterranean pirates. A motion was made in Parliament condemning the treaties then existing with the Algerines, inasmuch as by consenting to ransom persons in captivity, we virtually acknowledged the right of the pirates to capture them. The miserable condition of the slaves was described, and in spite of party spirit, which ran high in those days, the House expressed a tolerably unanimous opinion that the Algerines should at least be compelled to desist from enslaving British persons and appropriating British property.

This mild resolution would in all probability have been received by the Algerines with the same contempt with which they had treated all previous protests, and after a short time everything would have continued much as before; but at this critical juncture the news arrived that on the 23rd of May, 1816, the crews of a number of fishing vessels whilst attending mass at Bona had been most barbarously massacred by the Dey's troops. Then, at last, Englishmen awoke to a sense of the disgrace which was being cast upon the flag of their nation, which at that time proudly styled herself the mistress of the seas; the indignation of the whole country was aroused, and the voice of the people declared with no uncertain sound that these barbarians, so long the enemies of the civilized world, and whose very existence was a reproach to it, had by this last outrage filled up the measure of their crimes. The Government, strengthened by an enormous majority, determined to act with rigour, and inflict a most signal chastisement or exact the most complete submission. Lord Exmouth was chosen to enforce this resolution, and full power was given him to take any force he considered necessary for the purpose.

The town of Algiers was at this period considered almost impregnable. It absolutely bristled with fortifications. The mole batteries, which were the most formidable, mounted 7 mortars and about 250 guns of large calibre, whilst there were about 300 more guns in the town and coast batteries adjacent, whose fire would converge upon the bay. There had also to be taken into account a well-equipped fleet of frigates, corsairs, and gun-boats. Many officers of distinction who were consulted by the Admiralty considered the position quite unassailable, and declared it would be madness to

\* *Life of Lord Exmouth*

take a fleet into a position where such a fire could be concentrated upon them. Lord Exmouth, however, thought otherwise, and to the surprise of the Board demanded only five line-of-battle ships. He had already satisfied himself that a small squadron could act quite as effectually, and with far more safety to themselves, in a confined space than a larger number; and after he had fully explained his plans the Admiralty allowed him to act upon his own judgment, though they still found it difficult to believe that the force was equal to the service.

As the fleet was to be despatched for the express purpose of fighting a most severe battle, the Admiralty decided that the crews should be composed of volunteers. As soon as this decision was made known the utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and applications for employment poured in from every side. Many officers, amongst them being Sir Israel Pellew, Lord Exmouth's brother, begged to be allowed to sink their rank for the time being and join the expedition in any capacity. But this the Admiral resolutely refused, as he was determined no lives should be sacrificed unnecessarily.

The fleet, which had been augmented by the addition of some frigates and small craft, left Plymouth on the 28th July, 1816. It consisted of the *Queen Charlotte* (110), the flag-ship of Lord Exmouth, the *Impregnable* (98), flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Sir David Milne, the *Albion* (74), *Minden* (74), and *Superb* (74), 4 heavy frigates, 6 smaller craft, and 4 bomb vessels. The guns' crews were constantly exercised during the voyage, targets being suspended from the boom ends for them to fire at; and owing to the zeal and enthusiasm which animated all ranks, by the time they arrived in the Mediterranean they had attained a high state of efficiency.

The expedition reached Gibraltar on August 9th. Here they found a Dutch squadron consisting of five frigates and a corvette, commanded by Vice-Admiral the Baron Van Capellan, who, on learning the object of the expedition, solicited and obtained leave to co-operate. This necessitated some modification of Lord Exmouth's arrangements, and to the Dutch fleet he assigned the forts on the south side of the town, whilst the English were to destroy the mole and batteries adjacent. Before leaving, every captain received a plan of the fortifications showing the position each ship was to occupy.

The combined fleets sailed from Gibraltar on August 14th. In the meantime the Algerines had not been idle. The Dey had



been fully informed, through the medium of the public press, of all that was taking place in this country, and he had resolved to refuse the English demands. All the troops were called in from the distant garrisons, until a force of about 40,000 were assembled in the town, whilst the whole naval force of the Regency was collected in the harbour. The wretched slaves were employed night and day, strengthening the old defences and erecting new ones; and thus, with the confidence begotten of years of impunity; the pirates ignorantly defied the might of England, and brought upon themselves a most deserved retribution.

The *Prometheus*, Captain Dashwood, was lying in the Bay of Algiers, in order to afford assistance, if possible, to the British consul, Mr. McDonell, and family. Captain Dashwood spent many hours aloft, disguised as a seaman repairing the rigging, but in reality observing the proceedings of the enemy, and was thus enabled to give Lord Exmouth very valuable information concerning the disposition of the Dey's forces.

The consul's family consisted of his wife and daughter and an infant boy. The two ladies and the infant were virtually prisoners, having been "advised" by the Dey not to leave the Consulate; but Mr. McDonell himself was allowed to pass in and out of the gate on to the mole, to communicate with the ship's boats, the poor consul being well assured that any attempt he might make to escape would be the signal for some appalling atrocity being committed upon the two defenceless ladies in the power of the tyrant. When the news reached Algiers that the expedition had actually left England, it was felt that the lives of the whole party were in imminent danger, and Captain Dashwood resolved to embark them by stratagem.

Accordingly, on the day selected, some of the ship's officers, including several midshipmen, were kept passing on various pretexts, in groups of two and threes, between the consul's house and the boats, and by this means two complete suits of midshipmen's clothes were smuggled into the Consulate and the guards confused as to the actual number of officers on shore. Towards evening, Mrs. McDonell and her daughter, disguised as midshipmen, walked down with some of the officers and succeeded in getting on board without exciting suspicion.\*

There were still on shore the ship's doctor, who had undertaken to bring off the infant, the two midshipmen, whose places had been taken by the ladies, and the consul. From a concealed

\* *The Pirate City.* By R. M. Ballantyne.

position the latter was watching anxiously, until a previously agreed upon signal from the ship told him his wife and daughter were in safety. The doctor having administered a sleeping draught to the baby, placed it in a basket, and covered it over with leaves and grapes. The officers then set out, carrying the basket between them, apparently full of fruit, and accompanied by the consul, ostensibly going to see them safe off as usual.

All went well until they were passing the last guard, when the poor child cried. Instantly the little group was arrested, as was also the boat's crew of fourteen men and a midshipman, who were waiting for them at the mole. The whole party were heavily ironed and marched off to prison.

Of course Captain Dashwood did his utmost to obtain their release, but was unable to ascertain even what had become of them. However, next morning, curiously enough, the Dey sent off the infant in the basket, and this act of humanity deserves to be recorded in his favour, as does also the fact that his prisoners were not ill-treated, showing that he was not quite so bad as most of his predecessors, or that he was perhaps more politic.

Captain Dashwood, finding his expostulations of no avail, at once left Algiers, taking with him the two ladies and the unfortunate infant. He fell in with Lord Exmouth to the eastward of Gibraltar, on August 16th, and communicated the distressing intelligence.

Being delayed by light and baffling winds, the fleet did not arrive in sight of Algiers until daylight on August 27th. The ships being nearly becalmed, Lord Exmouth despatched Lieutenant Burgess in the cutter, under a flag of truce, with the terms of peace, as dictated by the Prince Regent, and also a demand for the immediate liberation of the British Consul and the officers and men of the *Prometheus*. In the meantime, a light air having sprung up, the fleet stood into the bay and hove-to about a mile from the town.\*

What a breathless pause it must have been throughout that brilliant summer's morning, whilst the two grim combatants lay silently eyeing one another, and anxiously waiting for the answer on which so many lives depended!

But we may confidently say that the chief anxiety felt by our seamen was lest the Dey should "pipe down," and there should not be any fight after all. At 2 P.M. the cutter was seen returning to the flag-ship, and a minute later a cheer rang through

\* *Life of Lord Exmouth.*





THE  
FURNITURE

the fleet and over the still waters of the bay, to where the Moors lay behind their guns, as the signal for "action" was seen flying from the *Queen Charlotte's* masthead. Then silently each ship bore up, and glided slowly before the light breeze towards the doomed city, the *Queen Charlotte* leading. A snowy pyramid of gleaming canvas, towering high into the blue above three grim rows of guns, slowly and majestically she passed within pistol-shot of the mole-head. What an object of amazement to the Moors must have been that great white figure-head, as it loomed above the ramparts! These fanatics must surely have taken it for a huge Christian idol; an unveiled woman, too—the very acme of abomination: a studied insult to their religion, which strictly forbids the art of sculpture.

Still the Moors reserved their fire; indeed, so little did they seem to appreciate their position that hundreds of them climbed upon the walls to view the stately spectacle.

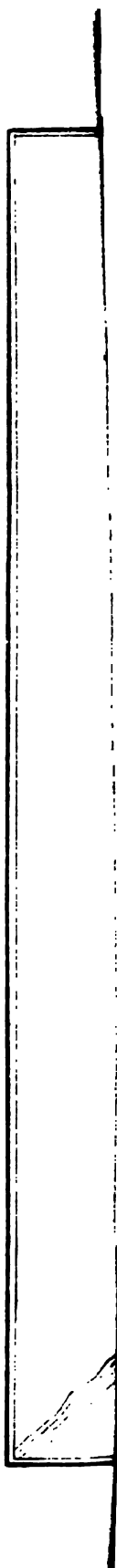
Then the silence was broken by the rattle of the cables as the great ship folded her white wings, and anchored by the stern within half pistol-shot of the batteries. This being done, the crew gave three cheers and awaited events. In the meantime, the other ships in turn were taking up the positions assigned to them.

Hardly had the sound of the cheering died away when a shot was fired from the town, and Lord Exmouth gave the order, "Stand by!"\* Seeing the ramparts still crowded with troops, he waved to them with his cocked hat to get out of the way. A second and a third gun were fired in quick succession. At the second, Lord Exmouth gave the order, "Fire!"—the report of the third was drowned in the thunder of the *Queen Charlotte's* broadside.

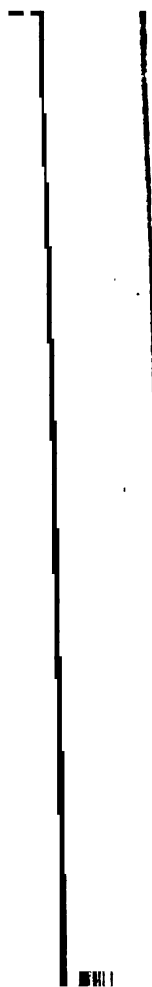
Then the very mouth of hell seemed to open as every gun in Algiers belched forth its deadly messengers, and the air grew thick with the iron hail, the brunt of which was borne by the *Queen Charlotte*; but the rest of the ships were not far behind, and each one, as she moved up into her place and anchored, discharged her broadside into the devoted city with terrible effect. This exceedingly trying manœuvre of moving up quietly and anchoring in their assigned positions under such an exceedingly heavy fire, was well carried out, especially by the Dutch fleet; and Lord Exmouth, in his report, states that much of his success was due to the admirable and exact manner in which his orders and plans were obeyed.

\* *The Pirate City.* By R. M. Ballantyne.





THE  
HUT





The effect of the ships' heavy guns upon stone walls! at such a short range was stupendous; within half an hour the *Queen Charlotte* had razed the fortifications on the mole almost to their foundations. She then ran a warp out and brought her broadside to bear on the batteries above the water-gate, where her shot told with terrific effect, crumbling the walls and tumbling down gun after gun into the *débris* below.\*

Still the great fight raged on with unabated fury, the Moors standing to their guns with true Oriental gallantry and contempt of death. The din of conflict was appalling, the roar of artillery incessant. Ere long a dense pall of smoke settled over the death struggle, and rendered everything invisible beyond a few yards from the actors in the tremendous drama.

The pirates in their nefarious occupation had always been accustomed to capture their prizes by boarding, sweeping away all opposition by the fury and *élan* of their onslaught. At this crisis of the action, in their desperate rage and passion, they reverted to their old tactics. The first vessel selected for attack was the *Queen Charlotte*, that huge floating castle of the accursed Christians, with the hated symbol of the Cross flying insultingly from her masthead, whose murderous broadsides were sending hundreds of the Faithful to eternity and dashing their city to dust about their ears.

In the harbours were lying thirty-seven of their gun-boats, each capable of holding about 100 men. Crowding into these, the desperadoes advanced with a daring we cannot but admire against the three-decker. At first, owing to the smoke, their manœuvre was unperceived, but presently they were discovered by the *Leander* frigate, lying a few yards ahead of the *Queen Charlotte*. She immediately trained her after-guns upon them, sinking thirty-three with all their occupants; the remaining four escaped in the smoke.

About 4 P.M., most of the batteries in the neighbourhood of the mole having been silenced, Lord Exmouth sent a pinnace to set fire to the nearest Algerine frigate. This was successfully accomplished, and in a short time the Admiral had the satisfaction of watching the flames spread to the remaining frigates, from these to the corsairs and gun-vessels, and from thence to the store-houses and dockyard, until the whole harbour was a seething furnace, and despite the most frantic efforts of the pirates, the whole of their fleet and naval establishment was entirely destroyed.

\* *Life of Lord Exmouth.*

Still the terrific bombardment continued, the thunder of cannon being almost drowned in the roar of the flames and explosion of magazines; until, as night drew on, Lord Exmouth felt the necessity of husbanding his ammunition. The lower batteries being now almost entirely silenced, the Admiral gave directions to the fleet to slacken their fire, and at 10 P.M. made signals to haul off out of range of the upper forts, which still continued firing, an operation which was not performed without loss, as the ships had to be towed out by boats owing to there being no wind.

During the eight hours' bombardment, the combined fleets had expended the enormous quantity of 50,000 shot and 1,000 shell, a mass of iron weighing upwards of 500 tons. Their loss was 141 killed and 742 wounded. The Admiral himself was slightly wounded in two places, and a cannon shot tore away the skirts of his coat.

Such a terrific hammering as this at so short a range no stone walls could stand. The American Consul, in his diary, says, "Aug. 28th. I ascended to the roof of my house at daybreak. The English ships are lying in the bay about a mile off, apparently none the worse for the engagement; but Algiers is a heap of ruins, and incapable of further defence. The fate of the city is in the hands of Lord Exmouth." However, the Moors did not seem to consider their position so hopeless as did the Consul, for as day dawned they kept their flags flying, and showed no signs of submission, whereupon the fleet again bore up for the town, and resumed an offensive position, and Lieut. Burgess was once more despatched with a message to the Dey, this time demanding an unconditional surrender.

On landing, he was surrounded by a large guard, who escorted him in safety to the Casbah, where Omar Dey and his council were awaiting him.\* Without wasting any time in ceremony, the lieutenant at once ordered the interpreter to read aloud the document which he had been ordered by Lord Exmouth to deliver, and which ran as follows:—

SIR,—For your atrocities at Bona on defenceless Christians, and your unbecoming disregard of the demands I made yesterday in the name of the Prince Regent of England, the fleet under my orders has given you a signal chastisement by the total destruction of your navy, storehouses, and arsenal, with half your batteries. As England does not make war for the destruction of cities, I am unwilling to visit your personal cruelties upon the inoffensive inhabitants of the country, and I therefore offer you the same terms of peace which I conveyed to you yesterday in my Sovereign's name. Without the acceptance of these terms, you can have no peace with England.

\* *The Pirate City.* By R. M. Ballantyne.



If you receive this offer as you ought, you will fire three guns, and I shall consider your not making this signal as a refusal and shall renew my operations at my own convenience.

I offer you the above terms provided the British Consul or the officers and men so wickedly seized by you from the boats of a British ship-of-war have not met with any cruel treatment, or any of the Christian slaves in your power; and I repeat my demand that the Consul and officers and men may be sent off to me conformable to ancient treaties.

I have, &c.,

EXMOUTH.

The terms of peace ran thus:—

I. The abolition of Christian slavery for ever.

II. The delivery of all slaves, irrespective of nationality, at noon to-morrow.

III. To deliver, at noon to-morrow, all money received for the redemption of slaves since the commencement of the year.

IV. Reparation to be made to the Consul for all losses he may have sustained.

V. The Dey to make a public apology in the presence of his ministers and officers, and to beg pardon of the Consul, in terms dictated by the captain of the *Queen Charlotte*.

The Dey and his council showed no emotion whatever as this message was read to them; calmly accepting the decrees of fate, they at once consented to the whole of the terms, and ordered the three guns to be fired.

So ended the great battle of Algiers. Speedy in conception, swift in execution, it was no less happy in its results. It broke the chains of thousands, gave security to millions, and executed a stern but well-merited vengeance upon a set of miscreants that were at once a scourge and a disgrace to civilization. It is much to be regretted that Lord Exmouth's instructions did not permit him to follow up his victory, and take possession of this beautiful country; but England's old policy of "Conquer and retire" prevailed then as it does now, and so we allowed our fair prize to fall an easy prey into the willing hands of France.

Next morning the embarkation of the slaves began. "The assembling on the decks of these victims of barbaric cruelty and lust was a sight that raised powerful feelings in the breasts of those who witnessed it. Old and young were there, gentle and simple, robust and feeble; men, women, and children of almost every nation. Some few cheered with joy on coming on board, but these were they who had not long been enslaved and had not suffered much. Others wept with delight and fell on their knees, embracing the hands and the feet of the sailors, or frantically kissing the very

decks, and crying aloud their thanks to God for their deliverance. Some were there too broken down to walk, their limbs distorted and their bodies deformed by their sufferings and tortures. Many appeared to regard it as a vision, too good to be true, such as they had often dreamt before and from which they would presently awaken to another day of cruel labour, or of suffering in the dreadful bagnio. Parents were there hunting for their children, husbands for their wives. Some joyously embracing the loved ones to whom they had so unexpectedly been reunited; others, alas! bewailing those they could never hope to see again. But the saddest sight of all were the men and women whose prolonged slavery had rendered them dead to joy and sorrow alike; none but themselves could know the awful feelings, or still more want of feeling, that caused these wretched ones to look with glazed eyes of total indifference on the wonderful scenes that were being enacted around them that day."\*

The Algerines endeavoured to retain some of their captives; and although Lord Exmouth spared no pains to ascertain that none were left behind, there is no doubt that many unfortunates were so concealed as to escape discovery. Human remains in recesses and cellars, with the manacles still encircling their mouldering bones, are no uncommon find in Algiers to this day.

The object of the expedition being thus triumphantly accomplished, the *Queen Charlotte* and her consorts proudly left the Bay of Algiers, carrying with them thousands of happy souls released from death in life, and followed by the bitter maledictions of the mortified pirates. Next morning Lord Exmouth issued an order that, "On Sunday next a public thanksgiving shall be offered to Almighty God, for the signal interposition of Divine Providence during the conflict which took place on the 27th instant, between His Majesty's fleet and the ferocious enemies of mankind."

"Thus, at last, after the lapse of centuries of murder, rapine, and robbery, did the pirate city receive a fatal blow from which it never recovered. It revived a little in after years, and, indeed, made a struggle to renew its old practices."

Fortunately, an insult to the French Consul was replied to by the landing of an army from that country. The stricken city capitulated almost without resistance, and on the 6th of July 1830 the French took possession of Algiers.

"From that day to this they have held it, and the den of thieves is now a charming town, with a French foreground, a

\* *The Pirate City.* By R. M. Ballantyne.



Moorish middle distance, and a bright-green background, in which, along with Frenchmen, Turks, Kabyles, Negroes, and Moors, amid orange groves, date-palms, cacti, and prickly pears, the invalids of Europe may enjoy summer heat in winter days, and sit outside in December dreaming peacefully, it may be almost sceptically, of other times when the bastinado and the bowstring flourished in the land.”\*

But a stately relic of that glorious day remains to us. The old *Queen Charlotte* still lies in Portsmouth Harbour, rivalling in national interest the famous *Victory* herself. Still serving her



Sovereign most usefully, her stout old timbers daily ring to the loud-voiced thunder of the cannon's roar, for under the appropriate name of *Excellent* she is the training school of modern gunnery for the young officers and seamen to whom the future security of our country and its commerce will be confided. Look on her, young man, for she fought a great fight; for eight long hours that grand old hull endured the iron storm. One of these days perhaps the honour of your country may lie in your hands. Then think of Lord Exmouth in the old *Queen Charlotte*, and may God prosper you to win as gloriously as he did.

\* *The Pirate City*. By R. M. Ballantyne.

## Compulsory Service for Great Britain.

A CIVILIAN VIEW OF THE QUESTION.



IN the year 1800 Britain was in arms against all Europe. Betrayed by some of her Allies, unsupported by others, she maintained her position through the long struggle that ended gloriously in the victory of Waterloo. England then was expending her blood and her treasure for the sake of a principle. She fought in the interests of the governing classes, to maintain on their thrones a few ancient dynasties. In this cause she gave ungrudgingly; the spirit of the nation was aroused, and the call to arms was answered with an enthusiasm which made the name of England one of terror to her enemies, and won for her a respect, the memory of which gives her what influence she still possesses in the councils of Europe. If such a spirit of self-sacrifice could be kindled by a danger which threatened but the surface of society, what must we expect when the nation is engaged in a war that affects the life and prosperity of the whole community, from the highest to the lowest. Such a war we are now waging. Its battles are for the present bloodless, and unmarked by the noise of bursting shells and the thunder of charging squadrons. How long this may remain so it is difficult, indeed impossible, to say. The air is thick with rumours of the struggle that is coming upon us. The storm clouds of war may burst at any moment; yet we dawdle on our way, heedless of the warnings of coming ruin, and of the yet more disastrous defeat that we are sustaining in the so-called peaceful fields of commerce. The fact that we are engaged in a war of trade, in which our old commercial supremacy is fast slipping from us, is every day more and more forced in upon the mind of who-soever cares to read the signs of the times. While we have been resting secure in a fancied monopoly of the world's custom, other



nations have crept up alongside of us, and are rivalling our produce in those very markets which we had looked upon as exclusively our own. Not only are English wares being supplanted abroad by cheaper and equally good foreign materials, but foreign goods and foreign workmen have forced their way even into our own country. The new German invader, more cruel than the old, does not now slaughter the inhabitants of our island, but drives them from their trades and their professions, and obliges them to look on while he appropriates the fruits which were once their own. It is needless to dilate on the hardships brought upon us by successful foreign competition; it is useless to attempt any artificial means of checking this competition. Protective laws and forcible exclusion of the stranger cannot save us from defeat; our sole help lies in showing ourselves superior to the foreigner; this can be done only when we have sought out the cause of his success and of our failure: when we have learned this we shall be able to enter with a free hand into the conflict, and regain the position we have lost. There may be many means to this end; and certainly we can afford to despise none of them. If a sacrifice is required, surely now that the nation is struggling for its very life the citizens may be expected to make, if necessary, as great an effort as their fathers did a hundred years ago. The spirit of the people has not flagged. If it seems to rest in sloth, it is because the true path to success is unknown; if this path can be pointed out no sacrifice will be deemed too great. One remedy involves some sacrifice; but what we suggest has been the main cause of our most successful rivals' prosperity, and may be, if we will adopt it, equally strong to reinstate us in our old position as undisputed leaders in the commerce of the world. This remedy is the adoption of some form of compulsory universal military service.

The idea of compulsory service for England is no new one, though its adoption has never been definitely proposed.\* In the many schemes our great authorities on military matters have advanced with a view to bringing the army into a state of efficiency, the propounders have mentioned compulsory service, only to reject the notion of it as impossible of realisation. While declaring its absolute efficacy from a purely military point of view, they seem to consider that the peculiar conditions of our country and our

\* It is stated, however, by a writer in the *Fortnightly*, that the highest foreign authorities think "we cannot long avoid the adoption of the principle of compulsory and even of universal service."—*Fortnightly*, December 1887; *The British Army*, chap. ii., p. 782.

democratic form of government preclude its being considered as a practicable scheme. The one chief argument that runs through all the military utterances on the subject during the last few years, is that the British public could never be induced to sanction such a measure. It is assumed, in fact, that, though a despotic or semi-despotic Government like that of Russia or Germany may be able to carry out such a far-reaching military change as this, it is useless to expect that a democracy has sufficient foresight to see what is needed, or enough political wisdom to prefer its permanent interest to its immediate convenience. That this is a libel on democracy is sufficiently shown by the action of the French; that it is no less a libel on the patriotism of the English commons is proved by the recent legislation for the improvement of the army and navy. It has been decided to spend a sum of twenty millions for the purpose of obtaining greater efficiency in our services, and of getting some surer guarantee than we possess at present of immunity from the danger of foreign invasion. This decision has been come to on the representation of the military authorities that the expense is needed, and the money has been voted without even a reasonable surety that it will be used in the right direction. Such a course of action may indicate a certain amount of imprudence in the democracy, or it may show that, rightly or wrongly, a confident trust is placed in the experts, but surely it does not bear out the assumption that the people are wanting in patriotism or readiness to submit to any personal sacrifice that may seem to be necessary for the common good. If it can be shown that compulsory service is not only desirable from the strictly military standpoint, but necessary to the maintenance of our commercial life and well-being, there can be no doubt that Englishmen will give it their sanction as freely and ungrudgingly as they have ever opened their purses and shed their blood for what they conceived to be the national good. It is at least unfair to prejudge the case. The merits of the system have never been fairly stated, and it is hardly too much to say that no well-formed public opinion on the matter exists. It is then the business of advocates of the system to set forth what they conceive to be its advantages, and to meet, as far as they can, such arguments against it as are continually reiterated; to attempt, in fact, to give a clear statement of the case. If this be done, there can be no doubt that the scheme will be considered carefully, and if found adequate, will be cheerfully adopted without any selfish thought of personal loss or inconvenience. If the advocates of universal



military service can show that it is advantageous, the English people may be trusted to carry it out. The usual declaration that the system is impossible is no argument at all against the system itself, or even against its practicability. Such an argument is not one that any individual has the right to put forward; only the nation as a whole is entitled to say, either directly or through its representatives, what it will and what it will not do to promote or to maintain its own interest and well-being.

It is generally admitted that we ought to look upon the money and the attention we expend upon our forces in the light of an insurance on our lives and property, and this appears to be a just and true way of regarding the matter. Our army entails an annual expenditure of about 20 millions, a sum which we are well able to afford, and which it is well worth our while to pay, if it ensures us a reasonable security from loss. But is this the case? The very men who are continually speaking with scorn of cheese-paring policy, and of the iniquity of grumbling at expense, are the loudest in their declarations that the fleet is insufficient to protect our coasts, and that we have no troops capable of resisting an enemy who has once landed. Their inference from this is that more money should be spent and more treasure thrown into the gulf that has already swallowed up so much. Some years ago the writer of an article in the *Nineteenth Century*\* showed that in case of sudden emergency we could not put 30,000 troops in the field. If, then, with our enormous expenditure we cannot have ready for effective service the strength of one German army corps, it is time to consider whether the old order of things has not failed, and whether a newer and better ought not to take its place. This insurance for which we pay so much appears to be totally inadequate; surely it is madness to continue it. Either let us expend our money with some good result, or, by putting ourselves in theory into the defenceless position in which we are acknowledged to stand in practice, let us save the cost of a protection that is admitted to be as good as none. That the adoption of some form of compulsory service would afford an adequate protection is incontestable; and we have shown that the argument against such a measure, on the ground that it is impossible, is wholly wide of the point. But there have been brought forward objections more plausible and possessing greater claims for consideration. The more important of these may be very briefly summarised.

\* "The British and German Armies," *Nineteenth Century*, August 1883.

1. It is argued, in the first place, that the conditions of our military service are totally different from those existing in any other country. It is not sufficient for us to have a home army. Our immense and scattered empire requires our forces to be spread over every quarter of the globe. We must provide defence not only for the British Isles, but for India and the Colonies; and if our fleet is not to be rendered impotent in time of war, we must maintain effective garrisons in numberless coaling stations. This, it is argued, would be impossible with an army serving for only two or three years.

2. A second objection is that if every citizen were obliged to spend part of his life with the army, great injury would be done to the trade of the country. This injury would act in three ways: it would take a large amount of labour out of the market; it would take away the apprentice just at the period when he had learned his trade, and was becoming an efficient workman; thirdly, it would force into the ranks manufacturers and others who employ a large amount of labour, and who assert that, as their presence is indispensable to the proper management of their business, the whole of their operatives would be thrown out of work, and become dependent on the poor rates.

3. It is asserted that compulsory service would entail great expense, both direct and indirect. This indirect expense has been well explained by the writer we have already quoted: he says, "The cost of maintaining a voluntary army, however large, would be cheap in comparison with the indirect taxation that would be thrown on the country by taking away the whole of its manhood for a certain number of years to serve in the ranks."\*

4. The opponents of compulsory service allege that the effort to escape it would lend a great stimulus to emigration, and so would remove from the country a large proportion both of the labouring classes and of that middle-class whose capital is the backbone of our commercial prosperity.

5. The costliness would be further increased by the removal of the best brain of the country from the professions to the army. It is said that intelligent men, if obliged to serve at all, would prefer life among the officers to life in the ranks, and would consequently be induced to adopt the army as their profession.

6. Another objection is one that has probably been raised in England against every reform since the time when Alfred first

\* "The British and German Armies," *Nineteenth Century*, August 1883.



instituted a navy. Compulsory service is said to be un-English: "Britons never, never, never, &c."; the English electorate will never agree to any measure by which an Englishman can be compelled to serve.

7. The seventh argument we have noted is that voluntary service is necessarily of a higher quality than forced service, and that consequently an army recruited by conscription must be inferior in efficiency to one raised by voluntary enlistment.

8. The old notion that our insular position affords us an adequate protection from invasion has not of late years been so confidently brought forward as it once used to be; it is, indeed, scouted by some of our highest tactical authorities. Still the idea of the magical silver streak remains paramount in the minds of many, and is certain to be advanced as an argument by the class of people who rest their faith on the traditional thin red line, and think that one Englishman is equivalent to ten Frenchmen.

These are the chief arguments put forward as against compulsory service. Several of them will be seen to vanish on the mere statement of a reasonable scheme; others are met by the natural results of such a scheme. The remainder will be treated individually in the latter part of this article.

The fact that some form of forced service has been adopted by all the great European Powers is alone sufficient to suggest that objections such as these cannot be insuperable. Difficulties of some kind in the way of the system must have existed everywhere, and everywhere they have been overcome. As the German system is the oldest and most successful, and that on which most of the others are modelled, a short sketch of it may be given as illustrating the most perfect development at present known of compulsory service. Every German citizen, on attaining the age of twenty, is compelled by law to enter the army and undergo a three years' training in military duties. When he has thus become thoroughly drilled, and is an efficient soldier, whose knowledge and skill can be relied upon in case of need, he is drafted into the Army Reserve; his service here lasts for five years, and during these years he is liable in case of war to be called upon to join his regiment, and proceed with it to the front. In this way every German regiment can be at once raised to its full war strength by the calling into it of its reserve men, who are kept thoroughly trained and in a constant state of efficiency. At the end of his reserve service the German is enrolled in the first levy of the Landwehr, of which body he remains a member till his thirty-second year. He is then

removed to the second levy of the Landwehr, where he is liable to service for the next seven years. At the age of thirty-nine he enters the Landsturm, a purely defensive body, liable to be called out only in case of actual invasion. From this service there are some exemptions, the most important being that of the *Einjährigen*. These are men belonging generally to the middle and educated classes of society; they have the privilege of serving with the standing army for one year only instead of three, and are expected to pay the expenses of their year's training themselves. This exemption is granted only to such as have reached a certain standard of education, their proficiency in learning being tested by an official literary examination or by some other which is accepted as equivalent. The result of all this is that in case of invasion, the Germans could, on the lowest estimate, meet the enemy with a force of three million men: it is expected that in the course of a few years the effective force that could be put in the field will reach the enormous total of nearly five millions. It must be remembered that this gigantic army will not consist of untrained recruits, or even of men who have received so little exercise in the act of war as our own Volunteers and Militiamen. Every soldier has gone through a thorough course of drill with the active army, and his training has been kept up in such a manner that he can at any time be reckoned upon to perform his duties efficiently. Even the great defensive reserve of the Landsturm would require when called out but a very short course of drill to settle it into a thoroughly effective body of troops. This, the oldest and most rusty section of the German forces, is probably more capable than our own auxiliaries of performing soldierly duties. The minute details of this system, its wonderfully perfect arrangement and administration, and its simple but efficacious method of supply are topics that scarcely come within the scope of this article. It is enough to say that all are admirable in their way, and well worthy of our careful attention.

The success of compulsory service in Germany, from a purely military point of view, is sufficiently shown in the history of the two great wars of 1866 and 1870. In the Franco-German war the mobilization of the invading force was completed in the short space of eleven days, and during the whole course of hostilities it is not recorded that a single hitch occurred either in the supply of fresh troops, or in the forwarding and distribution of stores and provisions for a million men. We do not hear that any German general was hampered in his movements by the necessity



of providing for the daily wants of the troops under his charge. Contrast with this smoothly-working machine the conduct of our own petty wars. The mobilization of the ten thousand troops we sent to Egypt occupied over two months. The cavalry for the same expedition could not be raised at all without violating the fundamental rule of tactics never to confuse tactical units. It was composed of officers and men drawn from many different regiments, and muddled together into a confused mass. Many of the men had seen neither each other nor their officers before they embarked on board the troopships. Against the Egyptians, indeed, this heterogeneous body rendered a good account of itself, and behaved in a manner that reflects the highest credit on it; but to send against a highly civilized and trained European force troops so assorted would be suicidal. In spite of their undoubted valour and hardihood, their want of cohesion and knowledge of one another must render them practically useless. Such a state of affairs may be said to be due to bad administration. To some extent this is no doubt the case. Our administration is admittedly execrable and a disgrace to any civilized country. Still, even the worst administration must have been capable of sending into the field tactical units of cavalry, if these tactical units had existed. It was the deficiency in numbers, and not the inability to use them, that caused the confusion. Feverish activity at the last moment, and the despatch of ill-assorted, and often insufficient troops is the monotonous history of all our wars, except where the record is occasionally varied by the story of a total break-down. Wellington's plans were continually thwarted by the want of sufficient men and stores; while Lord Raglan, though less complaining, fared no better than his great master. This unpreparedness, this inability to meet any sudden emergency, is surely a disgrace to a country so wealthy as our own; and the disgrace is attended by a danger that the very wealth which should make us powerful may slip from us, and with it all chance of regaining our true position as a first-rate Power either in the councils of Europe or among the commercial nations of the world. Our great rival in the mercantile strife that is being unceasingly prosecuted is the Teuton. Germany, at all events, is not likely to let her trade fall away from her for want of defending it. Her military and her commercial power have grown up side by side, each seeming to stimulate and strengthen the other, until it would be scarcely too much to assert that her success in trade is in a great measure the direct product of her military organization. There



are many reasons why this should be so. That the success exists at all events is proved by our own bitter experience.

If we are to resist the flood that threatens to overwhelm us, it is clear that some action must be taken, and that before it is too late. What could we do better than adopt a means whose success has already been proved in the case of others? The German army system has succeeded, both from a military and from a civil point of view. It has brought into existence and holds together one of the greatest empires in the world. As soldiers and scholars the Germans are pre-eminent. Most of our best works on military and scientific subjects are little more than adaptations from the writings of the German thinkers. The trade of Germany in its extent is inferior only to our own, and is indisputably advancing the faster of the two. Yet it can scarcely be said that either in skill, experience, or energy the Englishman is behind his Teutonic rival. We have the power to lay hold of the great advantage which the German has over us; would it not be mere obstinate shortsightedness to neglect it? The German system of conscription needs, indeed, to be modified in several respects before it can fully adapt itself to the peculiar conditions of our country; but with suitable alterations, there seems no reason why we should not adopt it, and use it with an advantage at least equal to that which has hitherto attended it.

The first great difference between the two countries that presents itself, arises from the existence of our immense Indian and Colonial possessions. Troops for the defence of these must be found; and although conscription is justified by the principle that it is the duty of every citizen to defend the society in whose benefits he shares, yet it would be neither just nor expedient to send him abroad for the purpose of defending a portion of the Empire in which his own interests are comparatively slight. It would be manifestly unfair, for instance, that the inhabitant of the United Kingdom should be expected to give his time to defending the colonies, while the colonist gave nothing. And yet our interest in the colonies makes it impossible to trust their defence entirely to the colonial Militias. The difficulty would be best overcome if the colonists themselves would submit to universal service: this, however, they can hardly be expected to do voluntarily. Their comparative freedom from risk of invasion, their distance from Europe, and consequent lack of interest in European questions, make it far less needful for them than for us to main-



tain a large standing army for defensive purposes.\* Neither would it be expedient or, indeed, possible for us to force the system on them. Bound as they are to us by ties which are more strictly those of sentiment than of law, such action is manifestly out of the question. Furthermore, even if we were prepared to sacrifice our sense of justice, and draft a part of our conscript force for foreign service, the term of three years is too short to allow of its being done. It follows, therefore, that we must have a separate force for foreign service, and there seems no reason why it should not be provided by our present system of voluntary enlistment. There are many men who would be led by their habits and inclinations to choose the army as their career. While each citizen would be obliged to serve his legal term at home, he would be permitted on its expiration to enlist for a further term, of say twelve years, on the understanding that he would be liable during this time to service abroad as well as at home. As an additional privilege, the man might be allowed to re-engage, at the end of his twelve years, for another term of nine years. At whichever of these times he chose to quit the army, he would be drafted into that portion of the Home Reserve for which his age and other circumstances fitted him. By this method of recruiting we should be possessed of a highly efficient foreign army, in which we should reap all the advantages of the long-service system without any of its disadvantages. Its chief disadvantage, indeed, has been its incompatibility with the existence of a strong reserve:† this reserve the foreign army would no longer be required to supply. It may be said that difficulty would be experienced in finding recruits for the voluntary army. This is merely a matter of offering sufficient inducements. At present we succeed in getting more men than would then be necessary; and this, in spite of the fact that, although the best years of a man's life are spent in the service, practically no provision is made for him when he leaves it. With the voluntary foreign army suggested, every capable man would be sure of employment till the age of forty-one—an assurance which is in itself a great inducement, not offered under existing conditions. The soldier, moreover, would have no need to fear the continual chopping and changing from one regiment to another, that is now

\* Since the above was written, a strong desire has been shown by the Australians for military federation. The movement is headed by Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales.

† Even under the present system, the reserve is only about 50,000, out of 30,000 recruits a year. Colonel Aubrey Maude, *Morning Post*.

necessary in order to maintain our foreign battalions at anything like effective strength. He would be able before enlisting to choose the regiment that suited him, and to continue in it during the whole time of his service. The gain both to the man and to the regiment can hardly be over-estimated. Further inducements might be offered in the shape of exemption from part of the home service, in increased pay, in pensions that would become the soldier's right after a certain number of years' service, and might increase in proportion to the length of that service. Further, it would be possible to find many Government posts which could be filled at a great gain to the tax-payer by retired soldiers: the holding of such a post would, of course, be in lieu of a pension. In order to obviate any disadvantage that might arise from having two armies utterly disconnected, the linked battalion system at present in vogue might be continued or developed. Each battalion on foreign service would be connected in name and for administrative purposes with a certain number of battalions in the home army, and the whole would form a regiment of the Imperial army. Each regiment would have a *depôt* at home which would be the headquarters of the home battalions and the recruiting centre for those on foreign service. When the soldier enlisted for the foreign army he might be allowed to change for another regiment that in which he had been enrolled by the conscription. He might be permitted to do this at the end of two years' compulsory service, and might be paid at the voluntary rate during the remainder of his service with the home portion of his future regiment. Such inducements as the above, coupled with the military spirit that undoubtedly exists in the country, could not fail to ensure for the voluntary army a number of recruits at least equal to that obtained at present. The problem arising from the existence of our colonial empire seems therefore to present no insuperable difficulties.

From the three years' training there might be granted, as in Germany, an exemption on examination; and efforts towards efficiency might be encouraged by holding out to those who did not obtain this exemption a hope of passing out of the army by means of a technical examination at the end of their second year. A total exemption would necessarily be granted to those serving in the navy; and some arrangement might be made for forming a naval reserve from the merchant service, the members of which reserve would also be exempt from service with the land forces.

The carrying out of such a scheme as we have sketched above



would involve no new principle of legislation. The old Militia Laws have never been abrogated but are still upon our statute-books, though they are in abeyance. They are based upon the principle that there is an obligation on every member of the State to fight in defence of the country. The Militia is, in fact, the strictly constitutional force of the kingdom, and every male inhabitant is legally liable to be called upon to serve. Each district of the country is responsible for the supply of a certain number of men. This number is determined by a mere resolution of Parliament; and the recruits have hitherto been chosen by ballot, whenever the law has been put in force. Accordingly no new principle is involved; it would not be necessary to pass any complicated Act of Parliament in order to adopt the system of compulsory service. The legal machinery already at our disposal is all but sufficient for the purpose. All that is necessary for the enrolment of the recruits is to find out from the census the number of men of the required age in each district, and for Parliament to pass a resolution calling upon the local authorities to supply that number of men. The time of training of the Militia is not absolutely fixed by law; it is elastic, and even now varies in different regiments. The power of extending it to any length rests with the Houses of Parliament. Everything that is needed is that a short Bill should be passed: (1) changing the period of training from a maximum of fifty-six days to a maximum of twelve months in the year; (2) fixing forty-five as the age at which the liability to be called out would cease. The fact that this old Militia Law is upon our statute-books, only needing a resolution to put it into force, quashes at once the oft-repeated objection that the principle of compulsory service is un-English. The fact that it is an English principle is not without its value from a legislative point of view. The common boast of Englishmen is that their constitution is a thoroughly illogical structure built up at many times and by many new additions. Smoothly working machine as it now is, it is the national outcome of the old English form of government. Great as are the reforms that have been wrought in it in the course of time, all have been carried out in the spirit of true Conservatism. Our history gives us no instance of a reform carried by violent revolution or by overthrowing existing forms of law. The benefit of this is seen in the steady progressive development that marks every stage of the nation's life. To the feeling of security which this spirit has engendered is due in a great measure that superiority in wealth and commercial prosperity which till



recently we possessed unchallenged. Therefore it is evidently an immense advantage if this reform also can be effected without leaving the old lines; that it can be so effected, we have said sufficient to show.

The commercial advantages of compulsory service are almost too many to enumerate. One of the most difficult questions of the present day is how to provide for the unemployed. It is a problem which has hitherto baffled the utmost efforts of political economists and philanthropists. The supply of labour seems at present to exceed the demand to a hopeless extent; and as a natural result we have Socialist riots in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square, and wild schemes for the equalization of wealth. Nor is it possible to neglect such a potent factor in our political life as the five hundred thousand voters who know not to-day where they shall find to-morrow's bread. With our present universal suffrage, the existence of a class of starving men living in enforced idleness threatens the very foundations of society with a danger that cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Though compulsory service cannot claim the merit of offering a final solution to this problem, there can be no doubt that it would be an immensely powerful agent in relieving the congested labour market.\* The number of men who would be withdrawn from the competition can hardly be reckoned at less than three hundred thousand. Assuming that the present number of unemployed is half a million, we see that, numerically at least, more than half the problem is solved. These half million men, whether they earn anything or not, somehow manage to live; they are, as a matter of fact, provided for at the expense of the rest of the community, either through the rates or by crime. Surely it would be a great boon to convert them from a useless and dangerous encumbrance into a profitable national investment. But not only would three-fifths of our pauper population be removed; employment would be found for at least a portion of the remainder. The increase in the *personnel* of the army would involve a corresponding increase in the *matériel*. Provisions and stores of all kinds would have to be supplied; and the manufacture of these would not only give employment to a large number of men, it would also give a wholesome stimulus to trade at a time when it seems sorely needed. The influence of conscription on education shows itself most beneficially in Germany, and would no doubt produce an equally satisfactory result in our own case. The direct

\* A recent article in the *Daily Telegraph* is interesting, as showing the excellent result in this direction produced in Italy by the adoption of compulsory service.



inducements to learning are limited at present to the school-master's cane, and the few prizes offered to the scholar. Everyone knows how inefficient these are as real stimulants to work. The prizes, indeed, which are offered in the commercial and professional worlds seem to be awarded rather to capital than to brains, and therefore exert on learning an influence so small as to be almost imperceptible. If, however, the penalty for idleness at school took the form of three years' service in the ranks, and if the reward for industry were the privileges that would accompany the one year's service, and the consequent start of two years in the race of life, the effect that would be produced on the mind of the youth of England is incalculable. Our public schools, instead of turning out, as some of them do, the maximum of idleness and the minimum of culture, would be converted into real centres for the training of the mind. Our professional and commercial men would enter upon life with a solid foundation of knowledge. The merchant would himself be able to correspond with his foreign customers, and could find among his own countrymen clerks able and willing to carry on every branch of office-work. The invasion would be repelled, and the foray made upon our trade would be checked. The English clerk, if he transferred his employer's trade, would at least transfer it to English and not to foreign firms, and the nation would lose nothing. Whereas at present the loss to the private trader is a harm also to the country at large.

Not only, however, would compulsion have a most salutary effect on our scholarship; it would of necessity materially improve the quality of our workman. His training in the army would give him habits of promptitude and discipline such as can hardly be acquired elsewhere. The value of these both to the skilled artisan, the factory operative, and the worker in every class, must be evident to all. The man would become in every respect more punctual and trustworthy, and his work would be improved both in quality and amount. Not less important than the acquisition of these mental qualities would be the physical training which the soldier would undergo. England more than any other country possesses two classes of men—the thinker, who has a tendency to look upon all forms of bodily exercise as so much waste of energy, and the devotee of sport, who is too often a finely-developed animal unable to put two ideas together. The junction of these two would go far to realise the perfection of manhood. While it may be too much to say that compulsory service would infuse ideas into a mind destitute of them, it may safely be asserted that the physical

qualities of the thinker would be immensely benefited. Compulsory service would do something, though probably not everything, towards effecting the desired conjunction.

The above advantages, the improvement in education and business training, and the double stimulus to trade, are some of the direct and obvious benefits which would accrue to us from the adoption of a system of conscription. Other advantages are offered, which are not so obvious or easy to calculate, but which would be none the less powerful in their effect upon our social and civil welfare, although that effect would be only indirectly and mediately produced. As war in modern times is no longer a struggle of king against king, but has become a death combat of nation against nation, so it is imperative far more than formerly that victory be pressed home even to the annihilation of the enemy. The cost of keeping a whole people armed and ready for battle is so great, the drawing of the sword is so fearful a venture, the destruction of life and property is so enormous, that in the future a war once entered into must be carried on till one or other of the contending parties is crushed beyond all hope of recovery. We have seen this practically exemplified in the last great wars that have convulsed Europe. The defeat of the French by the Germans in 1870 necessitated the payment of a war indemnity of ruinous amount. The success of Russia in the Balkan war of 1877-78 broke up the Turkish Empire and almost swept it from the list of nations. Much more must this principle of thoroughness in victory be carried out in the future. The conquering nation will not dare to leave the conquered enemy the means of ever dealing a blow in return. Among all the nations of the world England if conquered, has the most to lose. The sack of London, a war ransom such as has never yet been heard of, the ruin of our public credit, irretrievable disaster to our trade, total destruction of our manufactures—such are a few of the results we may expect when once a conquering enemy has made good his hold upon our shores. That such a contingency is well within the bounds of possibility, both English and foreign officers have repeatedly declared.\* At present, if a couple of foreign army corps could be landed, the capture of London would be almost inevitable; the thirty thousand troops theoretically stationed at Aldershot, ill-prepared and ill-equipped as they are said to be, could offer but

\* Quite recently the *Militär-Wochenblatt*, in an interesting article, says: "Great Britain, as an island, is open to attacks from all sides." Translation in *Army and Navy Gazette*, January 11, 1890



a totally inadequate resistance. Very different would it be, if on the disembarkation of an enemy the telegraph wires could summon to the front a well-organized force of three hundred thousand men, and if in the course of a few days these troops could be supported by reserves of many times their number. The idea of successful invasion under such conditions would be an absurdity.

Not only would this land army effectually repulse an enemy after he had landed, but its existence would render any attempt at invasion far less likely. The presence of our fleet in the Channel would no longer be the only barrier between us and the enemy; his success would not then, as it now is, be rendered practically certain by the coming on of a fog, or by the clever evasion of our cruisers. That such an evasion is practicable was clearly shown in the naval manœuvres of 1888; the blockaded squadron could not be prevented from slipping through the fleet that was to hold it in check. If this could be done in mimic warfare, it is quite conceivable that it might be accomplished by a watchful and determined enemy. There can be little doubt that on the declaration of war a foreign enemy would be immediately ready to strike a decisive blow. France, for instance, could, unless prevented by our fleet, throw across the Channel in a few hours sufficient troops to give her an important victory. It may be argued that if war were probable our fleet would be concentrated round our coasts. Even if this were so the defence would hardly be adequate, for, as we have said above, the possibility of breaking through a blockading line has been proved by practical experience. Granted, however, that this defence might be sufficient to secure us against invasion, our mercantile fleet would be deprived of all protection; it would be at the mercy of the enemy's cruisers, and the blow inflicted upon us by its destruction would be only less disastrous than the capture of our metropolis. Depending, as we do, on our merchant service not only for our wealth but for our very means of subsistence, we are specially vulnerable in this direction. Our navy also having to take upon itself the duty of the military arm, would be rendered incapable of performing its proper function; instead of being left free, as it should be, to strike some sudden and decisive blow on the enemy, it would be hampered and neutralized while watching and waiting to parry his stroke. Our fleet in the old days has fought its battles in the waters of the enemy, and has been an instrument for gaining victory; as things now are, all its energies would be occupied in the effort to avert defeat. With an army strong enough to render our coasts secure,

our marine would be free to do its proper duty; it would be enabled to keep a watch over the enemy, to protect our carrying trade, and to pursue an offensive instead of a defensive line of action. It is a strategical axiom that to be successful even defence must be active and not merely passive. This power to act on the offensive would in itself make the nations more chary of attacking us. If foreign Governments knew that we were able both to assure our own security and to enforce our position by an invading host of half a million men, they would consider deeply the consequences of commencing hostilities. What at present would involve only the failure of an assault, would then entail the horrors of war in the very heart of their country. This latter prospect is one that may well cause a nation to hesitate. Peace, in fact, with the overwhelming power we should have, would be a certainty for us. And with this certainty of peace would come an increase of commercial confidence and a spirit of enterprise such as could not fail to lend a material stimulus to our national and individual prosperity. The possession of a strong fleet, a powerful army, and the advantage due to our geographical position, would ensure us a preponderating influence in the councils of Europe. Instead of being consulted out of respect for our past glories, we should become an arbiter, whose word would carry with it the weight of law, because it would be backed by a force greater than any single nation could bring to bear against it. Such a position as this would practically enable us to preserve the peace of the world. The only contingency, in which we should have no choice, would be when all the nations of Europe were in league against us; but the threat of exerting our power would render any single conflict between two countries impossible. It would be so great a gain to Europe to have this preponderating influence standing apart from and outside of her strictly Continental jealousies, that with the exercise of ordinary wisdom we need fear no combined action to put us down. The benefit to ourselves in the possession of such a supremacy is incalculable. In international arbitrations we should no longer be reduced to accepting what our opponent's forbearance thought fit to offer us. We should be able to make international trading conventions a reality and not a farce. It would be possible to give to the decrees of such conventions the force of law; and in all the schemes for the opening up and colonization of new lands we should again take the foremost place: our position would force others to combine with us in such



schemes, and to give to our opinion its due weight in the conduct of them.

The influence of universal service on our relations with foreign powers would be striking and conspicuous; its influence in moulding the spirit and the character of our own people would be less markedly visible, though not on that account less powerful. If it be strongly impressed on every citizen that it is his duty to defend what is his own, there cannot fail to be borne in upon him at the same time a conviction that he is the possessor of some property worth defending. This feeling that every man has a stake in the country, that he owns something which he could ill afford to lose, that he is not a mere machine to produce wealth for other men, must at once instil feelings of responsibility, and do much to clear away that old jealousy of class against class which is fraught with so many dangers. Directly also conscription, by bringing all classes together on a common level, would tend to break down the barriers of caste and position, which in a democratic country like ours afford a grievance ever ready to the hand of the demagogue and the revolutionist. The danger of any widespread class rebellion would be minimised; and, should such arise, the existence everywhere of a powerful military force would afford an easy means of quelling it. Any armed rising of the Irish, whether of the Ulster Orangemen against a legally constituted Irish parliament, or of the Home Rulers against the Imperial Assembly at Westminster, would be reduced from a source of serious danger to the proportions of an unimportant riot.

Such, as we have tried to describe, are the advantages that would follow in the train of universal military service. There remains to meet those objections to the system which have not been incidentally treated of in the consideration of the scheme itself.

By the adoption of the one year's service for men of intelligence and capacity, members of the learned professions and responsible heads of businesses would not be removed from their career. The age when their period of military service would commence, is one at which very few men can possibly hold the responsible position of head of a firm. The young man of twenty may indeed be the senior partner in a business, or the sole owner of a factory, but it is absurd to suppose that the real management is in his hands; even after going through his year of military service he is only at at the age when the law recognizes him as a responsible person capable of managing his own affairs. Surely, therefore, no injury

could be inflicted on a business by the removal of a person who even now is legally incapable of carrying it on or entering into any valid contract. It is true that a young man possessed of abnormal business faculties might even at so early an age be a valuable helper in the management of affairs, and that the absence of such a one for three years might be a serious loss. A youth of such mental attainments, however, would in no case find it necessary to spend more than twelve months with the colours; the man whose incapacity forced him to pass three years in the ranks would be one whose absence would be more conducive than his presence to the prosperity of his firm. So much for the argument that the term of training would render it impossible for manufacturers and other responsible persons to give a proper amount of attention to their business. The objection that their service afterwards with the reserve would be injurious, at first sight seems plausible, but on examination turns out to be far more apparent than real. Men in the position we have indicated are not in the habit of working twelve full months every year; they find it possible to take a certain amount of holiday. Heads of very large firms have been known to make a voyage to the Antipodes, to travel for three months on the Continent, and even to spend a year in yachting or other amusements. It has not been found necessary during the absence of the chief to close the factory or the mine; and to all outward appearance business has seemed to progress much in the usual manner. If this is the case when a man is absent on his own amusement, it can hardly be pretended that a different result would ensue if the same man were absent for a fortnight in the service of his country; while on the other hand there seems only too great a danger that, if the manufacturer does not give some such service to his country, he will soon have no business to superintend.

The objection that this experiment must be a costly one would, even if valid, scarcely be a reason for refusing to attempt it. Mere expense in a matter of such vital importance cannot be seriously alleged as an argument. That the expense entailed would much exceed the cost of our present defences is a proposition not as yet established; that it can be established is open to very grave doubt. We have shown the fallacy of arguing that a serious indirect expense would be incurred; it seems indeed more probable that with regard to indirect gain and loss the balance would remain in our favour. As to direct expenses it may be shown that the costliness of compulsory, as compared with volun-



tary, service is grossly exaggerated by the opponents of the proposed system. The present annual expenditure for our Indian army is about 20 millions, for our home army between 17 and 18 millions. The strength of the Indian forces would be left untouched by our scheme; the home army as at present constituted would practically disappear. There would be substituted a portion of what we have styled the foreign service army; this portion might consist of the same number of troops as are now used for the protection of our colonies and coaling stations. These troops would not, as at present, require the maintenance of a reserve, since its place would be supplied by the conscript forces at home; and there would be in connection with this foreign service force no militia or volunteers. The sole expense would be that incurred in the maintenance and equipment of the men actually on service, with a possible small addition for the pensions of such retired soldiers as were not provided for in Government situations. The annual cost therefore of the foreign troops stationed out of India may be roughly estimated at 3 millions. This estimate is made upon the supposition that we maintain our foreign armament at its present strength; if we increased it to an extent which would render reinforcement in case of war unnecessary, the cost would probably amount to about 4 millions more.\* In return for this 4 millions we should expect to be as secure from defeat in every part of our empire as human precaution could render. The extra expense that would be necessary for the support and equipment of such a large force as universal service would give us, would be balanced by the saving due to diminished pay, by the abolition of non-effective pay, and the disappearance of the auxiliary forces. A great saving might also be effected by the exercise of ordinary economy in the administration, and by the stoppage of retiring premiums and fancy salaries paid to ornamental officers. There is no reason either why the army should not be to a great extent self-supporting. The manufacture of clothing, and of many articles of store, could well be carried on in the army itself. Worked economically, the new system would probably cost no more than the present. The cost of the German army is given by Colonel Boughiey as  $14\frac{1}{2}$  millions, and in the articles on the British army which appeared in the *Fortnightly* in 1887, as 19 millions. There seems no reason to believe that the latter of these figures would be exceeded in our own case. What-

\* Vide "The German and British Armies," by Captain Hozier, in the *Nineteenth Century* of August, 1883.

ever difference there might be would probably be a decrease rather than an increase. Taking these estimates as approximately accurate, we may put the total expenditure on our home and foreign armies, including the forces in India, at about 42 millions as against a present expenditure of  $37\frac{1}{2}$  millions. In return for this slightly increased outlay we should be able in case of necessity to rely on a defensive force which at the lowest estimate could not be less than two millions of men, and our Indian and Colonial Empire would be in the same state of defence as at present. Even this slight increase in expenditure would probably involve no increase in taxation; the burden would certainly fall no heavier than now on the payer of both rates and taxes. On the one hand he would save by a lessened poor-rate, while on the other the necessity of imposing higher taxes might be obviated by the extension of trade.

If, as is stated, compulsory service and emigration are inseparably correlated as cause and effect, we may expect the one to be invariably followed by the other. The example generally given in illustration of this law is the stream of emigration that continually flows from Germany. The supporters of this view seem to forget that Germany is not the only country where universal service exists. From France, where the conditions are even more onerous than in Germany, emigration is very small. From our own islands, where military service is purely voluntary, emigration is greater than from any other country. The fact that so many leave England and Germany seems to have no connection with forced service, but to be due to natural causes. Indeed, the maintenance in the army of a large section of the population would, by relieving the labour market and equalising the ratio between supply and demand, tend greatly to remove one of the evils in our social organism for which emigration has hitherto proved an inadequate remedy. Both the followers of Mr. Henry George, who seem to hold that a population cannot be too dense, and the older political economists, who teach that when a certain limit is reached the surplus must be got rid of, will admit that it is desirable to have as large a population as can possibly be maintained in comfort. The economic axiom, that the thicker the population the greater is the value of the land and consequently the greater the prosperity of the country, is surely an argument that will carry force to the minds of all who have the good of the nation at heart. The struggle for existence makes emigration at present a necessity in our country. The unequal



distribution of wealth, as some allege, the excess of population over the means of subsistence, according to others, or the prospect of a fortune waiting to be picked up in new lands, causes our country to be yearly drained of a large portion of its inhabitants. If the conditions could be so altered as to make existence easier and more attractive in this country, men would not be likely to wish to exchange it for the unknown life of a far-off land; and the resulting benefit to the nation can hardly be questioned.

While at present, unfortunately, emigration is a necessary evil which would be greatly mitigated if not entirely removed by the adoption of compulsory service, no harm would accrue to the civil portion of the community through the absorption of its best brain and intellectual capacity into the army. The career offered to an officer, even in the most favourable circumstances, is scarcely such from a monetary point of view as to tempt a man from professional or commercial life. We have seen that the persons possessed of sufficient talent to succeed in any line would need to serve but one year in the ranks. Their life there would be neither so hard nor so disagreeable as to make them wish to escape it by becoming commissioned officers in the permanent army. The inducements offered by the position of an officer are such as could influence only the man whose nature and inclination would in any case have led him to adopt a military life. It must be remembered also that with universal service the one year's training would not in any way handicap those who had to undergo it. Our German neighbours, indeed, have not only ability left to spare for the prosecution of science and scholarship, but in spite of the so-called disadvantage under which they labour as compared with ourselves, outstrip us in the competition for the custom of the world.

The objection that universal service would involve a principle of compulsion repugnant to the spirit of Englishmen has been generally dealt with in the beginning of this article. Its more specific consideration requires but a few words. With our constitution, it would be accepted, if accepted at all, by the nation as a whole; and the compulsion would be one put upon ourselves by ourselves. From this law, as from all other laws, there might be a dissentient minority; but the coercing of this minority would involve no greater breach of moral law than any other use of physical force in the administration of justice. In all democratic communities, as it is, the interest of the few has to yield to that of the many. In this case, the comfort of the individual must

give way to the well-being of the State. That such service, because not freely offered, would be inferior to that of the voluntary soldier appears to be contradicted by all experience. The periods of our greatest success and glory both in naval and military warfare have been those in which our sailors and soldiers were pressed into the service, the former by the instrumentality of the press-gang, the latter by means even less honourable, although less violent. A great improvement would be effected in the *morale* of our army by the admixture of the artisan and middle classes. At present our forces are recruited from those classes which are the lowest both in the social and mental scales. The most intelligent sections of the community are but sparsely represented in all parts of our army. Conscription, by adding this new and valuable element, would raise the average to that of the country at large. With the improvement of the workers the work done must of necessity be of better quality. There is much truth in the Continental saying that the German and the Frenchman consider military service an honour, the Englishman considers it a disgrace. The existence of this feeling in England is undoubted. It is too true, indeed, as once remarked by Sir George Trevelyan, that "We man our army from the dregs of society." Such being the case, it can hardly be seriously contended that the present soldier is more likely to do his work in a thorough and conscientious manner than the man who would feel himself to be personally interested in its perfection and completeness.

One writer\* on this subject has declared that compulsory service would never be tolerated in England, except under the smart of some great national disaster. The French people, after their humiliating overthrow in 1870, made a noble effort at recovery, and have wisely determined that no future attack shall find them in the state of unpreparedness which led to their defeat. They have cheerfully submitted to whatever inconvenience universal military service may involve. Shall we not profit by their experience, instead of waiting for the scourge of some great calamity to drive us into an adequate state of preparation? Need we really insist on undergoing in our own persons a penalty which will impress upon us the truth of the old proverb that prevention is better than cure? This is no mere class question, it is one which concerns every class and every individual of the nation. The landed aristocracy have much to lose in case of an unsuccessful war. An indemnity, exceeding in amount anything that has

\* Captain Hozier, *Nineteenth Century*, August 1883.



hitherto been known in history would most assuredly be demanded by the conqueror. It is futile to suppose that in a country like ours, where the burden of taxation is regulated by the popular will, and where new doctrines of social equality and the common property of land are floating in the air, the landed proprietors could avoid contributing their share; nay, it is certain that not merely a proportionate share, but the greater part would be raised from the land. The damage to trade would probably have been so great that the mercantile class, even if not quite ruined, would be unable to bear any additional burden. Their loss in the case of war would be enormous; the injury done them during peace is likely to be greater still. Surely with ruin as a probable alternative, the middle classes of the country can hardly set their faces against what promises to be a remedy. The working classes, too, have much to lose. Their struggle at present may be severe, and they may, as some of them assert, be defrauded of their dues. But the power of redress, so far as political change can bring redress, is in their own hands. With a successful foreign enemy in our capital, political emancipation might be, and probably would be, thrown back many generations. We may confidently appeal, therefore, to the working man to sanction a project which will allow him to fight his social battle with a free hand. From every class we may ask that in its own interests, as well as for the common good, it will not hesitate to make what sacrifice is demanded. The patriotism of the English people has never failed in time of need; it has carried the country successfully through what seemed desperate emergencies, and has raised her from the midst of danger and threatened ruin to the position of wide supremacy she held not long ago. There is no fear that the nation's patriotism will fail; are we to be for ever calling upon it as our forlorn hope to rescue us from the environment of danger and disaster, which our lack of wisdom and foresight may all too soon bring upon us?

## Some Russian Masters-General of Ordnance.



AS promised in our last issue, we reproduce from the pages of the *Vsemirnaya Illustratzia* some portraits of the chiefs of the Russian artillery in times past and present. Though this department of the army existed, as we then wrote, as early as 1552, it was not systematically organized till the reign of Peter the Great, who,

in 1700, appointed Prince Alexander of Imeretia *feldzeugmeister*, or Master-General of the Ordnance. This youth, a companion of Peter's during boyhood, had been specially educated at the Hague in gunnery and its kindred sciences; but shortly after his appointment to the command of the Russian artillery he fell into the hands of the Swedes at the battle of Narva and remained in captivity till his death in the year 1711.

In 1704 the post was conferred on Count James Bruce, who was born at Pskoff in the year 1670. His father, William Bruce, had emigrated from Scotland in the time of Cromwell, and is said to have been a lineal descendant of Robert Bruce and his son, David II. In 1687 he entered the corps of youths whom Peter had enrolled as a boy for his own amusement,



COUNT BRUCE.





COUNT MUNNICH.

and attracted the favourable notice of the Tzar. At the time of the attempted *coup d'état* by Sophia, and the revolt of the *Streletz* bodyguard, he accompanied his sovereign in his flight to the Troitzki monastery, near Moscow, and shared his danger and privations. After the suppression of the *émeute* he followed him during the Azoff campaign, and constructed a map of the tracts of country which lie between Moscow and the Euxine. Like his master, he was too late to assist at the battle of Narva; the prestige of Charles XII.'s name seems to have "demoralized"

both of them; nevertheless, his backwardness in coming forward incurred the Tzar's severe displeasure, which did not relax till the ensuing year, when he was nominated governor of Novgorod. Thenceforward he commanded the artillery at most of Peter's feats of arms; was present at the battles of Kalisch, Lessnaia, and Pultava, finally participating in the disaster of Hush, on the banks of the Pruth which, in 1711, so nearly consigned the great reforming Tzar into Turkish clutches. In the following year, however, he was at his post during that Mecklenburg campaign which first aroused a dread of Russian aggression among the Powers of Western Europe. He retired from active service on the death of his benefactor in 1725, expiring ten years later with the dignity of Count and rank of Field-Marshal in the Russian army.

From 1729 to 1735 the renowned Burchardt von Münnich was Master-General. The son



PRINCE V. REPIN.



COUNT GREGORY ORLOFF.

elevation of Elizabeth to the throne, and, after a mock trial, deported to Siberia with other foreign adventurers who shared his fall. In exile he remained for twenty years, not being recalled to Russia till the accession of Peter III. in 1762.

Prince Vassili Repnin was Master-General from 1745 to 1748, the year of his death. He commenced life as a volunteer in the Austrian service, but, returning to his native land in the reign of Peter II., became a lieutenant in the Bombardiers of the Guard. He served in the Crimea under Count Münich, was present at the capture of Otchakoff, and became a lieutenant-general on peace being concluded with the Porte in 1740.

Count Gregory Orloff, the notorious favourite of Catherine II., occupied the post of Master-General from 1765 to 1783. Born in 1734, he was educated in the Cadet Corps, subse-

of a Danish official, he was born at Oldenburg in the year 1683. Entering the service of Peter the Great in 1721 he became one of the most efficient and useful foreign instruments which have contributed to the building up of the Russian empire, while his Crimean exploits in the reign of the Tzarina Anne secured him the reputation of an excellent military commander. On the decease of the Empress, he became a leading member of the regency during the short-lived reign of her successor, the ill-fated Ivan VI., but was seized by the national party on the



PRINCE ZUBOFF.



quently obtaining his commission in one of the line regiments of infantry. He served in the Seven Years War, greatly distinguishing himself in the sanguinary battle of Zorndorf, where he was thrice wounded, but still kept his place in the ranks. In 1759 he was transferred to the Imperial Guard, and, on the accession of Catherine, honours were showered so plenteously on him that in 1764 he found himself Master-General among other high distinctions.

He was succeeded by Prince Plato Zuboff, another successful



GRAND DUKE MICHAEL PAVLOVITCH.

candidate for imperial favours. Born in 1767, he entered the army as a sergeant in the Horse Guards, soon to be promoted cornet. In 1789, transferred as aide-de-camp to the Court with the rank of lieutenant, he employed his opportunities so adroitly that in the following year he was commissioned a major-general. In the twenty-sixth year of his age he was not only Master-General, but Governor-General of three Russian provinces and a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, while, before the death of the Empress, he became a Prince of the same order. After that (for

him) lamentable event, he retired to his Lithuanian estates, and must have felt happy in being permitted to do so; for Paul was her successor. In 1800, however, he returned to the army as an infantry general.

The Grand Duke Michael Pavlovitch, brother to the Tzar Nicholas, was Master-General of Ordnance from 1798 to 1849; that is to say, from his birth to the day of his death: a record of full-pay service which it would plainly be impossible to surpass in

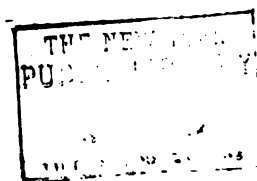


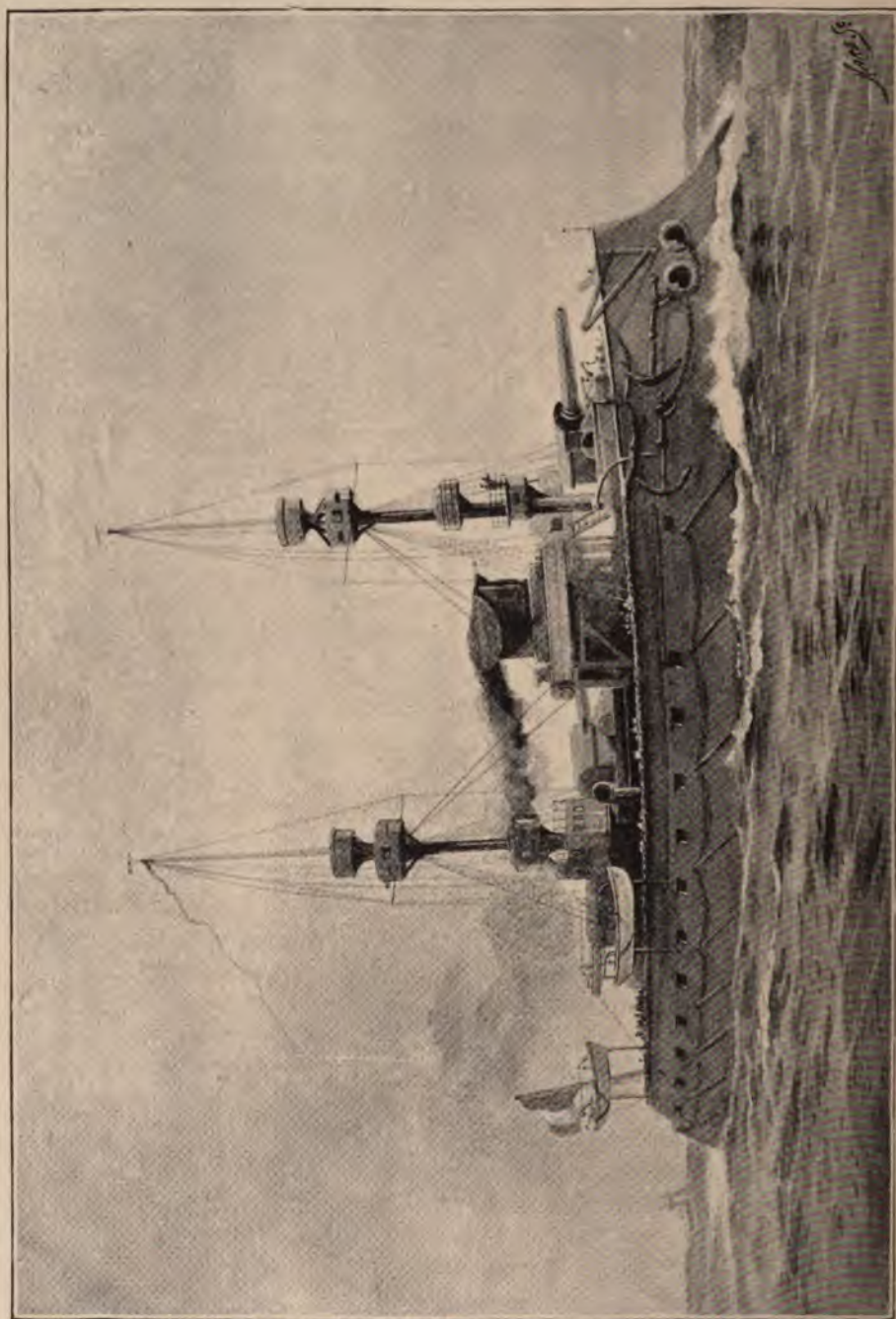
GRAND DUKE MICHAEL NIKOLAYEVITCH.

length. But he was the son of Tzar Paul, and this was one of that monarch's freaks. In 1827 he commanded the Guard Infantry Division in the Turkish War, superintended the siege of Braila, and took part in the capture of Varna. In 1831 he was present with the Guard at the battle of Ostrolenka, and the fall of Warsaw and Modlin. Dying at Warsaw in 1849, he was succeeded in command of the Russian artillery by the present holder of the office, the Grand Duke Michael Nikolayevitch, uncle to the present Emperor.

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THE NEW FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP "AMIRAL BAUDIN."



# Naval Warfare:

ITS PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE HISTORICALLY TREATED.

By REAR-ADMIRAL P. H. COLOMB.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH ATTACKS ON TERRITORY FROM THE SEA SUCCEED OR FAIL.

The gradations in completeness of command of the sea in relation to attacks upon territory.—Special state of West and East Indian waters on account of trade-winds and monsoons.—Powers of holding places supplied over a commanded sea.—Limits of these powers.—Two objects in attack: (1) Ravage and destruction; (2) occupation and conquest.—Time at disposal a measure of success in each over a doubtfully commanded sea.—An expedition must either be accompanied by overwhelming naval force, or else naval force should be absent.—Attacks without troops rare; confined to bombardment and forcing purposes.—System of citadels usual in fortification last century.—The philosophy of the system and its disadvantages to the power with superior naval force.—Superiority of naval defence.—Recapitulation.



IN the last four chapters I have dealt with the history of the principal attempts of one naval power to wrest from the hands of another—but only for a time, and for a particular purpose—that command of the sea which the latter admittedly possessed. It has been seen that such attempts tend to become failures chiefly because attention, which ought to be wholly concentrated on a single class of operations of supreme moment, is dissipated and lost between two objects. So divided does the attention become, that whereas, ostensibly, the object is to get at least a local command of the sea for a limited time, and at all hazards, actually, the great naval preparations are thrown away, and the ulterior purpose of descent upon territory is seen to rest for success, after all, much more on the evasion of probably opposing forces than of beating them by superior force upon the spot.

It has thus been seen that the dividing line between attempts to

gain the command of the sea in order to facilitate a descent upon the land, and descents upon the land with an admitted want of command of the sea, is an exceedingly fine one. So fine, that it is the apparent magnitude of the naval preparations on the part of the attacking force, in pursuance of the first object, which chiefly remains to distinguish them.

And then we further observe that the term "command of the sea," as applied to denote power to prevent the passage of an enemy intending to descend upon the land, is necessarily indefinite. Command may be absolutely complete, not only for that, but for all other purposes. It may be sufficiently complete to secure an expedition proceeding over sea for the attack of territory, from any sort of interruption either then, or at the point of attack; and yet it may not be sufficiently complete to make communications with the base from the point of attack absolutely secure. It may then be found by fine gradations, less and less complete, until command of the sea is wholly lost, and the enemy roves at will across the water routes which lead to the point of attack.

Of this absolute command of the sea we have but the single historical instance of our own position in the Crimean War. It was in part the result of the peculiar position of the enemy's naval ports opening into seas which were themselves narrowed into easily-guarded outlets—the Bosphorus and Dardanelles; the Sound and the Belts. These narrow passages formed, as it were, outer gates to the prisons within which the enemy was confined, and were as a warning to him of the double risks he ran in any attempts to escape. But it is quite possible that but for the agency of steam propulsion in our hands, that absolute command of the sea which geographical conditions favoured us in holding, might have been incomplete. When ships were propelled by the wind, nature constantly stepped in to confound the designs of art, and to put into the hands of one side, advantages which to it were as unlooked for as to the other side they were prohibitive. But it may be fairly argued that had steam been as much at command of the Russian fleet as it was at command of that of the Allies, it is possible that even in the Baltic and Black Seas the control of the latter Powers might have been to some extent disputed.

From this absolute command of the sea, which left the Allies in their attack upon the Crimea entirely at ease with regard to their communications, we go forward a step to the Franco-German War, where the command of the sea was at least threatened, and where operations on the line of communications, if in a very insignificant



degree, actually took place.\* In the American Civil War, although the Confederate naval forces were never strong enough to interfere from seaward with any of the Federal attacks on Confederate ports, they were occasionally in a position to operate on the Federal water communications with their bases. That they did not do so, arose in the usual way, from a consideration of the balance of risks and advantages. In the Chilo-Peruvian War we find that the inferior naval power, while not strong enough to dispute the command of the sea, did operate on the communications most effectually in certainly one case.† In the Austro-Italian War of 1866, the Italian command of the sea was so ill estimated, that the inferior Austrian fleet was able to defeat the attempt to capture the Island of Lissa by a victory over the superior Italian fleet.

Passing back from these modern illustrations, we ascend the stream of time to a set of conditions where each of the forces at war held a simultaneous command of the sea within the immediate sphere of the operations of its fleets, but not beyond it. Each side had forces on the open sea, intact and threatening. If attacks on the land were to be made by either side under such conditions, they were made by admittedly inferior naval forces, trusting entirely to evasion—to carrying out the work of surprise, and completing it so quickly as to preclude the probable arrival of superior relieving naval force. Or else they were made under cover of a locally superior naval force—a force which defied the interference of the enemy at sea.

We shall see this phase of the command of the sea abundantly illustrated in the history of naval war, and we shall compare, in numerous instances, the two methods of treating it in relation to attacks upon territory.

Passing through this period or phase of the strategical position of the sea, considered as territory over which military forces march for the purposes of conquest at particular localities, we come to that very early phase which I have described in my first chapter, where neither side has nor attempts to have any command of the sea; where the water may be considered a desert—indifferent territory not subject to offensive and defensive operations—but a mere marching ground or medium for the transmission of military force from any one point to any other.

\* I allude to the captures made by the *Augusta* off the mouth of the Gironde during the height of the war.

† I allude to the capture of the Chilean transport *Rimac*, having on board 300 cavalry with their horses, by the Peruvian *Huascar* and *Union*.—Markham's *The War between Peru and Chili*, 1879-1882., p. 117.

I have endeavoured to show, in my first chapter, that the passage from this earliest phase of indifferent sea, to the second phase of sea of which the command may be disputed at any time and in any locality, has depended mainly on the growing improvement in naval architecture, and I may usefully enlarge for a brief space here on the point, as we must understand that in this case what has been, is, and will be. The possibility of the superior naval force controlling the open sea, either for facilitating its own marches across it for descents upon the land, or for preventing such descents by the inferior naval force, has assuredly grown and developed into probability and certainty by every improvement in the capacity of ships to proceed over the sea, and to maintain any given position on it. This has been so when the improvement has been equal on both sides. No argument on the other side is of value until this unquestionable fact has been explained away.

When naval war under sail began to develop itself, the superior naval power was precluded absolutely from keeping his forces in continual juxtaposition with those of the inferior naval power. The condition of the war-ships, and the weather in European waters, was such that all warlike operations had to be suspended for the winter months.

In the war which followed the accession of William III., which, with the war of the Succession, is a very useful subject of study in such inquiries as the present, there was a distinct objection to sending the first- and second-rates to sea as early as the 7th of May; and an equally strong objection to keeping them at sea after the 1st of August. Smaller ships might sail earlier, and return later, but even for these at first the mid-winter months were too dangerous to be faced. It followed that as spring came on, it was always a chance which fleet got to sea earliest. The mere fact that an English fleet, for instance, might (and often did) proceed off an enemy's port to find it empty and his fleet at sea, must have put the idea of undisputed command of the sea very far in the background in this country.\*

No doubt there was fear on behalf of the larger ships, heavily charged with guns on weak decks supported by weak scantling as they were, lest they might be over-strained in a winter's gale. But this was not the danger which pressed upon contemporary authorities. The first- and second-rates, and perhaps the third-rates—the strength of any fleet—were perfectly helpless under

\* See *Entick*, p. 555.



sail in heavy weather. It was not safe to have them at sea in any position where they had not room to drive for forty-eight hours. And time was converted into space by supposing one of the ships in the middle of the English Channel in a northerly or southerly gale. It was known that in the northerly gale the southern shore would become, by reason of the ship's driving, a lee shore in six hours; or that in the southerly gale the north shore would become a lee shore in the same time.\*

This throws a flood of light on the position. If ships could not be trusted even as near the shore as a mid-channel station would put them, they could not be trusted near an enemy's port, except under special and exceptional circumstances. And this is just what we observe. Most of the danger to our command of the sea was to be found at Brest, yet when the danger was to be faced in these earlier wars, the station of the facing fleet was never nearer than thirty miles from Ushant, unless there existed the intention of attacking the French ships in their own ports. Then indeed the English fleet went into Camaret and Berteau Bay and anchored.

Under such conditions, the seas from the mouth of the English Channel to a line drawn from Cape Clear to Cape Finisterre were long in an indifferent state,† but yet the geographical conditions were such that territorial attacks on either side, coming over sea, were rare.

Long after the European waters, as a consequence of the improvements in ships, had passed the stage of indifference into that of disputed command, the waters on the other side of the Atlantic, in the West Indies and on the coasts of America, were often indifferent. And where this was so, we find a system of warfare carried on between the hostile territories very closely resembling the "cross-raiding" which I have shown in my first chapter to be characteristic of our home waters before the establishment of systematic naval war, and before therefore any rules for its effective conduct could have been conceived.

The causes of this condition in Western waters were twofold. Naval force was not indigenous to those seas; it was necessary to import it. The supply of it was consequently intermittent, so that

\* There is nothing more calculated to show the difference in the power of ships to keep the sea at early and late epochs, than to compare the blockade of Brest in 1805 with what was done off the port at earlier dates, remembering that the existing *Victory* took part in the later operations.

† I have to give to this term the technical meaning denoting a sea over which neither side attempts to hold command, and, therefore, which neither side threatens.

often there was on neither side any naval force competent to take even a limited command of the sea. Another cause was the steady character of the wind in the West Indies. The duration of the passages from point to point were not, as in European waters, sometimes half and sometimes double the average length in time. The individual passage was, on the contrary, always close to the average, and therefore if a descent from one island upon another was designed, and the whereabouts of the possibly opposing naval force was known, something like accurate calculation could be made as to the time at disposal before the admittedly superior fleet could possibly put in an appearance to stop or destroy the expedition. If the complete intention of the descent could be fulfilled within this time, the waters over which it had to pass were certainly indifferent, and there was no such chance as evasion to be taken into account. If, on the contrary, there were a possibility, or a probability, that the opposing fleet might be in a position to oppose before there was reasonable hope of completing the objects of the expedition, then, if it sailed, it did not voyage over indifferent water, but within the area of disputed command of the sea, and it must depend upon evasion for success.

The approximately fixed direction from the eastward, and approximately fixed force of the wind, gave the easternmost positions in the West Indies always an advantage over the western. The distance from Antigua to Jamaica is, roughly, 850 miles. A well-found sailing ship of thirty or forty years ago would run from the first to the last place in seven or eight days, but the return voyage, made by beating against the wind south of Hispaniola and Porto Rico, would occupy three times that amount of time. Two hundred years ago both passages were longer, in consequence of the inferior character of the ships; and both then and later, a squadron would be slower than a single ship over both passages, but proportionately over each passage.

This special condition of the West India Islands, brought about by the trade-winds, was so far recognized that, almost from the beginning, and up to the close of the Napoleonic wars, West Indian waters were divided into two naval commands, embracing the weathermost and the leewardmost waters. But the names given to the two stations, "The Jamaica Station" and "The Leeward Islands Station," were not calculated to bring out the significance of the fact. The Leeward Islands station was properly the Windward Islands station, but I suppose it took its name from the fact that its port of supply, English Harbour, Antigua, was





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accurately one of the Leeward Islands, that name embracing all the islands from Porto Rico to Dominica inclusive.

If the authorities of Martinique therefore had the necessary transport and troops for an attack, say on St. Lucia, but were unpossessed of naval force to secure command of the sea over which the expedition was to pass, and if they had knowledge that the only naval force capable of interfering with them was at Jamaica, they would know that for four or five weeks, certainly for four weeks, the sea which concerned them would be indifferent. Possessed of the necessary land force, and bent on attaining an object which it was reasonable to hope such force might fully attain in less than four weeks, there would exist no reason why success should not be assumed. At the same time as this was going on, there might be no naval force at Hispaniola to interfere with an expedition against it fitted out at Jamaica; and we might therefore have at the same time, raiding going on by the French at Martinique against the English at St. Lucia; and raids going on by the English at Jamaica against the French at Hispaniola. That is to say that while there was naval force enough in the hands of the English in the West Indies to command the sea in any locality where it might put in an appearance, we should still see enacted in those waters "cross-raiding" practices only possible over an indifferent sea, and not found in use in European waters since a time before the days of Elizabeth.

But if we wish to come to the historical aspects of war across the water carried on in this way, we must be perfectly clear about the conditions which bring it about. In these cross-raids in European waters before Elizabeth's time, there was no conquest, properly so called, intended or attempted. One great country was divided from another great country by a strip of sea over which neither country had, or could have, the control. The raiding expeditions were small, and confined their operations almost to the water's edge of the enemy's shore. They were minor affairs not launched with the object of holding territory, and of a much lower strategic character than the operations of the smallest advanced guard on land with an army in its rear.

Time in these cases was nothing. All that had to be calculated was the transport of sufficient force to effect the object in view. If the force was rightly calculated, it effected its purpose on the land, and embarked again. If it was wrongly calculated, the enemy on land met it on or after its landing and beat it off again.

In the absence of naval force in the West Indies we had all the

old conditions on a smaller scale: the islands at war, the one with the other, because the mother countries were at war, were separated by small strips of indifferent water. Time was not of importance. If the force sent on the expedition was sufficient and properly handled, it obviously effected its purpose. If it was not sufficient or was improperly handled, it was beaten back on shore by the land forces of the invaded island.

But there was this difference between the case of European and West Indian waters when no properly called naval force was present. Expeditions could pass from one island to another with the intention of conquest, and they might succeed. The military forces were generally small, the territory invaded was generally small, and in proportion to its size was usually more easily conquered. When the waters therefore were really indifferent, the invasion, pure and simple, of one island by another, was usually a possibility, and was, as we shall see, not infrequent.

But just as the expeditions were small, so was any naval force large in disproportion to its actual size. Expeditions which might naturally have succeeded when pushed over really indifferent waters, were postponed, abandoned, or defeated, even on the mere show of very small opposing naval force. Not infrequently the simple report of the vicinity of opposing naval force would cause the abandonment of an enterprise; and we shall hear of hurried re-embarkations of expeditions already landed and progressing, on advice—true or false—of approaching naval force.

When opposing naval force was known to be in certain localities, the question of time became always important. In the supposititious case spoken of, of a projected attack by forces from the island of Martinique on the island of St. Lucia while there was ample opposing force at Jamaica, the expedition could only be undertaken if its completion might be reasonably calculated on well within the four weeks. Of course, if it were a mere harrying raid it would appear on a diminished scale, and would attempt nothing involving time, for time would bring the presumed superior land forces of St. Lucia up to defeat the object of the raid. But if the conquest of the island were the object, it must not only be completed before the four weeks had expired, but the conquered island must be settled within that time and prepared to resist all attempts to retake it. In this respect there is a difference between absolutely and relatively indifferent waters.

Again, in the West Indies, it could never be said that the waters were at any point absolutely indifferent, for an importation of



naval force on the one side or the other from Europe might at any unexpected moment occur. Generally speaking, the student of naval history may be reasonably struck by the rarity of the unexpected appearance of naval force. The unlooked-for apparition of single hostile ships, or even of small squadrons, to confound the designs of commanders looking for success to the permanence of an indifferent sea, may here and there be noticed, but this was seldom the case with squadrons of any force, and rare indeed, in the case of powerful fleets. But the mere fact that naval forces from Europe might present themselves at the most inopportune moment, was always a check upon expeditions crossing the water without the cover of a purely naval force.

There was a condition operating in the West Indies in a manner such as to closely resemble the effect of the winter season. The so-called "hurricane months," the months of August and September, were so dreaded, that the war-ships on both sides were accustomed to pass into Northern waters in July, and not to return till October. There was, therefore, a time corresponding to the European spring, when the early advent to the spot of even an inferior naval force might give a temporary command of the sea capable of being taken advantage of by the enterprising possessor of it. Just as in European waters the fleet which first "put to sea" after the enforced rest in port of the winter months, was always understood to have gained an advantage.

On the coasts of North America the conditions were not unlike those of the West Indian Islands, if we except the regularity of the winds. For centuries there were posts and settlements of English and French within easy, or comparatively easy, reach of one another by sea. And though these settlements were on the Continent, or on very large islands, they were often limited in area and in their population. Absolute conquest of one settlement by an expedition coming over sea from another, was not always out of the question by a comparatively small force, and capable of being effected, therefore, in a comparatively short time. Hence, for these particular purposes, there were sometimes found indifferent waters, especially in earlier days.

On the west coast of Africa, where stations, ports, or trading posts, were sometimes in the hands of opposing nations, the same conditions prevailed as those on the American coast, of an indifferent sea, and forces transported over it to the attack.

In the East Indies, the monsoons played the same part as the trade-winds in the West Indies, and put into the hands of the force

which was to windward certainties of calculation which it could use to its profit. We shall have at least one memorable and remarkable instance of the successful use of this advantage. But in the East Indies, settlement hardly made war over sea against settlement, for the reason that the settlers were few, though the populations were large. Naval force, and often a considerable amount of naval force, was necessary to conduct expeditions which could not be small. And hence, in the East Indies, when the state of affairs was such as to prompt the opposing powers to attack one another's territories by way of expeditions over sea, the state of the sea was not often indifferent. It was more commonly a condition of disputed command, or of command nearly complete.

We see, therefore, these three states of the sea considered as a strategic surface or medium for transport: the state of *Indifference*, of *Disputed Command*, and of *Assured Command*. And evidently there must be a continual passing from one state into a higher, and back again.

It must always be remembered that these terms apply only to possible or contemplated descents upon the land. They have nothing to do with the freedom or otherwise of sea-borne commerce, for this is, *prima facie*, defenceless, and therefore open to the attacks of that which is not properly naval force at all, being of too insignificant a character to be so classed. The attacks on commerce in fact have, historically, had little or no connection with the condition of the sea in the matter of command, unless that has been, as it was in the Crimean war, absolute. All through every stage of our naval wars since those of the Commonwealth, the capture of merchant ships has been kept on both sides as a sort of debtor and creditor account. I believe I am right in saying that only in the Crimean war was this not so. The condition was exceedingly marked in the American Civil War, and even in the Franco-German war there was just a retaliation by the German navy on French commerce for the grievous injuries suffered by the German commerce. In these wars, all stages of the sea were found; and sometimes the proportionate success was greatest against the Power which had an assured command of the sea so far as any attacks on territory over sea were concerned.

And if we take these three states of the sea into our contemplation as conditions under which expeditions across it succeed or fail, we may note that over a commanded sea no such expedition can be put in force at all by the inferior naval Power, except by evasion, else must we admit a sea which is of disputed command,



or one which is indifferent. On the other side, the Power in command of the sea ought never to fail in any attack it undertakes; so long as it does not cut itself off from its sea communications.

Transport by land and supply by land have never been able to compete on anything like equal terms with similar operations by sea. It was so when naval war began; it has been proved so down to our own day in the operations of war.\* Even though railway

\* The words of Sir Walter Raleigh are worth quoting on this head, not only for their truth, but as an illustration of how the great seamen of a long past age were accustomed to draw their lessons from ages still more remote. Speaking of the ill-luck of the Roman consuls Servius and Sempronius at sea after their success by land against the Carthaginians, and of the endeavour to maintain themselves without using the sea, he says: "But this late resolution of forsaking the seas lasted not long; for it was impossible for them to succour those places which they held in Sicily without a navy, much less to maintain the war in Africa. For whereas the Romans were to send forces from Messina to Egæta, to Lilybæum, and to other parts in the extreme west parts of Sicily, making sometimes a march of above one hundred and forty English miles by land, which could not be performed with an army and the provisions that followed it, in less than fourteen days, the Carthaginians would pass it with their galleys in forty-eight hours."

An old example we have of transporting armies by water between Canutus and Edmund Ironside. For Canutus, when he had entered the Thames with his navy and army and could not prevail against London, suddenly embarked and sailing to the west, landed in Dorsetshire, so drawing Edmund and his army thither. There finding ill entertainment, he again shipped his men and entered the Severn, making Edmund march after him to the succour of Worcestershire, by him greatly spoiled. But when he had Edmund there, he sailed back again to London; by means whereof he both wearied the King and spoiled where he pleased, ere succour could arrive. And this was not the least help which the Netherlands have had against the Spaniards in the defence of their liberty, that being masters of the sea, they could pass their army from place to place, unwearied and entire, with all the munition and artillery belonging unto it, in the tenth part of the time wherein their enemies have been able to do it. Of this an instance or two. The Count Maurice of Nassau, now living, one of the greatest captains and worthiest princes that either the present or preceding ages have brought forth, in the year 1590 carried his army by sea, with forty cannons, to Breda, making countenance either to besiege Bois-le-Duc or Gertrudenberg, which the enemy (in prevention) filled with soldiers and victuals. But as soon as the wind served, he suddenly set sail, and arriving in the mouth of the Meuse, turned up the Rhine and thence to Yssel, and sat down before Zutphen. So before the Spaniards could march overland round about Holland, above eighty miles, and over many great rivers, with their cannon and carriage, Zutphen was taken. Again, when the Spanish army had overcome this wearisome march and were now far from home, the Prince Maurice, making countenance to sail up the Rhine, changed his course in the night, and sailing down the stream, he was set down before Hulst, in Brabant, ere the Spaniards had knowledge what had become of him. So this town he took before the Spanish army could return. Lastly, the Spanish army was no sooner arrived in Brabant than the Prince Maurice, attended by his good fleet, having fortified Hulst, set sail again, and presented himself before Nimeguen in Guelders, a city of notable importance, and mastered it. . . .

For there is no man so ignorant, that ships, without putting themselves out of breath, will easily outrun the soldiers that coast them. "*Les armées ne valent point en poste*"



trains pass at a nominally higher speed than steam ships, their limit of speed has long been reached, while no one can yet say what is the limit of the speed of the latter. The railway also must be constructed, and is limited in carrying area; the sea is always ready and as unlimited as the land is. If a landing, therefore, can be effected on any point from which communication with the ships is secure, the occupation of the point is only a question of sufficient force, and the holding of it against any land forces can be made a matter of certainty, as being only one of reinforcement and supply, both of which are free to come over sea, freer than either can be to come over land.

But though this doctrine is true in the abstract, it has obvious limitations. It pre-supposes that the base or bases from which supplies and reinforcements come are at approximately equal distances by land and by sea. Although it be true that their transport is very much quicker by sea than by land, yet the sea bases may be so much farther off in distance than the land bases as to equalise the time intervals, or even to turn the scale very much in favour of the land. The abstract truth, therefore is limited by the geographical conditions, and every historical case of this kind must be considered under the actual conditions which limit the principle.

We shall see instances of failure to capture ports or places when the attack has been made over a practically commanded sea. These we can at once set down to insufficient force or insufficient perseverance in employing the force. We shall also find instances of failure to hold places captured, or otherwise obtained, and then left dependent on the sea for reinforcement and supply. There we shall note that the cause of the failure has really been the length in time of the sea-voyage between the bases of reinforcement and supply and the port or place to be held. The result has been that the supply and reinforcement of the investing forces by land has been far in advance of the supply and reinforcement of the invested forces by sea.

Such cases range themselves side by side with those where the communications of the landed forces with the sea have been cut, either by circumstances of weather or too great an advance into

(armies neither fly, nor run post), saith a marshal of France. And I know it to be true that a fleet of ships may be seen at sunset and after it at the Lizard, yet by next morning they may recover Portland; whereas an army of foot shall not be able to march it in six days.—*The History of the World*, by Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight. Edinburgh, 1820. Vol. v., pp. 53-59.



the country ; but they do not properly come into the class of those cases where these communications have been cut by the enemy. We then admit a sea either of doubtful command or of one commanded by the Power which holds the land on which the descent has been made, and the causes of the failure are due to either fact.

If the command of the sea is disputed, expeditions across it from the base or bases to the point to be attacked must, to be successful, take means to get a local command of the sea, or else risk evasion, and if it is intended to hold the place attacked, it must be made self-supporting, as there can be no guarantee that the communications will not at any moment be cut. This, again, is often a question of time, as a place may be non-productive as regards supplies, and dependent, therefore, upon accumulated stores which necessarily diminish by the lapse of time. Such places fall if the communications are cut for a sufficient length of time. It follows from this that all places supplied from over sea fall ultimately to the holder of the command of the sea in war. The fall may be delayed according to the proportion of supplies stored, but sooner or later the fall is certain.

The condition of an indifferent sea is, we shall observe, one that passes more and more out of consideration as history goes on. With every improvement in marine architecture, especially with every improvement in marine propulsion, distances are measured by shorter times ; and as time is the real measure of distance in war, shorter times mean shorter distances, or, in other words, that the area commanded by any given naval force continually extends.

If, in the kind of operations we have been discussing, relative times in passing over the sea were the only times to be taken into account, the improvements in marine architecture spoken of would have little modifying effect on the art of naval war.\* But, obviously, this is not so in all cases of attacks over sea upon territory, unless the necessary duration of attack has diminished in like ratio. During the period over which naval history extends, it is not easy to show that there was any change in this respect ; and perhaps in the steam wars of the later dates, the only manifest advance has been the use of small steam-boats in towing troops and stores to land.

But if the process of attack on any place by forces coming over

\* It will probably be seen, when we come to speak of the tactics of the open sea, that this is so to a great extent in that field of operations.

sea has not been hastened in like proportion to the increased rapidity of the passage over sea, then it follows that what used to be indifferent seas may have become of doubtful command, and local command of the sea may have become less assured.

Taking the hypothetical example already used, of Jamaica, Martinique, and St. Lucia: if we suppose the ships of an earlier date took four or five weeks to beat up from Jamaica to St. Lucia against the trade-wind, and ships of a later date only three weeks, the result would be that if there were a naval force at Jamaica in both cases, success by the expedition from Martinique would be less assured at the later date than at the earlier. For while the force required to overcome and occupy St. Lucia may be assumed equal in both cases, and the time during which the conquest is proceeding, and, therefore, during which the conquering force is dependent on the sea for supply and reinforcement, may also be assumed equal in both cases, the time is shortened within which the invading expedition is safe from interruption by the Jamaica force. And coming to steam wars, the very much shortened passage from Jamaica must tend to put it out of the power of Martinique to calculate at all on having an indifferent sea to pass over.

The general result of improved marine architecture, therefore, must be to put a check upon all territorial attacks which depend upon an indifferent sea. As the same cause must tend to make a doubtful command of the sea more doubtful, and a command of the sea more assured, the general result would appear to be, rarer opportunities for territorial attacks across a sea which is not commanded, but much more certainty in the results of expeditions carried on by the power which holds a command of the sea which cannot be challenged. I think it will appear that the general course of naval history bears out in practice these propositions which we accept in theory.

It is important, before we begin the study of particular cases of success or failure in attacks on territory from over sea, that we should have not only some fairly clear conceptions of the conditions under which expeditions pass over sea with regard to their possible interruption by naval force during passage, and the cutting of communications by like forces after the attack has developed or been completed, but also some classified notions of the natures of attacks and defences.

Broadly these fall into two categories—(1) where the object is ravage and destruction, (2) where the object is conquest and occu-



pation. These are really chiefly distinguished by the question of time, but as usual in all classifications the two run into one another in what is sometimes a perplexing way. The bombardment of Algiers, for instance, like the bombardments of Sweaborg and Odessa, as well as those numerous attacks on the French coast towns and ports which I have shown in previous chapters to follow our command in the Channel, fall without question into the first category. So does that landing of troops at Ostend in 1798 mentioned in chapter viii. But the attack on Sevastopol was made with a simply destructive object, and yet developed into a long occupation of the country south of the harbour. The distinctions between the attacks on Ostend and Sevastopol are only to be found in the differences in the magnitudes of the undertakings, and of the times occupied. And the importance of the time question as a classifier comes in when we remember that the Ostend expedition might have been conducted to success, though there had been a vastly superior French naval force at Brest; whilst if there had been in any part of the world a superior Russian naval force, it would have been impossible for success to have attended the expedition to the Crimea.

It follows, therefore, that these merely ravaging and destructive attacks, if made with any prospects of success, must, if made across a doubtfully commanded sea, take time into account. They cannot be attempted at all unless it is known that a local and temporary command of the sea is secure. They cannot be made, as it were, in the dark, with the possibility of running into the jaws of a superior naval force on the spot. But more than this, the whereabouts and power of the nearest naval force must be ascertained, and there must be a comparison between the time the destructive action will occupy and that within which relieving naval force can arrive. And to have reasonable hope of success there must be margin of two kinds. The probable time that the destructive operation will occupy must be over-estimated; that which the relieving force will require before it can come on the spot must be under-estimated. And again there must be a margin in estimating the strength of the possible relieving force. It does not follow that the destructive operation will not be interrupted, even disastrously, by inferior naval force.

Missiessy's ravaging and destructive expedition to the West Indies in 1805, which has been noticed in the previous chapter, was a remarkable success. It was undertaken in view of the fact that

there was no naval force in the West Indies\* to oppose his 5 sail of the line, and that it was not probable that a superior naval force would arrive in time to interfere with him. So far as Villeneuve's expedition in the same year was designed for ravaging and destruction it was a failure, because the sufficient, though inferior, force of Lord Nelson arrived in those waters before time permitted even the commencement of the operations.

But it is manifest that as practically time and the magnitude of the forces engaged are measures of each other, light attacks for the purpose of ravaging and destruction have always much more chances of success across a doubtfully commanded sea than those of magnitude and importance. And it would seem from a general survey of naval history that as the doubtful command of the sea becomes less and less doubtful, as passing more and more completely into the hands of one power, so do ravaging and destructive attacks at the hands of the gradually weakening naval power tend to grow more and more insignificant until they cease altogether, as either being impossible to conduct to success, or as involving risks of failure which outweigh the prospects of success.

Another difficulty in the strict classification is that expeditions intending conquest are of two kinds; one requiring time and open communications, and the other requiring neither, and therefore falling, as regards its chances of success or failure, under the same set of conditions as surround an expedition which is merely ravaging and destructive. The first class need not be dilated on. It is obvious that if time enters, as we have seen, into the conditions of success or failure in mere ravaging and destructive attacks over a doubtfully commanded sea, time must enter still more largely into the conditions which make conquest and occupation after attack possible. Take Gibraltar as an apposite and familiar instance. The place was captured by a small part of Sir George Rooke's fleet in a very short time. But the sea was doubtfully commanded, and had the remainder of Sir George Rooke's fleet not been able to hold its own, and to beat the French fleet three weeks after at the battle of Malaga, Gibraltar must have immediately passed out of our hands again, as it was in no state to have resisted so soon after occupation. Supposing,

\* Cochrane's squadron of 7 sail of the line, 5 of which afterwards proceeded to the West Indies, was watching Ferrol until February 28th, 1805, and did not reach Barbados till April 3rd. There were then only 2 sail of the line in the West Indies, 1 at Jamaica and 1 at Bardados. Missiessy sailed on January 17th from Rochefort. He had finished his raiding expeditions by the 16th March, and probably quitted the West Indies just as Cochrane arrived there.



therefore, that only sufficient force had been sent to attack and capture Gibraltar, there was time enough for its capture, but not time enough to make sure of holding it, even against attack, but certainly not against investment.\*

Perhaps Napoleon's descent upon Egypt, already mentioned, is an illustration of the same case. Carried out over a doubtfully commanded sea as that expedition was, the descent itself—though by the narrowest possible margin, as the sails of the arriving French and departing English were seen from Alexandria on the same day—was concluded with speed and facility. But the enterprise was a failure, because the army could not secure itself in the country before its communications were cut.

But where the expedition, bent on conquest and occupation, expects assistance in the territory which it proceeds to occupy, the whole case is altered. Once the descent is made, the naval operation is complete, and the communication over sea of the landed forces may be cut without injury to them because reinforcement and supply are not expected over sea, but are designed to come from the territory on which the descent is made. Of course this expectation may be falsified, and then the expedition is a failure. If it is not falsified, there is nothing on the water to prevent its being a success. Prominent and familiar illustrations of these points are readily drawn from naval history. The descent of the Dutch, under the Prince of Orange, on the south coast of England, was a success because the invaders were welcomed by a majority of the people, and because in consequence, the naval operation was complete as soon as the last man had landed. Nothing that the English fleet could do after this landing could in the least affect the issue, and consequently that fleet did nothing.† Had there been a miscalculation of the support likely to be given to the Prince, the case would have been on all fours with that of Napoleon

\* Minor illustrations are often more forcible, because less extraneous matter creeps in, than great ones. The following passage relating to one of the operations of the Count de Grasse in the West Indies, in May 1781, puts a complete case exactly. "Le même jour, l'escadre se plaça au vent de Sainte-Lucie afin d'être en mesure de combattre les Anglais, si ceux-ci se présentaient au vent de l'île, et de les joindre, s'ils arrivaient par dessus le vent. Le Marquis de Bouillé débarqua, dans la nuit, au Gros-Ilet, avec douze cents hommes. Après avoir reconnu l'impossibilité de terminer, en quelques semaines, les travaux de défense nécessaires pour mettre cette position à l'abri de toute attaque, il se rembarqua avec ses troupes."—*Histoire de la Marine Française pendant la Guerre de l'Indépendance Américaine*. Par E. Chevalier, Capitaine de Vaisseau.

† I am of course mindful of the political aspect of the question, but did not the military conditions make the politics as far as the fleet was concerned?

in Egypt; and a battle of Torbay might have sealed the fate of the invaders by cutting their communications with Holland.

Nearly similar was the landing of French troops in Ireland for the support of James. The naval work of the French was over before Herbert met them in Bantry Bay, and even had he beaten them thoroughly the issue would have been little affected. This illustration is only incomplete, because it was not possible in those days for the English fleet to cut the communications between Ireland and France.

Ireland furnishes illustrations on the other side also, as, for instance, in the case of the Spanish landing at Kinsale in 1601, mentioned in my first chapter. Here the expected support failed, and the Spaniards found themselves invested by land with their sea communications cut. An ignominious surrender was the only course open to them. So, again, with the landing of the French in Killala Bay, in 1798, referred to in my eighth chapter. The expected support was not received, and the forces, having their sea communications cut, necessarily surrendered.

We see then, generally, that what may be done by way of expedition over a sea which is not commanded by the Power making the descent on the land, depends on the time required to achieve success, supposing there is no interruption. Lighter attacks can be undertaken when heavy and serious ones could not be thought of. But it necessarily follows that heavy forces cannot be used for light attacks. Confessedly, the risks of the light attacks must be great, and this risk is not lessened by attaching to the attacking force a defending or covering naval force which, though strong, is not master of the sea passed over. The success of the light attack is wholly resting on the evasion of possible naval defending force. Every addition to it lessens the chances of successful evasion, and attracts, as it were, increased defending force. When Bompard's squadron left Brest for Lough Swilly, in September 1798, the force was so large that it was worth following up by the look-out frigates, and the result was its destruction by Sir John Warren.\* Had the troops for landing gone away in transports entirely unprotected by naval force, the war-ships that actually convoyed them might have engaged the attention of the look-out frigates, and the troops might have been landed without Sir John Warren's knowing anything about it. Unless the convoying force was certain of a local command of the sea—unless a naval force large enough to defy Sir John Warren was sent—it was mere waste of naval force to send any at all.

\* See Chap. VIII.



Success was no nearer by sending a comparatively weak naval force, but failure would certainly be much more severe and bitter. So, as I have already observed, Napoleon's taking the fleet with him to Egypt was a mistake in strategy. He courted, in a sense, the battle of the Nile; for if the fleet could not secure him the command of the sea, it could do nothing, and if—as, in fact, was the case—he was depending on an indifferent sea, the taking of his fleet with him was the very thing to convert the sea he passed over into one doubtfully commanded, as not only attracting the British naval force in that direction, but leaving it free to go there. If the strength of Napoleon's naval force had been left at Toulon, Nelson could not possibly have quitted his watch on that port.

This brings us to consider that if an expedition of magnitude, with an object of attack which requires time to elapse before surrender can be expected, be undertaken with any reasonable hopes of success across a doubtfully commanded sea, it must be protected by a naval force sufficiently large either to mask the possibly intercepting naval force in his port or ports, or a covering force, quite apart from the expeditionary force, and sufficiently large to defy, at least on equal terms, any possible naval force which the enemy may bring to bear, must accompany it. To be really secure, both things will be done. There will be, at a distance from the scene of the attacking operations, naval force masking the enemy, and there will be at the scene of operations a covering naval force prepared to act in case of the unexpected happening.

We shall see, in the course of our investigations, fairly abundant illustrations of all these different points. We shall class the illustrations as we go on, and when the outlines of the great variety of cases necessary to be studied are complete, we ought to be in a very fair position to judge of the chances of failure or success in any hypothetical proposition of this kind which may be put to us as determining the conduct of a future naval war.

Of the natures of these attacks, and the sort of forces employed, I must say a word or two. We shall find the attacks made by ships unassisted by troops extremely rare, and almost confined to cases of bombardment by the Power in unquestioned command of the sea. Bombardments, by way of reprisal on the part of the admittedly inferior naval Power, are almost absent; but especially in the later epochs of naval history, they tend to frequency on the part of the Power in command of the sea, and are sometimes the object of special preparation. Of this last class are the periodical bombardments of French seaports opening into the Channel, which

have already been alluded to in passing; the bombardment of Gibraltar by the Spaniards, the bombardment of Sweaborg, and, to some extent, bombardments of Confederate works by the Federals in the American Civil War.

Of bombardments by ordinary men-of-war, practically unassisted by any special appliances, we have the notable instance of Copenhagen, although the regular forts bombarded were less powerful, perhaps, than those extemporized out of ships. Then we might instance Algiers, Acre, and, in our own time, Odessa and Alexandria.

A class of attack by ships alone, which had an early example in Sir John Duckworth's operations in 1807, in forcing the passage of the Dardanelles, had a high development in the American Civil War, and sometimes possessed there a special interest from the employment of sub-marine mines. In these cases the bombardment of the opposing forts was a means to an end—namely, the securing of a passage to an object of attack beyond them. To some extent, the attack by ships on the Peiho Forts in 1859 may be said to belong to this class of operations; but if so, it must take its place among the few failures.

Simply destructive bombardments, without any immediate object beyond destruction, whether conducted on a large or a small scale, are found to be rare. And the kind of destructive bombardment by even a single ship, of which we shall find examples in the Chilo-Peruvian war, seem to be modern in conception and execution, but still only competent to the power in command of the sea.

Bombardments by ships in assistance of troops attacking by land are more frequent, although they may be said generally to occupy a strictly subordinate place; such, for instance, as was exemplified in the bombardment of the Sevastopol forts by our ships during the progress of the siege.

The main attack being thus in nearly all cases military, we shall note the part that fortifications and works generally bear in the defence. The landings, it will be seen, are never made, if the thing can be avoided, under fire of the works. On the other hand, it is extremely rare to find works so perfectly arranged that the assault must be, as it were, delivered direct from the sea. To some degree at least, the situation of Gibraltar and its capture by direct assault from the sea is unique. In considering the case, it will be necessary to dwell upon the astonishing power of resistance offered by works that cannot be assaulted except on their sea faces.



The reflection may be found to have led to the general system of fortification adopted in a bygone age.

It seems to have been understood that direct assault from the sea was so inherently difficult, that very slight works guarding against it would always be sufficient to turn the attention of the enemy away from that kind of attack, to one more certain and more easy from the land side. And this being so, the idea of a "citadel," descending apparently in a direct line from the mediæval "keep," seems to have nearly always governed the system of fortification adopted, and we shall meet instances where the policy bore its expected fruit.\*

This policy of preparing a complete fortress as a citadel, supplied to stand investment and siege, obviously presupposed the occupation by the enemy of the surrounding country, and therefore assumed that his hands would be left free for whatever ravage and destruction could be compassed. This condition again implied the presence on the territory of an enemy's force superior to the garrison, for if the force landed were inferior to the garrison it would be met and beaten before it was able to ravage or destroy; unless, indeed, its operations were so swift that they could be concluded before the garrison was able to put in an appearance. The provision of a citadel therefore assumed the successful landing of a superior force, and did not assume powers of preventing destruction and ravage beyond a very small area surrounding the fortress. But it assumed the possibility of so delaying the final success of the enemy that either relief might come, or that the supply and reinforcement of the enemy might fail, before the fortress fell, and in that case the garrison recovered possession of the territory. The citadel, however, if it was found competent to hold out until relief arrived, or the enemy's supplies failed, might prevent material ravage if all that was most precious and most necessary to preserve from ravage were assembled either inside the citadel or within the area protected by its guns. The existence of such

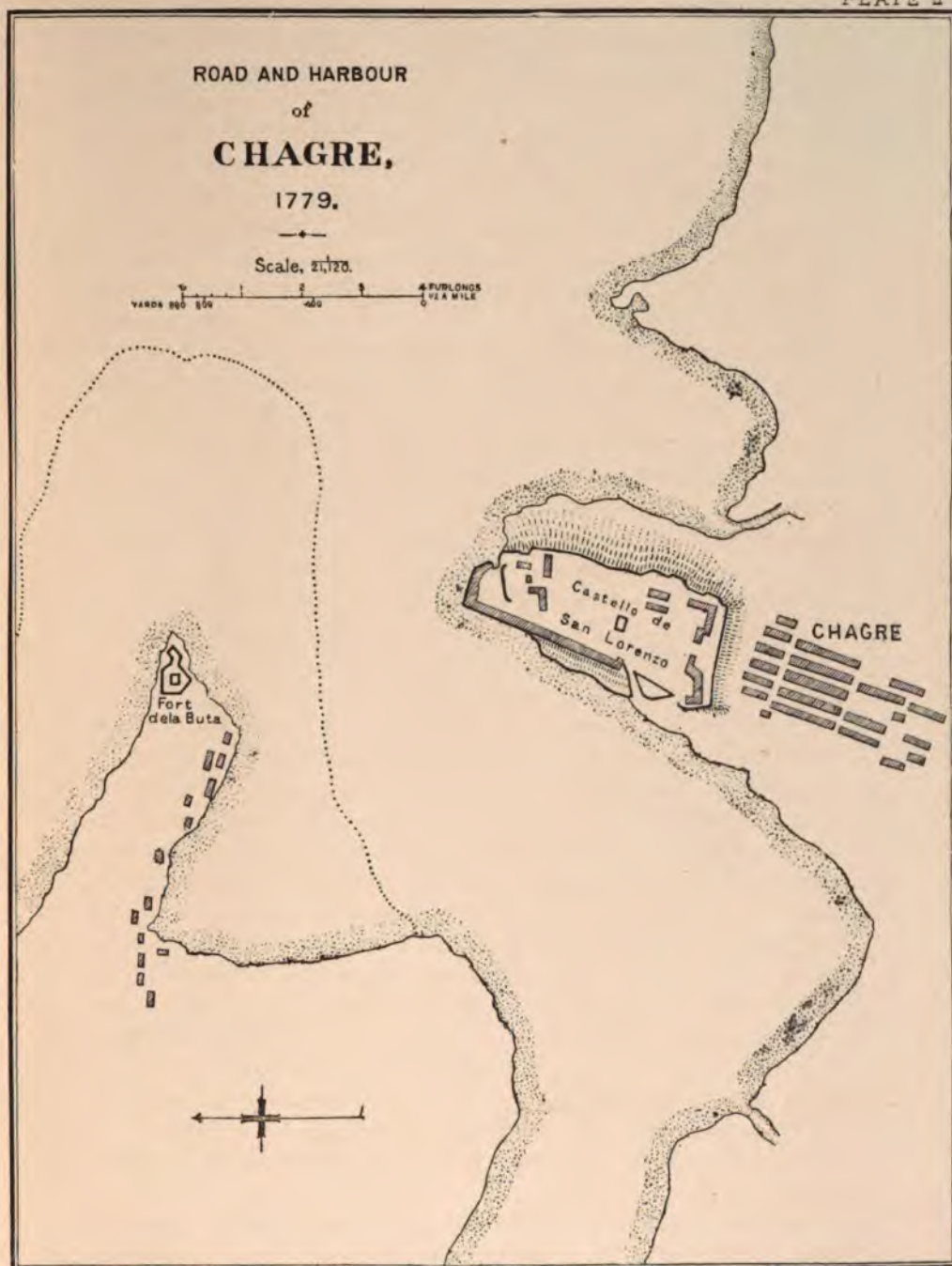
\* The system is illustrated by the accompanying plans of the fortifications of Chagre on the mainland of South America, and of Grenada in the island of that name. The originals from which the plans were traced are in the library of the United Service Institution. The citadels were generally on, or close to the coast, but not always; but whether they were on the coast or inland, the object seems to have been to make them at least as strong on the land side as they were on the sea side. Generally, too, as in both these instances, the citadels may have covered, but did not enclose the town. Sometimes we meet towns well protected on the land side and hardly at all on the sea side, and on looking over a number of plans one does not detect as much anxiety for the safety of the sea side as desire to be prepared for a land attack. It could hardly have been otherwise, if experience of attack was to be any guide.

an arrangement would naturally tend to preclude attacks unless there was ample time for the reduction of the fortress by the usual methods. But this is only another way of saying that the heart of the invaded country lies in the citadel. If it is otherwise, and occupation is intended, and the country may be held without the possession of the citadel, the latter may be neglected, as it will fall by the mere lapse of time.

An apposite reflection may here be made. If the possession of the citadel involves the possession of the territory, and it falls, the new possessors of it become as strong as the old ones. In other words, any defence of this kind—as we shall see in many examples—cuts both ways. A place difficult to take is difficult to retake, if the defence is fixed on the land; but a place depending on naval force for its defence; that is to say, a place difficult to take in the presence of naval force, and only to be possessed by the holder of the superior naval force, may be much easier to retake than it was to take, as the naval force which allowed the capture may prove inferior to that which comes to recapture. The superior naval power may suffer more prolonged losses of territory which he has fortified and garrisoned than of territory which he has only garrisoned, and which is without a citadel. The naval defence, that is, the command of the sea over which alone a hostile approach can be made, is therefore on all grounds the most perfect. Apart from it, the territory can only be protected by a garrison, or by a garrison with a citadel. Supposing a temporary loss of command of the sea, conquest of the garrison may be made by landing a superior force. On resumption of the command of the sea, and consequent stoppage of reinforcements and supplies to the new garrison, the territory is easily retaken. But if the new garrison has possessed itself of a supplied citadel, the task of recapture becomes as much more difficult as the works of the citadel have added to the resisting strength of the new garrison. Supposing the superior naval power then admits the possibility of forces being landed on portions of its territory, it may be a question of policy whether the citadel as a substitute for a stronger garrison—which is its real character and office—is really a wise and economical institution. Many occasions will arise in the next few chapters when these reflections will naturally present themselves.

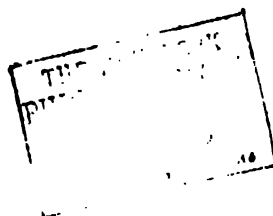
But we shall hardly avoid the conviction, I think, especially after a study of West Indian history, that command of the sea is the only real defence for territory which can be captured by

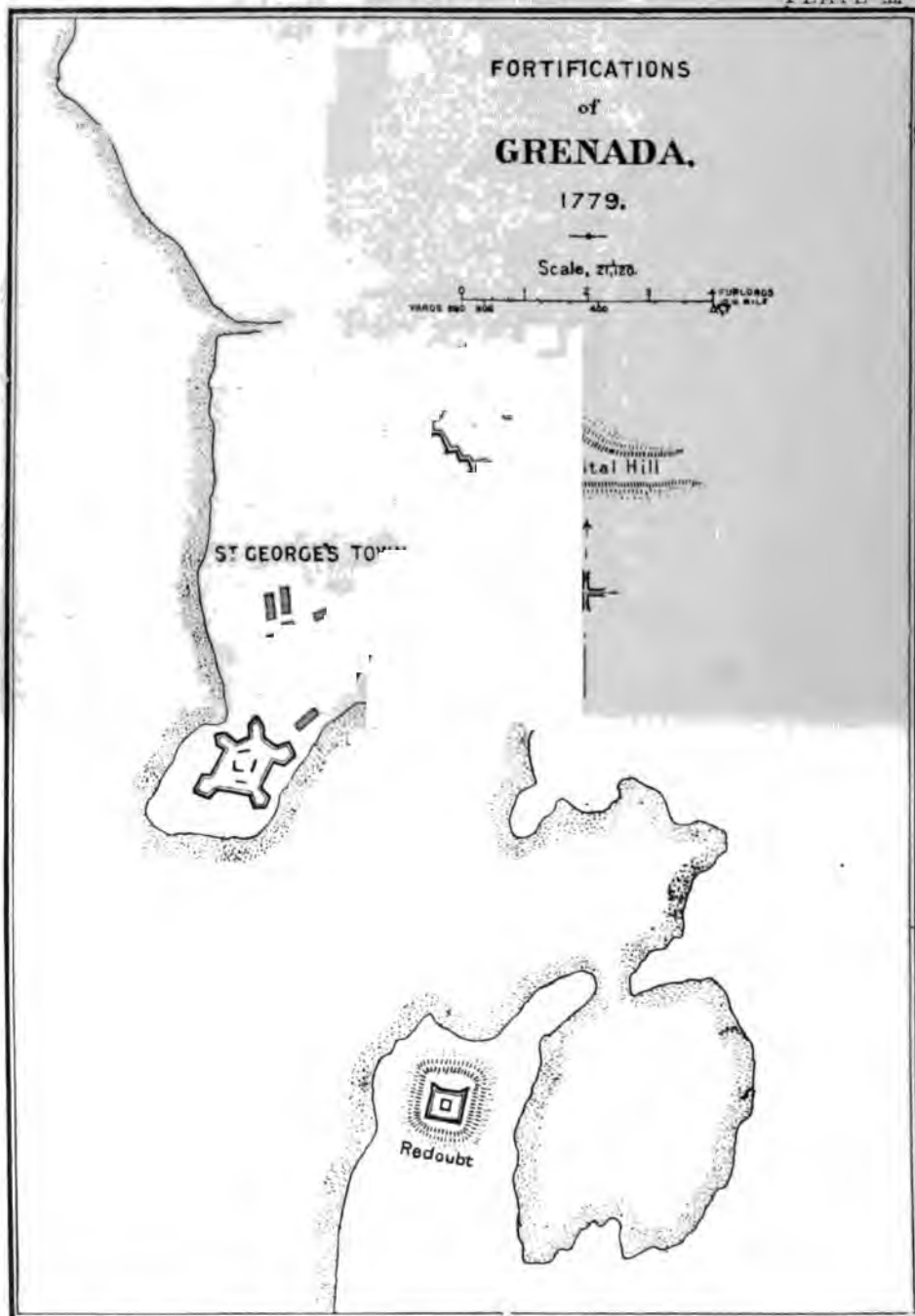














expeditions over it. Whether our forefathers, or our forefathers' enemies, wisely spent their money over garrisons and works which generally failed when the time came, rather than over simply driving the enemy off those seas, and keeping them out of them by a superiority of naval force, which *never failed*, is perhaps a question not to be determined so long as we are unaware of the relative proportions of the sums so spent.

If the garrisons and works were wholly insignificant in cost compared with the sums spent on the endeavour to obtain and keep the command of the sea, we might possibly say that the minority of instances in which garrisons and works prevented the West Indian islands from changing hands justified the policy. But if the former expenditure bore any considerable proportion to the latter, it might be possible to found an argument on the other side.

In all attacks made over sea against territory, we shall note one almost universal rule. No attacks of magnitude are ever known direct from a distant base. The desire for sheltered, but not necessarily protected waters, forming a naval base near at hand for any operations against territory, has apparently never slackened from the beginning, and is best illustrated by the conduct of the Federals in the Civil War. Bases in their own territory being inconveniently distant from the scene of their operations against Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah, they wrested ports—as at Cape Hatteras and Port Royal—from the hands of their enemy, and employed them for their own purposes as bases of naval operations.

Recapitulating, then, we have before us in the next two or three chapters the investigation by the light of naval history of the circumstances and conditions under which expeditions designed for the descent upon the land pass over the sea, and succeed or fail in their objects. We shall note that the strategical condition of the sea to be passed over is a primary element to be taken into consideration, and that it falls naturally under three heads:—

(1.) Where the sea is *indifferent*, no naval force, properly so called, enters either into attack or defence. Where both are essentially military and conducted entirely on land.

(2.) Where the command of the sea is *doubtful*. That is, where the expedition may be interfered with by naval force either on its way to the point of attack, at the point of attack, or by the subsequent cutting of its communications by sea.

(3.) Where the command of the sea is *assured*. That is, where it is either impossible that any naval force can interfere as above, or at least where there is reasonable probability that no naval force capable of interfering by sea can make its appearance before the completion of all the objects aimed at in the attack.

We are to note cases of failure where the causes have been purely military, occurring after the landing has been completed. Of some, where causes of failure have been moral, as where the naval and military authorities have disagreed. Of some where the mere appearance, or even the rumour, of naval force has prevented, or caused the abandonment of the expedition; and of others where the cutting of the communications by sea has brought about a failure when ostensibly the work was completed.

In most cases we shall be able to see what it was that conduced to success, what it was that enforced failure; and when our historical survey is concluded we shall probably have some idea, more or less founded on evidence, of what is impossible, possible, probable, and certain, in those operations of naval war which are mentioned at the head of this chapter.

*(To be continued.)*







COLONEL FORDE AT KONDÛR, DEC. 9, 1758.  
(Vide Malleson's *Decisive Battles of India*, chap. iv.)





## The Phantom Efficient.

A VOLUNTEER EPISODE.

By ROGER DUNSTER.



FOR the benefit of such of my readers as have never had anything to do with our citizen army, I must prefix to my story one sentence of explanation. To become efficient and earn the capitation grant from Government, a trained Volunteer must attend nine drills if present at the annual inspection, or eleven if absent from it with leave, besides shooting his class, which, under the old regulation, meant scoring 40 points in 20 shots at 200 and 300 yards, or failing to do so three times in the year.

About two years after I got my commission as subaltern in our local corps, business compelled me to transfer my household gods to the metropolis for a twelvemonth; and so, to complete my own efficiency, I had to get attached to a London corps, which I will call the 229th Middlesex. The officers of that corps were an uncommonly nice set of fellows; their only failing, and that not a very serious one, was their vague yearning to be always standing drinks to everyone. Conspicuous among them, by his perpetual and ill-judged attempts at humming and whistling popular tunes, was a subaltern named Barry—"Bellowing Barry" his brother officers called him, because his voice was so entirely devoid of the gruffness and volume required for a drill inspector. He was a fair-haired and apparently ingenuous youth of two or three and twenty, who, if there is any truth in proverbs, must have made the most horrible havoc with the fair sex, for a man with worse luck at cards I never knew. On one occasion I saw him lose twenty-four points at whist in six deals, although he was a very fair player, and his partner at that particular time incomparably the best in the regiment. This, however, has nothing to do with the story.

One night we two were alone in the officers' room, and after he had satisfied his craving to stand me a drink, I happened to touch on the question of efficiency, and asked whether he had any diffi-

culty in getting the men of his company to meet the Government requirements ?

"Not the least in the world," he replied ; " nothing ever hinders my men from making themselves efficient."

"Nothing !" I hazarded—"not even illness or sudden death ?"

"Not even illness or sudden death," he answered.

"Are they immortal, then ?"

"Not at all ; but I'll give you an instance. I don't expect you to believe my bare word on the subject, but—won't you have another drink ? You're quite sure ? I think you'd better. Very well, then, if you won't, I can't help it ; but I was going to say any one of my brother officers will corroborate me as to the facts, and you can refer to our old registers if that doesn't satisfy you. There was a private in my company named Gavin—James Gavin—a very respectable young fellow, a painter and decorator by trade ; but I'm afraid I shall bore you. It's rather a long story, and you may want to get away."

I threw as much eager expectancy into my "No !" as that monosyllable could comfortably carry, and, finding its capacity limited, expanded it.

"By no means ; not at all. I'm always anxious to learn all I can about the inner working of a corps. It'll help me when I get back, you know."

"Quite so," he resumed ; "but I'm afraid you won't get many of your men to do for you what Gavin did for us : so I don't think I'll bore you with the tale. It was a most exceptional case, though—most exceptional."

My curiosity being now aroused, and having nothing much to do at the time, I pressed him to go on, till he again took up the thread of his narrative, which he did with evident relish.

"Well, Gavin got a job to go over to one of the Channel Islands just in the middle of the drill season. He came up here and told me so. 'Well, Gavin,' I said, 'you've only done eight drills, and haven't commenced your shooting yet.' 'Oh, never mind, Sir,' he answered ; 'I'll do them right enough, I promise you faithfully. I'll be efficient by the inspection day, happen what will.' So I wished him good luck, and we parted. By the way, I stood him a drink ; won't you have another drink ? No ? You're sure ? Have one of my weeds, then, or a cigarette. Ah, prefer a pipe ; some people do. I don't care for them myself. Byron says, 'Tobacco unadorned's adorned the most—give me a weed,' or words to that effect."



Looking back, I rather fancy that Barry introduced these digressions to give his—was it imagination or memory?—time to work; but at the time I thought they sprang from natural diffusiveness, and recalled him to the point. He went on glibly enough.

“Oh, yes, to be sure—Gavin. Well, about that time a steamer plying to the Channel Islands sank with all hands. I forget the name of the boat; but you may recollect the occurrence. You don't? Well, anyway, something of the kind did happen, and, as his relations heard nothing of him after that, they gave him up, and returned his rifle and uniform to the quartermaster; and so for the time there was an end of him. Well, a couple of nights before the inspection, I was in the adjutant's room—my captain was on leave—going over the company roll to see what men were likely to be absent from inspection, so that we might strike them off beforehand.”

The opening was too palpable for me not to interrupt him.

“That sounds as if you never had any difficulty about getting your men efficient.”

He went on without regarding me in the slightest degree.

“And one of the sergeant-instructors happened to come into the room, just as I was saying that Gavin was probably dead, so we had better strike him off. ‘Beg pardon, Sir,’ says Sergeant Waters, ‘do you mean Private Gavin of No. 6 Company?’ ‘Yes,’ I said. ‘Then he's all right, Sir,’ said the sergeant; ‘he was down shooting on the range to-day, and very good shooting he made—splendid shooting, I may say.’ ‘What did he do?’ asked the adjutant. ‘Never dropped a point in his twenty shots, Sir; put them all on to the centre of the bull's-eye.’ ‘Nonsense, Waters!’ we both cried together; and I went on, ‘Why, his rifle's been returned—he has nothing to shoot with.’ ‘All the same, he did do it, Sir. He came on to the range just as it was getting dark, and wanted to borrow Rafferty's rifle. Rafferty had just finished shooting. I didn't want Gavin to fire, as it was getting so dark, but he begged so to be allowed to fire, saying it was his only chance, that I let him. When I found nothing but bull's-eyes marked, I thought something must be wrong; but I went and inspected the target, and found the marks of his shots on the bull—all in a lump. I never saw better shooting.’

“With that he withdrew, and I thought no more of the matter till the inspection day. Just before the ‘Fall in’ sounded, I was standing with Warrington—you know Warrington, don't you?—in the passage just outside the quartermaster's room, the door of

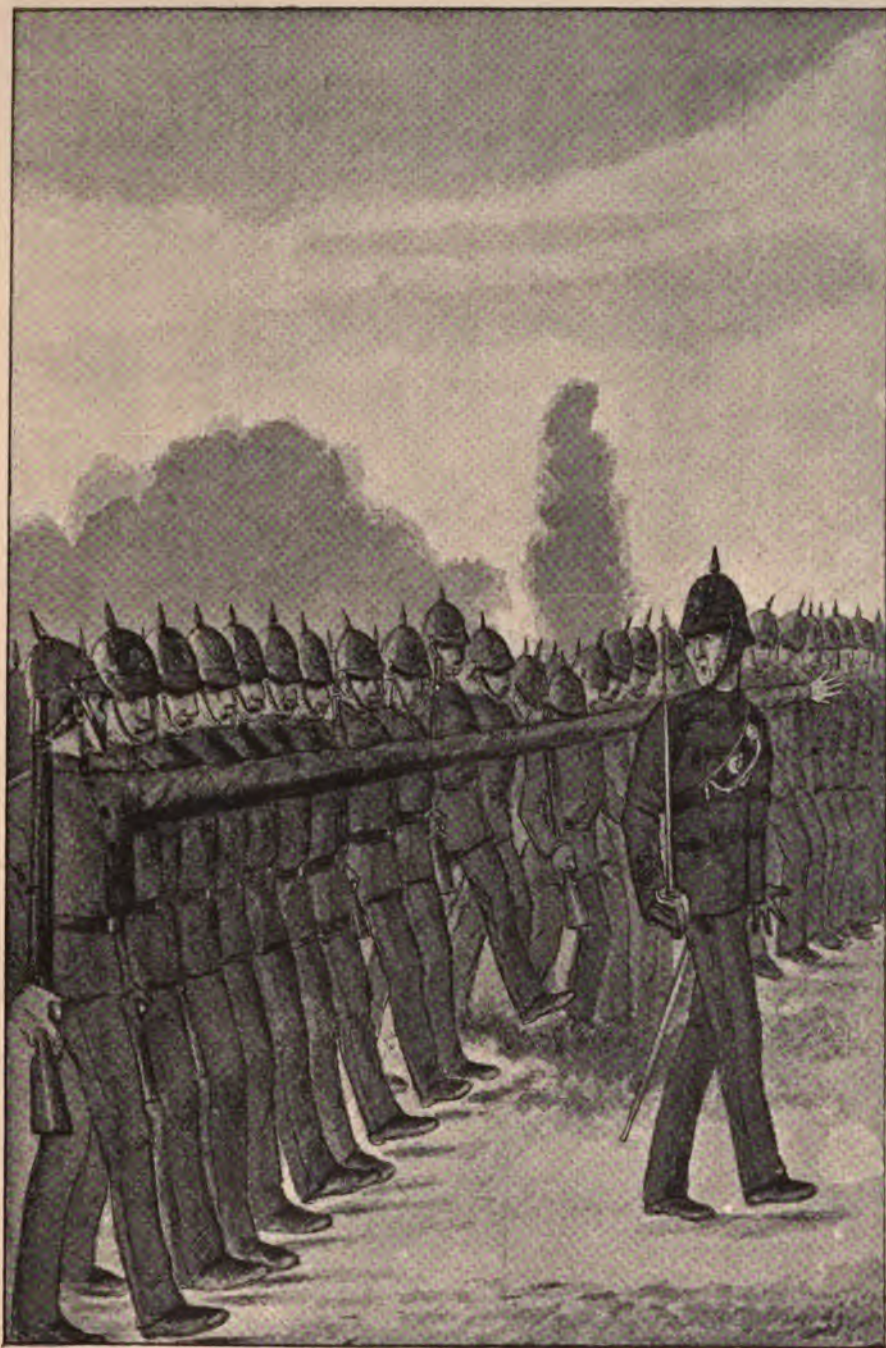
which was locked on the outside, when, to our surprise, that door opened, and Private Gavin came out in full uniform, with his rifle, saluting us as he passed by with unusual smartness. 'Careless of the quartermaster sergeant to leave the door unlocked,' said Warrington. 'Very,' I answered. 'I'll just turn the key,' and I went to the door, which, to my surprise and horror, I found



"PRIVATE GAVIN CAME OUT IN FULL UNIFORM."

locked, though I could have sworn Gavin never touched it after he came out. Well, I said nothing to Warrington, as I didn't want to make him jumpy, though for my own part I felt like I don't know what. Just then the bugle sounded, and we went on parade. But now comes the most remarkable part of my story. The saluting base for our inspection had been very badly chosen, so that, in marching past, just about forty paces before we came to





MAKING A LONG ARM.

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the inspecting officer, we had to cross a path about a foot below the level of the grass. This ran diagonally across our line of march, so that all the men didn't step down at once, and, looking over my shoulder to see whether the company was all right, I found them 'all over the shop' without the least semblance of a line. Four or five paces farther on, I took another hasty glance round, and saw a sight I shall never forget. I saw it as plainly as I see you now, but nobody I ever told the story to believed this part of it, and so I can hardly expect you to do so. Gavin was on the right of the company, which consisted of thirty files, and covered a front of twenty-four paces, and I saw him stretch his arm across the whole front of that company, push back the men who were too far in advance, and pull up the left-hand man. I was so paralyzed with surprise that I could hardly salute the inspecting officer as I went by, and for the rest of the inspection I moved like a man in a dream. I never went wrong, however, for whenever I was on the point of doing so, that right-hand man turned his head and flashed one glance at me which told me in a moment what to do. When it was all over, and we had left the ground and were marching back to head-quarters, I seemed to recover my senses, and, casting my eyes over the company, I found that a man was missing from the leading section. On making inquiries I was told that Private Gavin had fallen out, though no man could say when or how; but when I was speaking of the occurrence to one of the sergeants, posted on the other flank of the company, he looked at me in a curious way and said, 'Surely, Sir, Gavin wasn't on parade.'

" 'Why, of course he was,' I answered; 'why shouldn't he be?'

" I spoke boldly, almost defiantly, but my heart told me what the answer was going to be.

" 'There must be a mistake somewhere, Sir, for Gavin's brother told me yesterday week that he had been down to some place on the south coast—oh, a month ago, and identified his brother's body, which had been washed ashore.'

" 'Well, the brother must have made a mistake,' I replied, 'for Gavin was on the range last Thursday, and on parade to-day.'

" So ended the matter, for when I spoke to the adjutant on the subject, he said that if Gavin wasn't too dead to hit the bull's-eye twenty times running, and appear on parade properly dressed for the inspection, he was quite alive enough to earn the thirty shillings capitation grant.

" Poor Gavin!" sighed Barry, covering his eyes with one hand,

while with the other he ostentatiously blew his nose; "faithful to death, and beyond it. Poor Gavin!"

"But perhaps the brother may have made a mistake, and Gavin was never drowned after all."

"Of course he may; but in that case why was nothing more ever heard of Gavin, either by his family or by his employer. Besides, no living man could possibly have done what I saw Gavin do that night. No, no! On the night that ill-fated steamer foundered he died to everyone outside his regiment, and when he had redeemed his promise to me, he died to the regiment as well."

Was I mad? Was Barry mad; or were there indeed more things in heaven and earth than my philosophy dreamt of? Silence was insupportable.

"What was Gavin doing in the quartermaster's room then?"

"Dressing for parade, of course. His uniform had been returned to store, and he couldn't get any other to fit him, or perhaps he had a hankering after his own in spite of his newly-acquired elasticity."

That last expression made me look searchingly at the speaker, but he remained as grave as a judge.

"Why did he fall out, then, instead of marching back with the regiment?"

"Well, I never thought about his motive, unless it was to get his uniform off before the corps came back. Supernatural power has its limits, and even a ghost can't be in two places at once."

Not a muscle of his face moved, though I watched him searchingly.

"You should send an account of the whole thing to the Psychical Society."

"So I did, and they declined to publish it because there were no incontrovertible proofs of Gavin's decease. Won't you have another drink? Very well, then, I'm off. Good night!"

His hasty exit may possibly have been due to the presence of Captain Dudley, who had entered unobserved during our absorbing conversation, and was regarding Barry with a penetrating look. I may leave him to speak the epilogue.

"I shouldn't like to call Barry a liar," he said, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, and puffing out a cloud of smoke; "but, to quote Orpheus C. Kerr, 'when he writes a work of fiction it will sell.' Are you coming my way, Dunster?"

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A JESTER.

(From a picture by TH. WINDT.)

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## The American War, 1861-1865.

By T. M. MAGUIRE, LL.D.

### II.



It was shown in the last article that General McClellan's successes in Western Virginia had so fascinated the public and the army that with universal consent President Lincoln committed to his hands the duty of restoring the shattered prestige of the North after the defeat of Bull Run.

His merits as a general are still the subject of much dispute; but it is clear that on at least two critical occasions his efforts resulted in preserving his country in most important crises, that he was a skilful organizer, that he was well versed in the science of war, and thoroughly at home in the details of administration. His strategy received the hearty praise of his ablest opponents long after it had ceased to trouble them, and his removal at last from the army, in which he was beloved, was due rather to the low cabals of the political schemers who controlled the Republican party of the North, and to the clamour of a most unfair but most powerful Press, than to any lack of energy or defect in capacity.

He is censured for over-caution, but a young army with untried officers is a weapon which requires thorough testing before being trustworthy. The scrupulous prudence of this "young Napoleon" was invidiously contrasted with the energy of him who descended from the Alps on the communications of Mélas, but when the army of the Potomac was entrusted to other hands, the wire-pullers of the capital soon found that lack of prudence and success were far from synonymous. The soldiers who were pushed heedlessly to the front by Pope and Burnside and Hooker would have gladly exchanged their activity for McClellan's wisdom.

It cannot be too often or too vigorously inculcated that states-

it under regular officers, and Washington was well fortified. Its defences consisted of a cordon of strong, independent forts, supporting each other and extending on the south bank of the Potomac from below Alexandria, beyond Arlington Heights, to Chain Bridge above the capital. On the Maryland side the line continued from the Potomac to the eastern branch road near Bladensburg, and thence along the heights south of the eastern branch road to a point nearly opposite Alexandria, making a circuit or total development of thirty-three miles. The maximum garrison was 34,000 men and 40 field guns.

The next thing, after securing the capital, which for political even more than strategic reasons was of first importance, was to procure an efficient fixed army of sufficient numbers to make a march on Richmond, even against 100,000 Confederates a feasible operation. Let the artist describe his work. "Everything was to be created from the very foundation. Raw men and officers were to be instructed. The regular army was too small to furnish more than a portion of the general officers, and a very small portion of the staff, so that the staff departments and staff officers were to be fashioned mainly out of the intelligent and enthusiastic but perfectly raw material furnished. Artillery, small arms, and ammunition had to be fabricated or purchased from abroad; waggons, ambulances, bridges, trains, camp equipage, hospital stores, and all the vast *impedimenta* and material indispensable for an army in the field were to be manufactured. So great was the difficulty of procuring small arms that the armament of the infantry was not satisfactorily completed until the winter, and a large part of the field batteries were not ready until the spring of 1862." McClellan was very well assisted by subordinate officers, as Porter, Burnside, Casey, and, with regard to the artillery, by Barry, and the cavalry by Stoneman, and engineering by Barnard. He was able to report by October 27, 1861, an aggregate strength of 168,318 men; to this was in due time added a little reserve of regulars of the old army 4,600 strong, under General Sykes, which set a fine example of soldierly bearing and steadiness alike in camp and on the battle-field.

The General's plans were wide reaching, and involved extensive preparations in the Western as well as Eastern theatre. He proposed in due time to strike at Nashville and some principal points on the coast, as well as at Richmond. While he marched into Virginia, Buell was to operate in Eastern Kentucky, and Tennessee, on Nashville; Burnside was to occupy the coast of



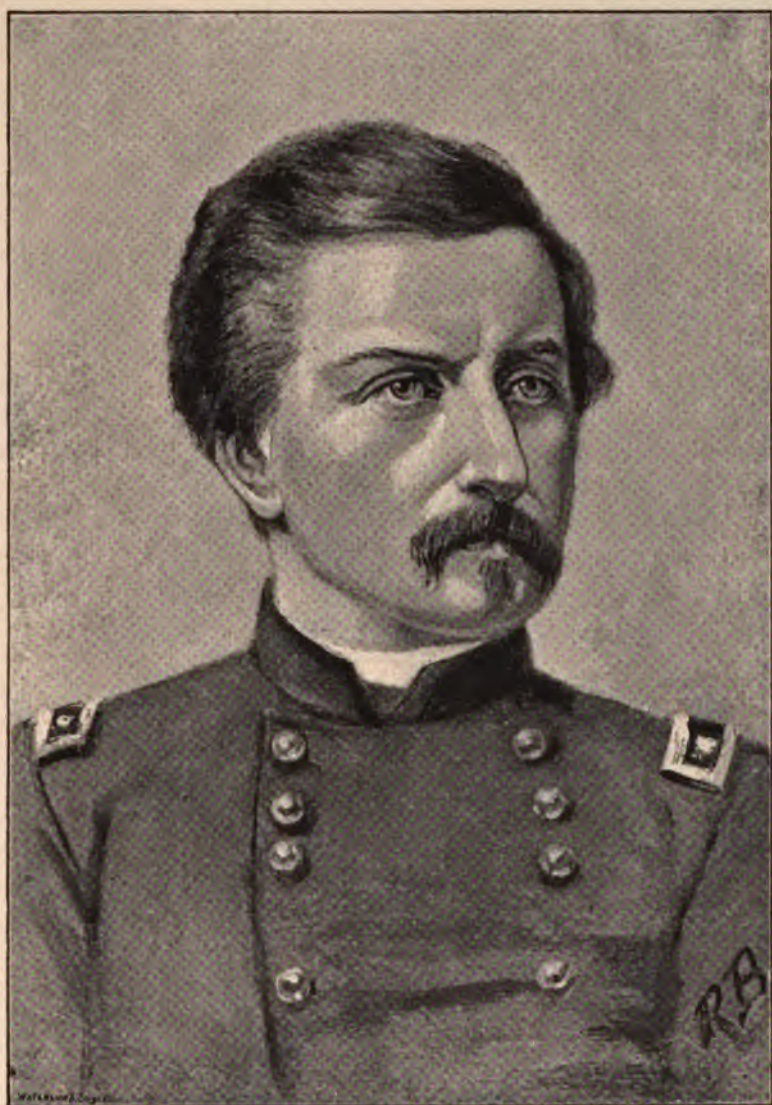
North Carolina; Sherman was to seize Savannah and regain Charleston, and Butler was to recover New Orleans.

The people, whose excitement became more intense after each parade of troops in their presence, were eager for action, but McClellan very wisely abstained from active operations. He quietly persisted in his preparations for securing ultimate and permanent success.

In dealing with the events of a war which spread over such a vast extent of territory as that under review, adherence to strict chronological order, attempts to write the annals just as they developed from day to day, result in such rapid and extensive geographical transitions as to be most confusing. It is, therefore, desirable to confine attention to certain sections of the war at a time, premising that the reader will remember that at the same period not less interesting events were in progress elsewhere, which will be considered in the order of their importance.

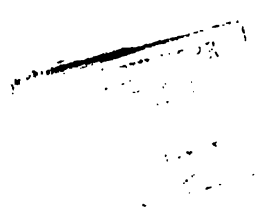
During the months in which McClellan was moulding the materials at his disposal into military shape, Generals Johnston and Beauregard contented themselves with securing their positions along the southern side of the Potomac, replenishing their supplies, and reorganizing their forces, which had been almost as injuriously affected by victory as their foes by defeat. Beauregard and many others were of opinion that a bold stroke after July 21, 1861, might have resulted in the ruin of the Federal cause, and General Joseph Johnston discusses this at length in his work, which is somewhat in the nature of a personal explanation. He and his president, Jefferson Davis, appear to have had little sympathy, and reciprocally attack each other in their treatises, but his reasons for not assuming a prompt offensive seem conclusive. He says "that his raw troops were unfit for marching or assailing intrenchments, that the necessary supplies of food and of means for transporting them were lacking, that the fortifications around Washington were now strong and manned by 50,000 men, and that on the Potomac, which was a mile wide, were United States men-of-war, the heavy guns of which commanded the wooden bridges and the southern shore."

In September it was hoped by the officers in command that the effective strength of their army might be so increased, by withdrawing troops from parts of the country not yet threatened, that they might make a bold attack on the Federal lines, but the Central Government would not consent to this, and practically the Confederate troops had to content themselves with drilling in



GENERAL McCLELLAN,





their positions throughout the remainder of the year. The only important affair was Ball's Bluff, near Leesburg, where Evans's brigade repulsed with great loss an attack by the Federal Baker, killed him, and drove his troops in a panic over the river, in which hundreds were drowned (October 21). Occasional skirmishes, of course, took place near Centreville between the two armies which were so close to each other. These were useful in making men accustomed to fire and difficulties of ground. From the end of December till the beginning of spring the condition of the country south of the Potomac and east of the Blue Ridge made manœuvring very difficult. The quantity of rain and snow put the roads in such a state that they were soon impassable from mud. Still the "rebels" kept up a very forward and bold appearance, their batteries threatened the navigation of the Potomac, and their flag, "the Stars and Bars," flaunted within sight of the Capitol. Nevertheless, through the "fall" and winter McClellan could not be tempted into the field, but contented himself with his work of making his army an effective military machine.

But President Lincoln and the new Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, at the beginning of 1862, became very impatient, and began to insist on activity on the part of their generals; indeed, Mr. Lincoln went the length of suggesting a plan of campaign which would have delivered the army into the hands of its enemies. At last, on February 3, McClellan was obliged either to adopt the Government's advice and march on Centreville, or propound his own scheme. He accordingly set forth that the best course was to descend the Potomac, enter the Rappahannock, land at Urbana for a base, and by a rapid march gain West Point at the head of the York River, and thus threaten Richmond before Johnston's army could fall back and resist his progress. In other words, he proposed to outflank the enemy far on his left, and suddenly turn the tables by making the vicinity of Richmond, and not Washington, the theatre of operations. He proposed to leave a sufficient force to protect Washington, and to bring with him a field army of 140,000 men. As for moving towards the Confederate position, he regarded such an idea as impracticable. An army must move by roads. Not even the genius of Napoleon could bring about a rapid advance over the Belgian territory after the heavy rains of June 17, 1815, and McClellan said, "The roads have gone from bad to worse. Nothing like their present condition was ever known here before; they are impassable at present. We are entirely at the mercy of the weather. It is by



no means certain that we can beat them at Manassas. On the other line, I consider success certain by all the chances of war." A careful study of the theatre will show that McClellan was quite right; his only miscalculation was that in his front he supposed there was an army of 100,000 men—there were only at most 55,000.

On March 8 the Federal authorities agreed to this plan, but it so happened that General Johnston, on the other hand, had come to the conclusion, weeks before, that he would not be wise in standing at Centreville in the very probable event of his opponent taking this course, and had retired on a new line, the evacuation of Centreville being complete March 9. The Confederate commissariat had collected at Manassas 3,240,000 lbs. of stores, and in a great meat depôt at Thoroughfare Gap 2,000,000 lbs. of salt meat; some of this vast accumulation was taken with the army, part was distributed among the country people, and the remainder was destroyed by General Stuart's cavalry, who covered the withdrawal of the army. On March 11 all the infantry and artillery crossed the Rappahannock, two divisions encamped near the river, two divisions at Culpeper, and the cavalry occupied Warrenton Junction; the headquarters were at the Rappahannock station, south of the river. It became also very evident that the Shenandoah Valley could not be held by General "Stonewall" Jackson against the very superior forces of the Federals, under Banks, now sent there, and he fell back to Winchester, and thence to Strasburg, and thence to Mount Jackson (March 16). About the same time Johnston still further retired behind the Rapidan, and encamped between Orange Court House and the railway bridge, where he had a better position for combined movements with any forces at Richmond and in the peninsula formed by the York and James rivers.

As the enemy had fallen back behind the Rappahannock, the scheme of dislodging them by operating against their right flank was no longer of any value, and a new plan was resolved upon at a council of war composed of the four commanders of the corps into which, against McClellan's judgment, his army was divided. Generals McDowell, Sumner, Heintzelman, and Keyes agreed to make Fort Monroe on the York Town peninsula their base, and to move thence direct on Richmond, leaving a force to cover Washington, and having the use of a naval force to silence the hostile batteries on the York river; the line of operations was to be from York Town and West Point upon Richmond, *i.e.* the

main army was to move up the peninsula with the co-operation of the navy on the rivers, while a powerful column, over 40,000 strong, was to operate upon the right, on either bank of the York, to turn the enemy's positions should they offer any resistance on the direct route.

The operations commenced with a march on Centreville, a mere movement calculated to rid the army of useless baggage and fit it for embarkation to a new base, but valuable as showing the difficulties of real campaigning, which seemed so trifling to partisan editors.

The troops, when they reached the deserted positions, found a strong line of earthworks, the *débris* of camps, and some "Quaker" guns, or trunks of trees so hewn as to bear in the distance a resemblance to cannon. The mass of the army returned to prepare for embarkation, and General McDowell was left to occupy the enemy; he followed them closely as far as Warrenton Junction, and then made a forced march to the Rappahannock, arriving at Fredericksburg, April 17.

We have now reached the epoch of the celebrated Peninsular campaign, which was so fruitful of lessons in almost every principle of the art of war, and in which the officers engaged displayed the most versatile abilities, and in some cases rare genius, and the troops on both sides manifested a stomach for good hard fighting, an amount of vigour in attack, and of steadiness in retreat, which did the utmost credit to their hereditary qualities and to their very short military training. It began April 2, by the arrival of General McClellan at Fort Monroe, and it practically concluded July 2, when he secured his position at Harrison's Landing after his remarkable retreat from the Chickahominy, his well-known, and, on the whole, brilliant "strategic movement to the rear."

But the result of the campaign was a bitter disappointment to the North. Richmond was not taken; on the contrary, partly owing to the fortunes of war, and partly because of the perversity of politicians, the Federal cause was in a far worse state at the end than in the beginning of the year.

The Federal force amounted to some 120,000 men and 240 field-pieces, and it was afterwards joined by Franklin's division of McDowell's corps 12,000 strong, but its leader says he had not more than about 53,000 available for fighting when he started on his movement from his new base.

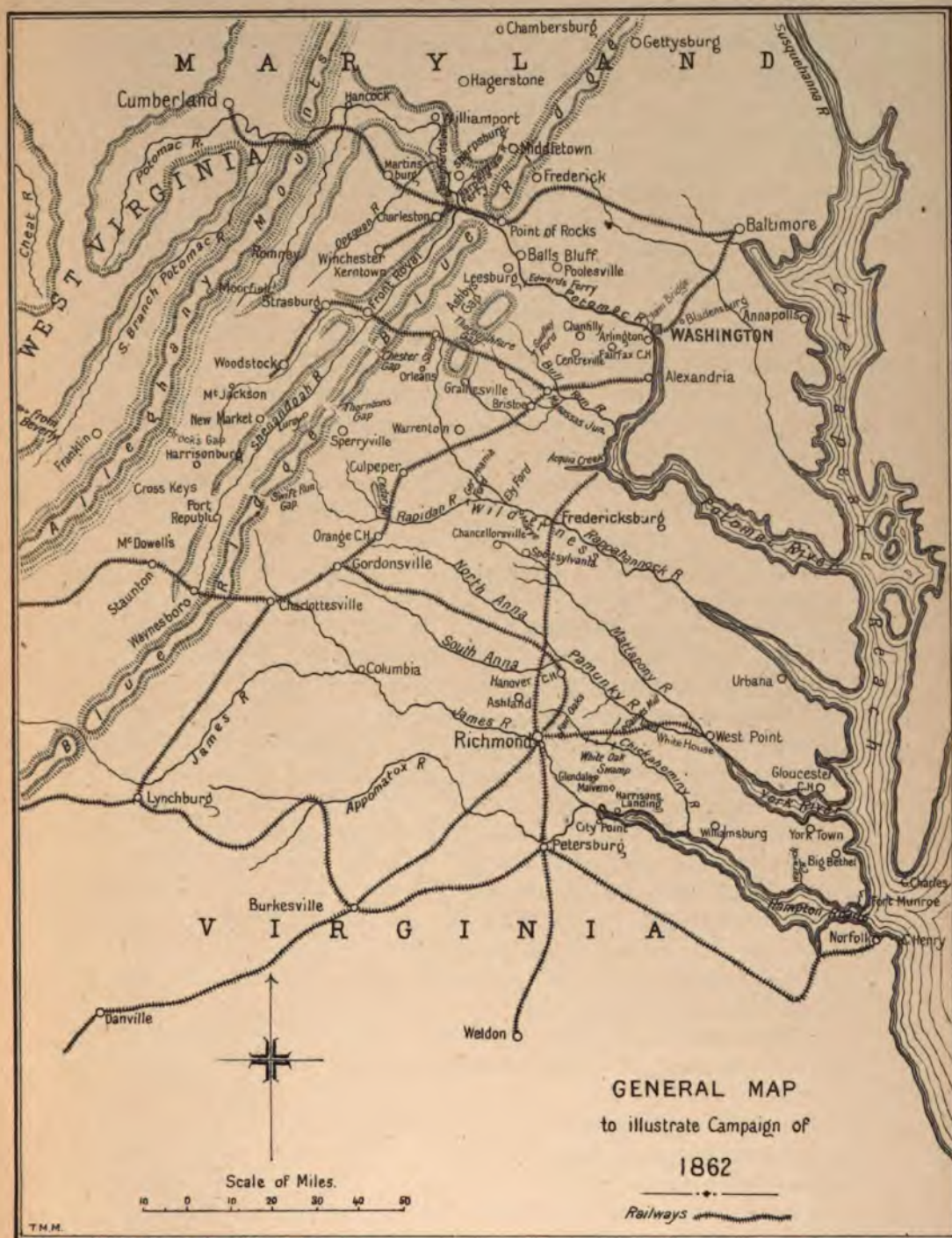
To General Magruder the Confederates entrusted the task of



delaying his march, while the troops at Gordonsville under General Johnston moved on Richmond to defend their capital, and General Jackson remained in the valley, and Ewell on the Upper Rappahannock. General Magruder's defence of the peninsula was really a splendid example of the proper use of a detaining force; with only about 8,000 men, afterwards reinforced to 13,000, he so hampered his opponents as to give the other Confederate troops an opportunity of concentrating. He was a trained West Point soldier of considerable experience; an old hand at "making a clatter" to keep up appearances, whether at the mess-table or in the battle-field; notwithstanding the vein of eccentricity in his character, his defence of the territory between the James and the York reminds us of the remarkable lines between the Tagus and the sea, whereby Wellington stopped Masséna in 1810.

He laid out three defensive lines across the peninsula, from Williamsburg down towards Fort Monroe. His first was seven miles below York Town; here the Poquosin creek, from the York and the Warwick rivers flowing into the James, narrows the solid ground to three miles. Both flanks were protected by boggy and difficult swamps, and there were woods in the centre. This line he had fortified, but, as he had not enough men to hold it, he fell back to his second line, running from York Town, on his left, along the Warwick river to Mulberry Island, and the James upon the right. The works at Gloucester and York Town were expected to close the river to Union gun-boats; and, indeed, the Federal army received little assistance from its fleet, which was kept very busy by the celebrated *Merrimac*, or *Virginia*, an old frigate which had been turned into an ironclad, and commanded the mouth of the James, and destroyed some and engaged others of the ships in Hampton Roads, till the Confederates destroyed it when they were obliged to evacuate Norfolk. The third line was at Williamsburg, eleven miles further up the peninsula. In his scheme of defence, Magruder included the old British works used in 1781, and availed himself of mill-dams, bogs, and every other natural feature that could be turned into an obstacle.

McClellan did not know of these works, and he had to deplore the lack of a good Intelligence Department at Washington, for the maps with which he was supplied did him more harm than good. It must be remembered, in criticizing the operations of officers in this war, that the situation was very different from that in Europe, where most accurate topographical descriptions of every section of the theatre of war are ready, so that he who







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runs can read the state of the country, whereas careful surveys of many parts of the States were never made, and the peninsula was "a *terra incognita* for military purposes."

While thus delayed and disappointed in his expectation of efficient support from the navy, McClellan was doomed to further surprise of a still more trying character. On the very day, April 5, when he learned that the Warwick river was a considerable obstruction, he also was informed that the President, who feared for the safety of Washington, had resolved to withhold McDowell's corps, on which, as has been shown, he relied for the flanking movements to dislodge the enemy. This proceeding on Mr. Lincoln's part—deliberately spoiling a general's plan of campaign—was quite unjustifiable, and is enough to explain the disasters that ensued, irrespective of any further political shuffling and blundering. As General Webb very properly says, "If McClellan was still retained, one duty was incumbent on the government, it should have suffered at least one half of McDowell's corps to proceed to the peninsula at once, and then made every effort to reinforce the capital from other points. To allow the general to remain in command and then cut off the very arm with which he was about to strike, we hold to have been inexcusable and unmilitary to the last degree." Indeed, their absurd anxiety about the safety of themselves and their capital was a snare to the Federal politicians throughout. The general might with propriety have resigned at once, but he preferred to remain at his post. But he seems to have been at fault in allowing Magruder to delay him so long, for he might have forced the works in his front before Magruder was reinforced by Johnston. Indeed the latter general at a council of war had proposed a concentration of troops from all parts near Richmond, and the evacuation of the peninsula and Norfolk, and then an attack on McClellan as he was following up Magruder, which might cut him off from his long line of communications (Fort Monroe to Richmond 92 miles), but Mr. Davis and Lee were in favour of keeping a forward position as long as possible; hence, two able subordinate officers, Hill and Longstreet, and Johnston himself were soon assisting in the operations.

McClellan was delayed a month on the second line. He resorted to siege operations to gain possession of York Town; all the batteries would have been ready to open fire on it on the 5th of May, and the men were prepared for an assault, but it was evacuated on the night of the 3rd, and the Confederates took up a position on their



third line at Williamsburg, followed by the Union forces, who fought a stiff action on the 6th, without much of a plan, in which their General, Hancock, distinguished himself against Longstreet, but they lost 2,000 men. At night the enemy abandoned Williamsburg and continued their retreat towards Richmond, Magruder leading. It will be noted that night marches, both of advance and retreat, were a leading feature in this war, and were conducted with rare skill.

In deference to his urgent request, McClellan was now reinforced by Franklin of McDowell's corps; this officer set out from York Town May 6, and reached Eltham Landing, above West Point, where he disembarked his troops and was attacked (7th) by a few Confederate brigades who wished to protect their trains at Barhamsville.

The Federals pursued after the engagement at Williamsburg very slowly owing to there being few roads, and these in a wretched condition; in two weeks they concentrated between the Pamunkey and the Chickahominy. On May 16 a permanent depot was organized at White House (Williamsburg to White House twenty-five miles), and the army faced towards Richmond, only twenty-two miles distant. But a most active enemy and a serious river obstacle intervened. Porter was on the right, near New Bridge (seven miles from Richmond), then came Franklin, Sumner, and Keyes, who was on the left near Bottom's Bridge, with Heintzelman in reserve; Stoneman and the cavalry watched the extreme right within a mile of New Bridge.

Now, why did McClellan keep his base on the York, since the enemy had abandoned Norfolk and burned the *Merrimac* (May 11), and the James was available—and he unquestionably preferred the James? The answer is to be found in a long correspondence between him and the President, at the close of which the latter gave him to understand that, after all, McDowell's force of 41,000 men and 100 guns from Fredericksburg would drive away the small force under Anderson in his front, and advance to co-operate with the main army, leaving Shields behind him to watch the line of the Rappahannock. McDowell was to advance May 26, and it was with the view of keeping touch with him that General Fitz-John Porter with 12,000 men was sent to clear the Upper Peninsula of the enemy as far as Hanover Court House (seventeen miles north of Richmond), and beyond it, and to destroy the bridges over the South Anna and Pamunkey rivers, in order to prevent the enemy in large force from getting into the rear from that direction,

and further to cut the railway line from Richmond into Northern Virginia. It rained heavily and the roads were in a terrible condition. An action occurred near Hanover Court House May 27, in which the Confederate General Branch was routed, and everything was cleared for McDowell's advance, and had he been permitted to come south there is reason to believe that McClellan would have been in Richmond in the beginning of June. But the terror which Jackson's remarkable operations in the Shenandoah Valley inspired at Washington caused McDowell to be again withheld just as McClellan crossed the Chickahominy, and this was fatal to the campaign.

The advance on Richmond continued with 126,089 men and 280 pieces of field artillery. The 4th Corps (Keyes) crossed the Chickahominy at Bottom's Bridge and took up a position at the Seven Pines, five miles from Richmond; the 3rd Corps (Heintzelman) followed; on the left bank were Sumner, Franklin, and Porter, the last two officers had recently received corps commands. The passage of the river was a very serious matter, and it was necessary for the army to be astride the river, in order to be able to communicate with McDowell if by any chance he should arrive on the scene, and also to maintain connection with the base of supply at White House. Let the General-in-Chief describe the passage:—

Our operations were for the most part between Meadow and Bottom's Bridges, covering the approaches to Richmond from the east. Here the river at its ordinary stage is some forty feet wide, fringed with a dense growth of heavy forest trees, and bordered by low, marshy lands, varying from half a mile to a mile in width. Within the limits above mentioned the firm ground above high-water mark, seldom approaches the river on either bank, and in no place did the high ground come near the stream on both banks. It was subject to frequent sudden and great variations in the volume of water and a single violent storm of brief duration sufficed to cause an overflow of the bottom lands for many days, rendering the river absolutely impassable without long and strong bridges. When we reached the river it was found that all the bridges, except that at Mechanicsville, had been destroyed. The right bank, opposite New Mechanicsville and Meadows Bridges, was bordered by high bluffs, affording the enemy commanding positions for his batteries, enfilading the approaches, and preventing the rebuilding of important bridges.

Under these conditions it was creditable that the Federals succeeded in crossing at all, and maintaining connection between the separated parts of their army; and it is no wonder that soldiers, who were toiling up to their waists through quagmires in tremendous storms, should be indignant at the cool sneers of wire-pullers and caucus folks in New York and Washington who grumbled at their slowness.



The bridges over the Chickahominy first built were swept away by the floods, and it became necessary to construct others more solid and with long log (*corduroy*) approaches, a slow and difficult task, generally carried on by men working in the water and under fire.

During the night of the 30th torrents of rain fell, and the Federal troops began the battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, in as bad a condition as the French on the morning of Waterloo. As General Keyes said: "from their beds of mud and the peltings of this storm the 4th Corps rose to fight the battle of May 31." Johnston very wisely resolved to take advantage of all their distresses, and to destroy them in detail, although the whole Confederate force could not have amounted to more than 55,000 men. This was an obstinately contested engagement, the principal officers of the attack under Johnston being Huger, Hill, Longstreet, and Smith. Four Federal divisions held out gallantly till Sumner crossed the river, with great difficulty, to their aid, and checked the enemy, notwithstanding their desperate rushes up to the bayonets and the muzzles of the guns. When night closed the combat, friends and foes, scattered through the woods, snatched a brief repose among heaps of dead and wounded, till in the morning the struggle was renewed, but Johnston's attacks were again repulsed. The result of the battle was undecisive from the point of view of tactics. Each army practically was as before. The Federals lost about 6,000 men, and the Confederates 8,000; but strategically the advantage was with the South. McClellan was foiled: he could not push on; he could not yet bring Porter and Franklin to the right bank, and he began to think seriously of a new base, and ordered transports with supplies of all kinds, protected by gun-boats, up the James. He constructed works about five miles long, right and left of Fair Oaks; he laid down more bridges and covered them by *têtes de pont*, and it was not till June 25 that he felt free to attack again; meanwhile he had been reinforced by McCall's division which, with Porter, was left north of the Chickahominy, while General Franklin went south of it.

About sunset of May 31 General J. Johnston, who had been shortly before wounded by a bullet in the shoulder, was struck from his horse by a shell and severely injured. His place was taken by G. W. Smith till July 2, when General Robert E. Lee was placed in command of the army of Virginia. This very distinguished officer, a Christian gentleman of rare gentleness of character, as well as a brave soldier of dauntless courage and

absolute serenity in the midst of battle, was destined to be ranked amongst the greatest leaders of modern war. He was born in 1807 at Stratford, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and was of a good family, son of General "Light Horse Harry" Lee, a very able coadjutor of Washington during the War of Independence. He entered the excellent military academy at West Point 1825, and graduated 1829, joining the Engineers. He differed very much from the great Corsican strategist as being "in sooth a perfect gentle knight" from his early manhood, as well as distinguished for the elegance and dignity of his person. He married the daughter of Washington's adopted son, and thus acquired the estates of Arlington and White House, both well known in the war. He became captain in 1838, and in 1846 was chief engineer of the Central Army of Mexico, where he impressed very favourably General Scott. He was wounded at Chapultepec; for this he became colonel. After the peace he was entrusted with important engineering works at Hampton Roads and elsewhere. In 1855 he was made lieutenant-colonel of the 2nd Cavalry, which became the *corps d'élite* of the United States service. He suppressed the revolt of the fanatic Brown at Harper's Ferry 1859. He then took charge of the Texas frontier, and came to Washington at the outbreak of the secession movement. Every effort was made to induce him to join the Federal side; but he thought it his duty to adhere to Virginia, his native State. For this he abandoned the highest prospects in the North and his beautiful home at Arlington, went to Richmond, and was appointed to the chief command in the State army. During the early operations of the war he was engaged at Richmond putting it in a posture of defence. He then went for some time to Western Virginia, where he conducted some Fabian operations, and thence after some duty in connection with defences in South Carolina, came back to Richmond in the spring of 1862.

It was now his task to cope with any further designs of the Federals in his front; but, leaving him to prepare his plans, we turn to the operations of General Jackson, which have already been referred to as causing the Washington authorities to deprive McClellan of the help of McDowell.

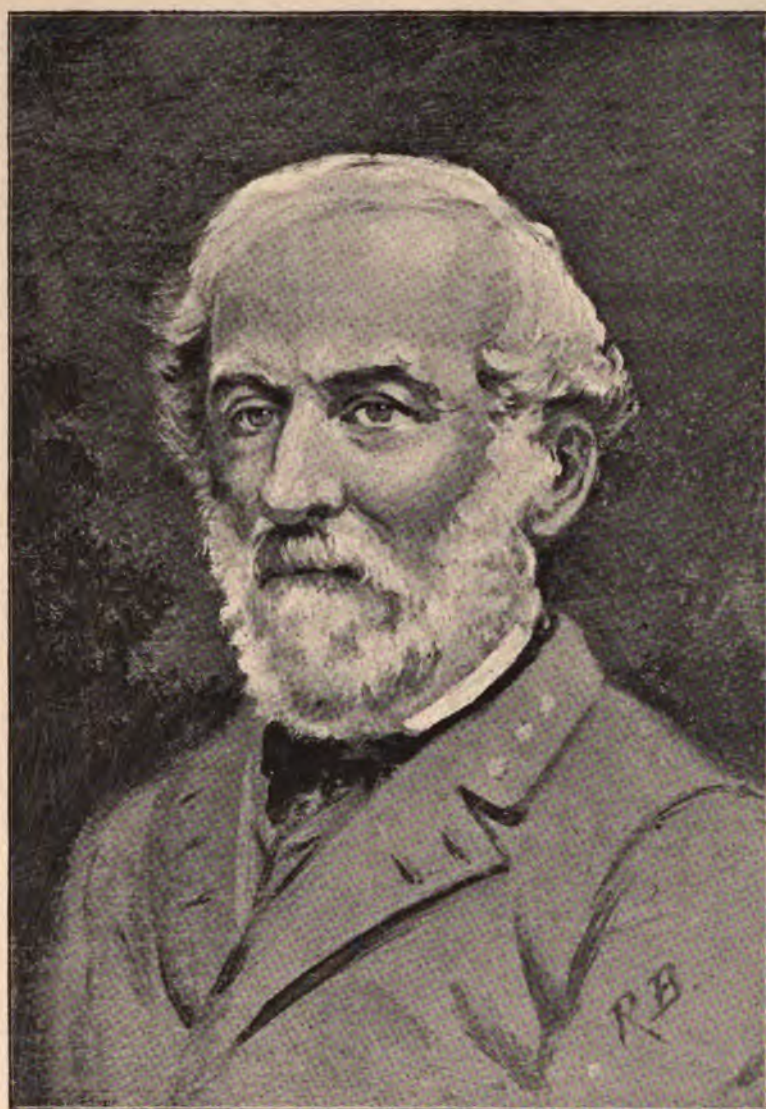
Certainly General Jackson was a worthy assistant for Lee; he was a man of boundless resources, a consummate master of military *finesse*, as fond of stratagem as Hannibal or Marlborough, secret in counsel, rapid in execution, bold and cautious, unmoved by danger, which indeed could not well trouble a rigid Presbyterian of the old



Covenanting type; he was a man of prayer, who joined the South after praying for hours along with his father-in-law, who wished him to join the North; his greatest friend and only trusted adviser in all his campaigns was the Rev. R. Dabney, a Presbyterian minister. In all the details of war, holding the enemy, withdrawing unobserved, tenacity in fights, surprises, skilful marches, flank movements, ingenious treatment of obstacles, he was unrivalled, but he cannot be reckoned among the highest masters of his art as was Lee. Born in 1824, educated at West Point, where he was remarkable for homely dress, uncouth manners, and industry, he served in the Mexican war, where he was noticed as a good gunner. He was Professor of Chemistry for some years at the Military College at Lexington, Virginia. When on a tour in Europe he derived most pleasure from visiting English cathedrals.

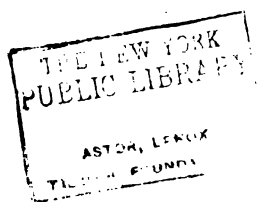
We have already discussed his very valuable services in the campaign of 1861, and seen how he was obliged to comply with the general backward movement of the Confederates in the spring of 1862. But while retiring he turned on Banks, who had charge of the Federal forces in the northern part of the valley, and had an action at Kernstown, near Woodstock, March 23, in which, however, he was repulsed, and then he retired south again. In the beginning of May the valley was threatened by the Federals from all sides. Milroy, with near 12,000 men, was on the Staunton and Parkersburg Road at McDowell, less than forty miles from Staunton. Fremont, with 30,000 men, was at Franklin. Banks was fortified with 10,000 men at Strasburg, seventy miles north-east of Staunton. Shields was on the east side of the Blue Ridge, so as to be able to move either to Fredericksburg or to the Luray valley. McDowell was at Fredericksburg with the army aforesaid. And now began a series of operations, the most brilliant of their kind since Napoleon fell upon the scattered sections of Blucher's army at Champaubert and Montmirail in 1814.

Suddenly Jackson evacuated the valley and went east of the Blue Ridge, leaving behind him only Ashby, with 1,000 cavalry, who reconnoitred towards the various hostile forces. The men were entrained at Charlottesville, and thought they were going to Richmond, when, to their amazement, they were brought back into the valley and occupied Staunton. On May 8, Milroy was beaten on the top of a mountain three miles east of McDowell (not to be confounded with the General), and driven to Franklin to join with Fremont. Jackson marched north to Harrisonburg and then to Newmarket, and thence over the mountains to Front Royal, where,



GENERAL LEE.





11

May 23, he surprised Banks' detachments and drove them in full flight to Winchester. As this threatened Banks' line he evacuated the Strasburg works, but was caught in flank at Newton, May 24, and being utterly routed, with an enormous loss of stores and arms, as well as prisoners, retired north of the Potomac. He was nicknamed Jackson's commissary. Fremont now advanced to Staunton to hem in the enemy, but was stopped by a small force at Brock's Gap, and took the road by Moorfield to Strasburg, which place Jackson, returning from Winchester, reached before him. Fremont followed, and Shields was ordered into the valley by Luray. The Confederate general had now to beat these in detail, so he sent cavalry towards the latter on the Shenandoah river, and advancing north at Cross Keys near Harrisonburg, defeated Fremont, June 8, and, leaving Ewell's brigade to watch him, marched to Fort Republic, where he quickly disposed of Shields, June 9. In thirty-five days he had marched 245 miles, and won four desperate battles. His celerity of movement gave his troops the name of "foot cavalry." But as one of his best known subordinates, Imboden, says, "He never broke down his men by too long continued marching. He rested the whole column very often, but only for a few minutes at a time, and he liked to see the men lie down flat on the ground to rest, saying, "a man rests all over when he lies down."

On June 17 he evacuated the valley with the utmost secrecy, and moved south-east, while the people at Washington were expecting an attack on the capital, and displaying both timidity and uncertainty in their counsels. Up to this date, therefore, it is clear that the superiority in strategic ability was entirely with the Confederates; the combinations of Magruder, Johnston, and Jackson were all fine lessons in every variety of manœuvring, and Lee and Jackson were for the remainder of their careers together about to illustrate the very highest conceptions of their art by turning movements of the rarest daring and skill and successful support of each other after the most hazardous separation.

Lee now resolved, if possible, to attack and defeat the Federal army by moving against its divisions north of the Chickahominy, and cutting it off from its base at White House. To attack the left wing on the south of the river would be vain, as the thickets of the White Oak Swamp were a natural defence, and, in addition, protection was secured by felled trees, and every approach by the roads leading from the capital was blocked by redoubts full of heavy artillery. The position at Seven Pines was also very care-



fully fortified and bristled with artillery, therefore it was most expedient to attack on the right, if there were no defences of much strength in that direction. With the object of ascertaining how things stood in this respect, General Stuart set out on one of those memorable raids which have taught European horsemen a leading function of cavalry in modern warfare. We have now reached the era in which all the preliminaries, as it were, of the war were complete; both sides, from May 1862, settled down to their work; both armies were full of men who were becoming adepts at their business, and there was no flagging in the interest, and no pause in the tremendous struggle till Richmond surrendered in 1865. Moreover, new officers of merit, and many of them of surpassing abilities, were appearing on both sides, each of whom would deserve an article to himself, and who certainly earned the tributes of literary gratitude which are so lavishly paid to them in America.

Of these, one of the most romantic characters, General James Stuart, was born 1835, and educated at West Point Academy, where he graduated, 1854. In 1857 he was severely wounded in an engagement with the Cheyenne Indians; in 1860, promoted captain; in 1861 he was most useful to Joseph Johnson in the Bull Run campaign. Like Murat, he was very fond of the pomp and pageantry of war; he loved jest and laughter; he had a banjo-player following him frequently; he wore a splendid hat with a long floating plume, and in every respect was a singular and bold character. He was of the medium height, but very strong and muscular, and wore a heavy brown beard flowing upon his breast, and a huge moustache with the ends curling upwards. He would have made a fine soldier of fortune during the epoch of the Thirty Years' War; as it was, General Sedgwick said very truly, "he was the best cavalry officer ever *foaled* in America." He undertook to inspect McClellan's right flank, and did so thoroughly. He started with about 1,500 picked troopers, drove in the enemy's outposts from Hanover Court House, charged and broke a force of Federal cavalry near Old Church, pushed on to the York River railroad, which he crossed, burning or capturing all Federal stores that he met with, including enormous wagon camps, and then, finding the way barred against him, and the Federal army on the look-out for him, he passed rapidly entirely round McClellan's army, and, building a bridge over the Chickahominy, safely re-entered the Confederate lines, and reported to Lee that there was no serious obstacle to an attack north of the river.

Lee now called Jackson to his aid, while by the clever *ruse*



of putting some troops in trains for Lynchburg, he led the enemy to believe that he was himself reinforcing Jackson. The latter moved rapidly to his superior, concealing his object from everyone except his reverend adviser. His troops were ordered not to inquire the names of the places they passed through, and to reply "I don't know" to every question. Cooke says that when the General demanded the name and regiment of a soldier who was robbing a cherry-tree, the only answer he could get was "I don't know." Jackson reached Ashland June 25, and forthwith set out to consult with Lee at his head-quarters near Richmond. Lee's design was to attack the Federal right wing, north of the Chickahominy, with a part of his force, while Jackson, advancing still further to the left, cut in on their communications with White House, and assailed them on their right and rear. Meanwhile, Magruder was to protect Richmond with 25,000 men on the south bank; if McClellan fell back down the Peninsula, this force was to cross and unite with the rest.

On the other hand, McClellan occupied the passages of the Chickahominy already referred to, and could concentrate on either his left or right, as seemed more desirable. If the Confederates assailed his left, he could fall back on White House; but if they turned his right, he could go south of the Chickahominy to some new base on the James, making, of course, feints to induce Lee to believe that he was still desirous of maintaining his old line. Such were the strategical conditions under which the battles of the Seven Days took place, a most desperate struggle, reminding one of the very fiercest fights of the Napoleonic era, as, for example, the campaign of 1809 or 1813; the Confederate attacks were most resolute, pushed home with unflinching enthusiasm. On the other hand, McClellan's management of his retreat was one of the finest displays of military skill in the most difficult of operations, changing base and retiring by a flank march with enormous encumbrances in face of an eager and vigilant enemy.

On the 26th June, the Confederate General A. P. Hill moved to Meadow Bridge, north of Richmond, and crossed and advanced on Mechanicsville, driving away the enemy from the bridge there. Longstreet crossed then, and Hill continued his movement till he was stopped by formidable works at Beaver Dam Creek; not even the spirit of the Southern gentry and their rushes with awe-inspiring "yells" availed against a flank fire by cannon from a bluff and rifle fire from pits. Hill was checked, but tried again lower down the stream next morning; but found that the enemy had fallen

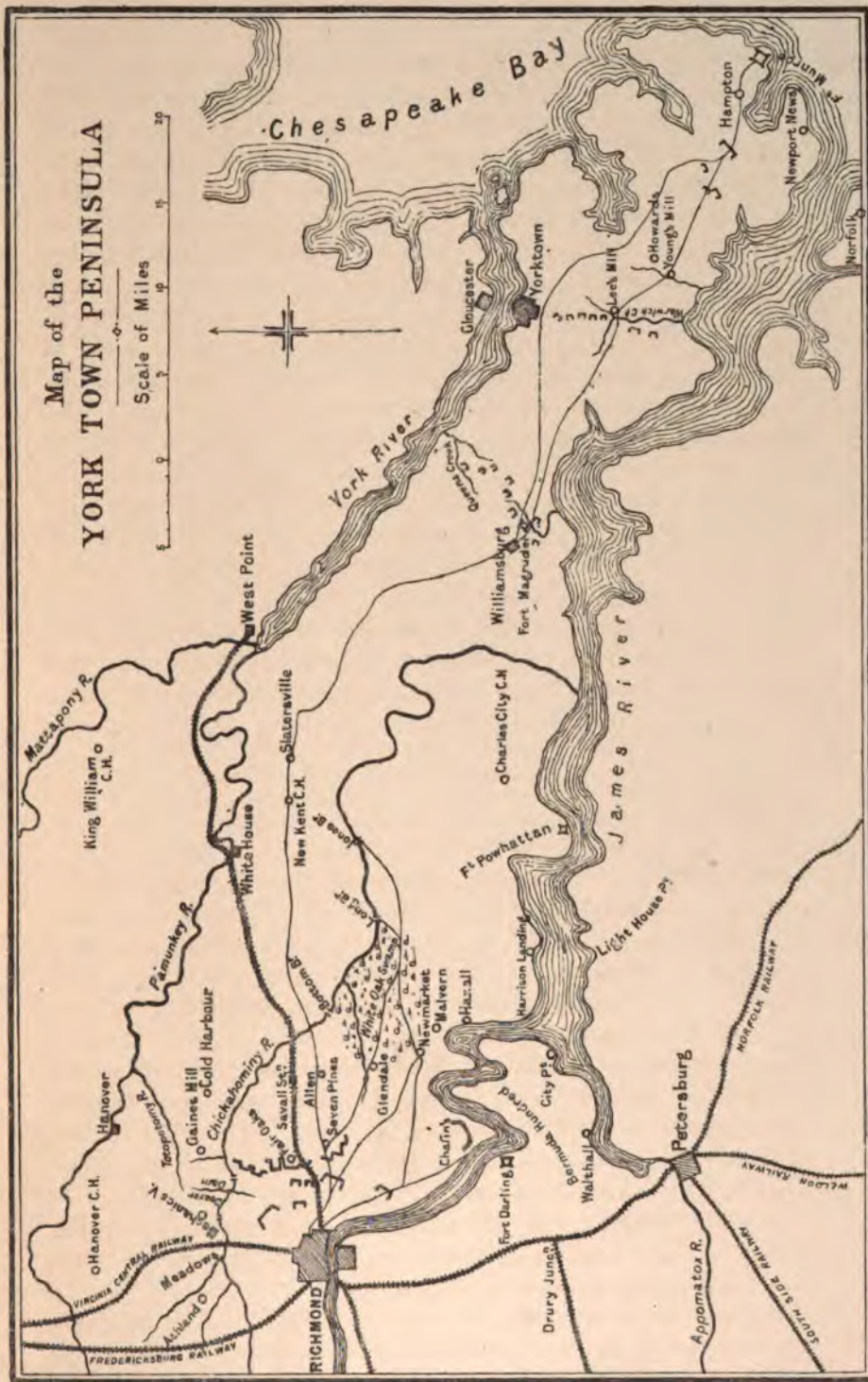


back: they had learned that Jackson was turning their flank, and Porter was to take a position nearer the passage of the river between New Bridge and Bottom's Bridge, and hold out till the night of the 27th. Hill followed him, and at noon came upon a very strong position at Gaines' Mill, near Cold Harbour, which before night was one of the bloodiest battle-fields since Waterloo. It will be observed by students of this war that the spade and the axe were used at least as freely as the sword and rifle. The first care of an American leader, like an old Roman's, was to entrench his post. In front the whole line of battle, which was a curve to cover the bridges, was protected by difficult approaches. The ground was swampy, and abounded in tangled undergrowth. The ridge held by the Federal forces had also been hastily fortified by felled trees and earth, behind which the infantry, supported by numerous artillery, stood firm. FitzJohn Porter was in command; he was reinforced in the afternoon by Slocum and the brigade of French and the Irish brigade of Meagher, which distinguished itself by courage where all were brave. Hill led his men up to a hand-to-hand fight; he had Longstreet on his right, and both were under the eye of Lee, who was as serene in an action as that angel of the storm to whom Addison compared Marlborough, and,

Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;  
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,  
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

After fighting from 12 till 2, Hill found that he had made no progress. Longstreet now made a feint against the Federal left, and thus relieved his comrade; but he soon was obliged to make a real attack, which would have produced little effect, only that Jackson's men began to arrive. Taking instructions from Lee, they joined in a new advance of the whole line at about 5.30; a furious encounter ensued. "The enemy was driven from the ravine to the line of breastworks, over which the impetuous columns dashed up to the entrenchments on the crest." The Federals fell back now, and it was in vain that their officers tried to stop them. They retired in a business manner, like men who felt that they had done quite enough. For this they have been censured, but they appear to have conducted themselves at least as well as most European armies under similar conditions.

By way of illustrating the extreme difficulty of attaining accuracy as to figures in describing these battles, it may be re-





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marked that General D. H. Hill says there were 50,000 Confederates to 40,000 Federals at this engagement, while an equally distinguished officer, General Porter, gives 65,000 and 27,000 respectively, a very material discrepancy. Of the Federal artillery, more than twenty very fine guns were taken, and they retired by night over the Gravepine Bridge and down the Williamsburg Road towards the White Oak swamp.

Now McClellan's coolness and decision, as well as perfect command over his men, saved the army from being broken to pieces, if not compelled to surrender at discretion. There can be no doubt that the Confederate generals regarded his escape as impossible. Jackson and Stuart kept on the north of the Chickahominy, and the latter went as far as White House, where he captured an immense booty, which there had been no time to destroy, although General Casey, who commanded at White House, had done his best to leave little behind him, one of his devices being to put the railway engines and carriages laden with supplies under a full pressure of steam and send them headlong into the river over the broken bridge.

Magruder and Huger, south of the river, were in a position to interrupt the movement towards the James, and could be supported by Longstreet and A. P. Hill. McClellan also destroyed vast quantities of stores in his works towards Richmond before leaving them. The Confederates found a regular mound of stores on fire near Seven Pines, 30 feet high and 60 feet broad, consisting of sugar, coffee, bacon, butter, prepared meat, vegetables, &c. Such is the wastefulness of war; indeed, this Civil War illustrates its evils as well as compensations on a colossal scale.

The fields and woods were covered with every description of clothing and camp equipage, of which there had been lavish abundance, and in regard to which much carelessness had prevailed among the Northern troops. "Blue coats lined the earth like leaves in Vallombrosa." Still enough materials were brought away to fill at least 5,000 wagons, all the heavy guns were removed, and a herd of 2,500 oxen cheered the soldiers by a prospect of food, even if they encumbered the only road available. While Lee was uncertain as to his movements, the Federal leader gained a couple of days for the withdrawal of his trains. He was sure, if he could only manage these, that he could bring away his army safely.

On the night of the 27th the corps commanders were assembled, and learned his plans. Orders were issued to General Keyes to



move with his corps across the White Oak Swamp Bridge, and take up a position with his artillery on the opposite side, and cover the passage of the rest of the troops; the trains and supplies at Savage Station on the York River railroad were directed to be withdrawn, and the whole army was ordered to move with such provisions and sick as it could carry to Harrison's Landing. The wounded were left on the field. Of course the great obstacle to the success of this movement was the nature of the country. The engineers did all they could to facilitate the movement through the White Oak Swamp, where the only passages were narrow, winding, and difficult roads, almost impracticable for guns and rugged enough for men.

By the morning of the 29th the design of the enemy became apparent to the Confederate officers, and Lee issued orders for pursuit. General Magruder attacked the rear guard, under Sumner, on the 29th at Savage Station, but his three attacks were repulsed. Soon afterwards an assault was made on Franklin by the Williamsburg road, and fighting continued till 9 P.M. Porter followed Keyes towards the new base, Heintzelmann followed next. The trains were pushed on in rear of the leading corps, and massed under cover of the gun-boats as soon as they reached the James. The rear-guard crossed the swamp in the night, destroying all the bridges at 5 A.M. of the 30th. The troops were now disposed to hold during the day all the roads by which the enemy could advance from Richmond to strike the line of march. The Confederates saw clearly that their prey was slipping from their grasp, and attacked again and again. They tried to force the swamp, crossing in face of Franklin, who held back Jackson, who ought to have been much more decided in his movements at this date than he was. Indeed, General D. H. Hill admits that Franklin was not pressed as he ought to have been. Had Jackson acted more vigorously, the assaults by the other Confederate officers on the Union left flank would have had a better chance of success. His friend Dabney says, "The temporary eclipse of Jackson's genius was probably due to physical causes. The labour of the previous days, the sleeplessness, the wear of gigantic cares with the drenching of the comfortless night, had sunk the elasticity of his will and the quickness of his invention for the nonce." On the other hand, Franklin thus speaks of his men: "During the whole time between June 26 and July 2, there was not a night in which my men did not march continuously, nor a day on which there was not a fight. They had no food but what they carried in

their haversacks, and the hot weather rendered that uneatable. Sleep was out of the question, and the only rest obtained was lying down awaiting an attack, or sheltering themselves from shot and shell. They had been soldiers for less than a year." Huger assailed the Union troops down the Charles City Road, while Longstreet and A. P. Hill, crossing at New Bridge, went along the Long Bridge Road to Frayser's farm or Glendale, and fell on Slocum, McCall, Kearney, and Hooker in vain. From the character of the ground little could be accomplished; the Confederates came on with wild yells in repeated rushes, but their attempts were repulsed all day, and during the night the enemy quietly fell back to a new position at Malvern, which they occupied on the morning of July 1. The 30th was the critical day, and on it the Federals repelled three distinct attacks on flank and rear. Colonel Chesney is mistaken in his view that Longstreet and Hill attacked from the direction of Long Bridge.

Nothing could be more admirable than the tactical ability displayed by McClellan in his defence of the Malvern position; his troops were disposed in the form of a huge semicircle, its wings resting on the river, with the right at Haxall's. Batteries of 20 and 32-pounders of rifled and Napoleon guns commanded every avenue of approach, and Porter had sixty massed guns with a converging fire. Beneath the guns, on the slope of the hill, were the infantry calmly waiting attack. Lee's artillery was very weak in comparison; all the efforts of the brave commanders before referred to were wasted. D. H. Hill and Magruder particularly distinguished themselves. But what could they do? To quote Hill, "As each brigade emerged from the woods, from fifty to one hundred guns opened upon it, tearing great gaps in its ranks, but the heroes reeled on and were shot down by the reserves at the guns which a few squads reached. Most of them had an open field half a mile wide to cross, and this under the terrible fire of field artillery in front, and the fire of the heavy ordnance of the gun-boats in their rear. It was not war—it was murder; even troops which were brought up too late to be of any use met many casualties from the fearful artillery fire which reached all parts of the woods for miles round. More than half the casualties were from the field pieces, an unprecedented thing in warfare."

On the next morning McClellan had disappeared towards Harrison's Landing, and reached it without any serious interruption. Lee says "the Federal commander immediately began to fortify his position, which was one of great natural strength, flanked on



each side by a creek, and the approach to his front commanded by the heavy guns of his shipping, in addition to those mounted in his entrenchments. It was deemed inexpedient to attack him, and in view of the condition of our troops, who had been marching and fighting almost incessantly for seven days under the most trying circumstances, it was determined to withdraw in order to afford them the repose of which they stood so much in need."

The losses on each side were very considerable; McClellan estimated his at 15,249 men and 25 guns in the seven days, but this is probably much under the number. Lee's losses were about 19,000.

It is quite clear that on the 27th when the Confederates marched on Gaines' Mill McClellan might have driven Magruder before him and entered Richmond. Of course this would have been a very bold move, and would have risked all his communications; but, if liable to severe criticism in the opinion of many for neglecting this opportunity, his retreat is admitted to be one of the very ablest changes of base by a flank movement ever made in war, and will compare favourably with either Sir J. Moore's movement from the Carrion to Corunna, 1808-9, or Masséna's movements from Santarem to Celerico, 1811. "And now," says General Webb "what saved the Army of the Potomac from other disasters than that consequent upon a forced change of base? It was the perfection of its organization, which was due to the personal affection entertained for General McClellan by the officers and men of his army."

We leave the Federals at Harrison's Landing, and the Confederates in Richmond, which their skill and valour had saved.

The next article will set forth how the posture of affairs was reversed, and the theatre of war transferred from Southern to Northern territory.

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## Smokeless Powder.



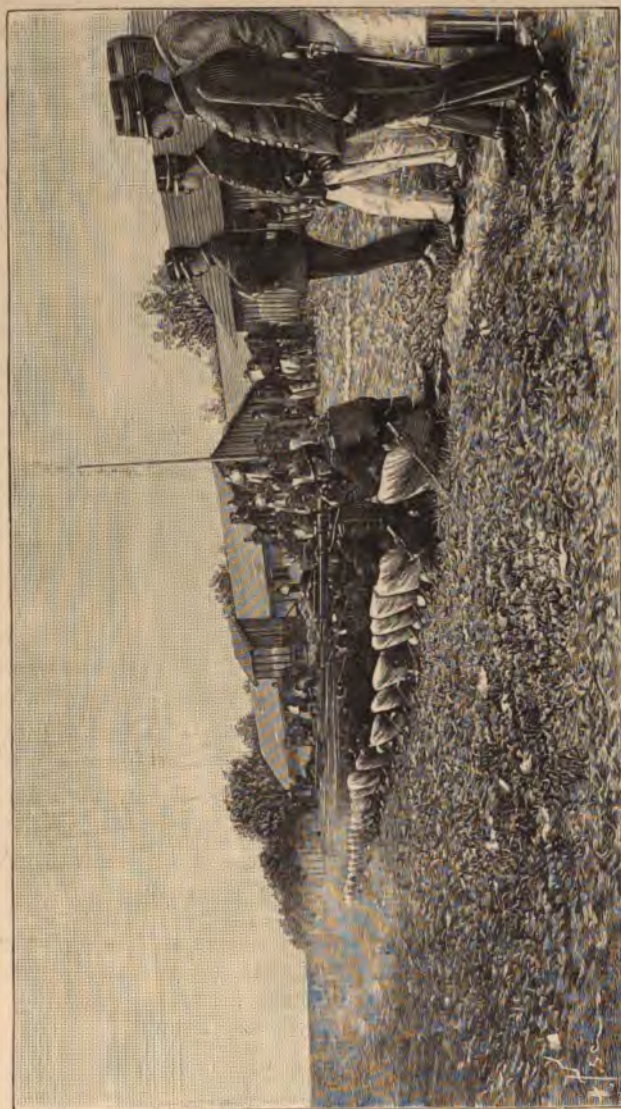
IN a recent number of the *Journal de la Marine*, M. E. Weyl discusses the probable effects of the general use of smokeless powder (*la poudre blanche*) in maritime warfare. Naval actions between two ships or squadrons will not last so long as formerly, because the clouds of smoke which formerly concealed the combatants will not exist to impede the fire of their guns. Unfortunate mistakes, where friend has attacked friend in the smoke and confusion of battle, will not henceforward occur. In a contest betwixt ships of war and shore defences the latter will have the advantage. The ships will present a vast target to the shore batteries, whose narrow embrasures, though exposed in equal degree, will be much more difficult to hit. On the other hand, the use of smokeless powder will facilitate the defence of an armour-clad against the attacks of torpedo craft, whose best chance of success comes when their opponent is buried in the clouds of smoke caused by its own fire. A vessel will now be able to pour in an incessant discharge from her rifles and machine-guns without risk of this danger. M. Weyl concludes by deploring the fact that, owing to the monopoly exercised by the French Government in the manufacture of powder, the French gunmaker is placed at a serious disadvantage. Unlike those of his craft in England and Belgium, he cannot obtain the smokeless powder to experiment with.

The accompanying plates represent the different effects produced by the discharge of the black and the white gunpowders—the smoky and the smokeless. As the *Revue d'Artillerie* correctly points out, the words “smokeless” and “noiseless” are relative terms, which really signify that the noise and obscurity hitherto caused by firearms will in the future be so much attenuated as to materially alter the tactical conditions of warfare. The vapour caused by rifle fire with the new explosive has been compared to the bluish smoke from a cigar, and is not visible at 300 yards and





A VOLLEY WITH BLACK POWDER.



A VOLLEY WITH SMOKELESS POWDER.



over. It is said that the report of a rifle is not audible at the same distance in a still atmosphere. Nor is the smoke from a battery of artillery, though as dense as a cloud of dust, sufficient to impede the aim of its guns, or screen them from the enemy's fire at the long ranges at which it usually comes into action. These marvellous qualities of the new powder were discovered accidentally, as it were, during the experiments instituted for devising a powder of great strength for the small-bore rifle, which should at the same time create less fouling of the bore than that in use. It is clear that an explosive which corresponds to this requirement would necessarily throw off gases of less density. The invention, however, probably signifies a revolution in tactics. In the words of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: "Il s'est trouvé qu'une propriété accessoire de la nouvelle poudre tend à jouer le rôle principal. La suppression de la fumée marque une ère nouvelle pour la tactique."

Generally speaking, it would appear that the tendency of this invention would be to reduce the element of chance in war, and, as we pointed out last month, to make troops less subject to panics and surprises. Though not protected by their own smoke, they will not find their aim obstructed by it, but cavalry will lose their most favourable opportunity for attacking infantry, which occurs when the latter are blinded by their own smoke. Every improvement in the implements of warfare, however, seems to detract from the aggressive power of cavalry in the field of battle, though, of course, for purposes of pursuit and reconnaissance it will remain for ever indispensable. Their duties in the latter particular will nevertheless be rendered more difficult of performance by the absence of smoke and noise. For, as pointed out by the *Revue d'Artillerie*, a cavalry patrol under the new conditions may be assailed and destroyed by an infantry piquet without knowledge of the quarter whence the fire proceeds.

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## Some Notes on Military Topography.

By CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

### PART IV.—NIGHT MARCHES AND THE USE OF LUMINOUS MAPS.



AN officer engaged in leading a column during night operations must ever be on the look out for any chance aids, both to assist him in checking his course and also to enable him to adhere to it without incessantly halting to take a fresh bearing with his magnetic compass. One of the greatest aids to keeping on any required line of advance in dark or foggy weather is a true wind. If it be dead ahead or astern, it is a very easy matter to keep one's course for a considerable time without halting to check the line followed by referring to the compass. Any of my readers who have had experience of steering a sailing-boat when running before the wind will readily understand this.

I remember a Deal pilot, with whom I made many cruises, saying that he always steered his lugger when running "by the feel of the wind on the back of his neck."

It stands to reason that a wind to be of any use must be a true wind, such as is met with in an open country. The steady north wind which we had with us in the Soudan was no little aid to those who had to concern themselves with the course to be followed, and I have often thought that if some of the intelligent critics who so roundly declared that they were "led in circles" across the desert had possessed a little more common-sense, they would have known that the north wind alone made such an evolution impossible, setting aside the certain guides afforded by stars and compass.

This brings me to a subject which is of the most vital importance as regards all this question of night operations, namely, that having



guides that can *lead* straight is no use whatever unless the troops can *follow* straight.

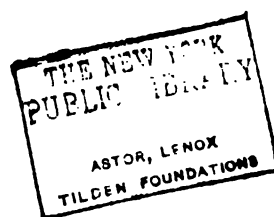
Nobody who has not seen the effect produced by a portion of a column that "loses touch," or strays in the dark, can believe what extraordinary and hopeless confusion it can cause in a very short time. I well remember one dark morning when the Desert Column had formed up ready to advance, and whilst we were waiting with the native guides for the order to lead on, that a solitary man and camel crossed our front nearly at right angles. Next moment another followed, and then another, and in a few seconds the whole leading portion of the column was marching off somewhere to the east, the course being about south !

In vain did we endeavour to check the advance ; how it was stopped I never knew, but I well remember the compliments subsequently paid to the guides for *leading wrong*, whereas the fault, as usual, lay with those who had straggled off without orders. Sir Charles Wilson, in his book *Korti to Khartoum*, describes this false start, which happened, by the way, before we had fallen in with the enemy, and was repeated on several occasions. Looking back at the confusion thus caused by a simple error in moving off from a bivouac, I have long ceased to wonder at the hopeless confusion of the column in the night march between the actions of Abu Klea and El Gubat, when worn out by fighting, sleepless nights and want of food, not only the individual men, but in many cases the corps and detachments, lost the touch, and after pursuing independent courses, more or less parallel to the line of advance, wheeled in and crossed the front of the column.

This question of communication from front to rear of a column is a very serious one, and can only be ensured by the officers in command of each detachment keeping their men well together and having extra staff-officers especially told off for preserving the touch between the units.

On such an occasion, the duties of the staff are of vital importance. With each corps or detachment kept well together by its own officers, and an able and energetic staff keeping a keen eye on every link in the chain, the possibility of corps in rear losing touch and straying is reduced to a minimum. Without such precautions, particularly when traversing a roadless country, the movement of any large column of troops by night is a most critical undertaking, and for that reason should not be lightly entered upon.

Perhaps not the least annoying part about this liability to lose





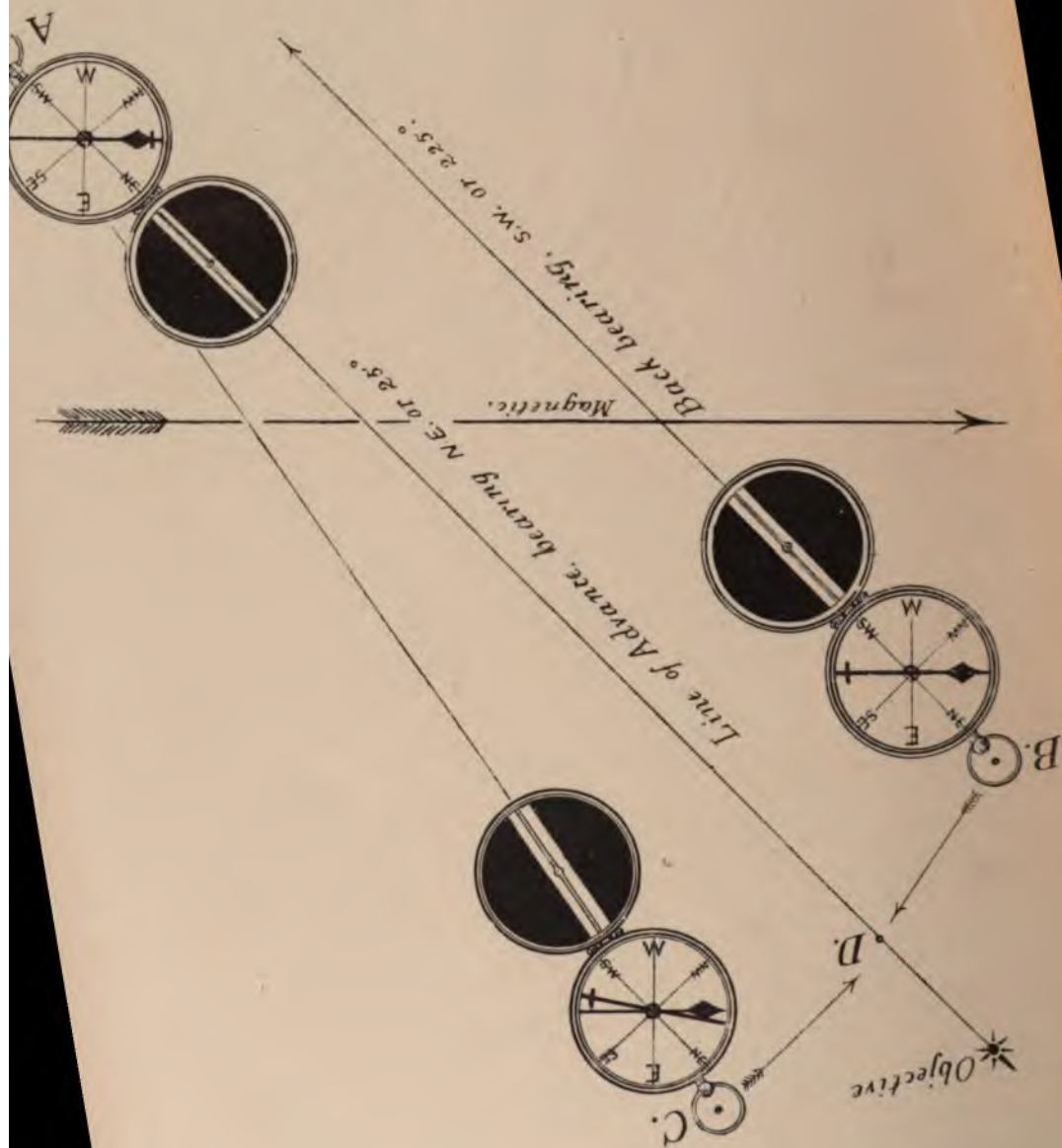


FIG. 1.

touch in the dark is the fact that it has occurred again and again, and of course with the result of absolutely negating the value of the most careful and successful leading.

How easy it is to do so, across a roadless bit of ground, is well evidenced by the celebrated night attack made by the garrison of Gibraltar against the Spanish lines and batteries on the night of November 26-27, 1781. Three columns of attack advanced over practically level ground for about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile. All the columns were led straight, yet the rear portion of the right column managed to lose touch of the troops in front, and inclining off to the left, struck the enemy's lines at the point destined for the centre column. The result was that when the latter arrived, they found the errant portion of the right column in possession, and imagining they were the enemy, fired into them, causing some loss.

Again, at Tel-el-Kebir, the advance was led by Commander Rawson, R.N., across 6,600 yards of level ground. It would be impossible to imagine more favourable circumstances, yet it is well known that at one time both wings of one brigade wheeled inwards in the dark, until they were facing one another at a short distance apart. Most fortunately, in this case the error was discovered and corrected, and the advance resumed.

Enough has been said. I think, to show that a successful night attack or night march depends as much on the troops being kept in hand, and made to follow straight, as it does on the guides leading the column or columns in the required direction.

The question of keeping a record of the distance traversed during a night march is one of the many difficulties to be overcome. So long as an advance is only over a few thousand yards, there is little or no trouble, with proper arrangements, in keeping a very fair reckoning of the distance, by which means the attackers know when they are about to come in contact with the enemy.

In a long night march, however, any system of counting the number of yards traversed, is well nigh impracticable. The incessant halts in order to permit those in rear to close up, and the variable rates of advance of any large body of troops across a country by night, no matter how open, introduce two factors of uncertainty most difficult to eliminate. The former is less troublesome than the latter, and if the number of minutes at each halt be noted and added up, a good idea can be formed under favourable circumstances of how much time, and in consequence distance, must be deducted from the whole march in order to



arrive at the amount of distance made good by the head of the column.

In practice, the difficulty is to know when a column is halted, and consequently, when to begin to reckon the time for the purposes of deduction. A column will sometimes drag on slowly, checking, stopping, and moving on again, and yet not halt definitely for a long time.

This, of course, is against all orders and regulation; but I merely speak of things as they have been, and no doubt will be again and not as they should be according to the best authorities on tactics.

With regard to the variable rates of advance of a column by night caused by it having to cross some rough ground, or defile through trees, it is perfectly clear that no precise calculation is possible.

One thing is, however, indisputable, and that is, that the only person who can form even an approximate calculation of distances made good by a large force moving by night is the leading man of the column. He and those with him are alone able to say what progress has been made in the march at any time.

Irrespective of the innumerable accidents or unexpected delays which the column may experience, it is plain that the constant movement in rear to keep the touch, and also the difficulties which arise when checks in some part of the column in front cause a portion in rear to surge forward and overlap, are of themselves enough to render it impossible for those in rear to attempt to estimate the distance made good.

It will commonly happen during a night march that, owing to the slow progress made by the rear of the column, the head may be halted for half the time, or more, so as to permit of those in rear closing up, who are consequently constantly on the move and are under the impression that they have covered double the distance actually traversed.

In the case of the night marches in the Soudan, this question of dead reckoning or distance made good, was one of the greatest moment to us; and, in spite of the most careful attention paid to duration of halts, it was at times, humanly speaking, impossible for any man to be positive as to how much ground we had covered, owing to the very variable rates of advance. The absurdity of those in rear of a column attempting to form any estimate of what amount of ground had been made good by the head was, however, amply demonstrated, and the wildest calculations were made, based

on the usual paces of a camel, or camels when moving at their ordinary rate, and with remarkable results.

The Drill Book makes a very true remark relative to night marches, when it says, "it is not safe to allow for a force of 1,000 men making good more than one mile per hour at night over an undulating and roadless country."

Under favourable conditions, such as for short marches in an open country or for longer marches in a desert, the direction of a night march, and also the distance made good, may be checked by reference to a light marking the point of departure. It must be assumed that local circumstances are favourable in every sense, and that not only is it possible to exhibit a light, but that the nature of the ground enables it to be seen frequently throughout the line of advance.

The check as to the direction is, of course, made by observing the bearing of the light marking the point of departure, and the distance is ascertained by taking the range of the light with a range-finder.

In observing the bearing of a light, some have advocated the prismatic compass, but there are many objections to such a proceeding, one being the necessity of having a lantern or other light to enable the bearing to be read off the card—a very awkward adjunct when within range of the enemy, who may not only thus discover the impending attack, but obtain the range of the advancing column. Another objection to the employment of a prismatic compass for such a proceeding is the difficulty of using it even with a light. Of course, any man of ordinary ingenuity could devise a means with the aid of some luminous paint, gum, or strips of white paper, to make his prismatic compass capable of performing such a job, but these adjuncts and the time necessary to make use of them are not always at hand when required, and are at the best but a clumsy makeshift.

With a luminous magnetic compass, such as I advocate, the process of checking the correctness of the line of advance by observing the bearing of the point of departure is a very simple affair. Say, for example, that the bearing of the line of advance from the point of departure, as A in Fig. 2, to the objective was observed to be N.E. or  $45^\circ$ . The index bar is, of course, clamped, as has been already described in former chapters, with its T head at  $45^\circ$ , and when the north point of the compass coincides with it, the white line in the lid indicates the direction to be followed, as shown in the compass at A.



It is very clear that if the objective bears N.E. or  $45^\circ$  from the point of departure, the latter must bear S.W. or  $180^\circ + 45^\circ = 225^\circ$  from the objective.

Now, if at any time during the advance it is required to check the position of the observer with reference to the light indicating the starting point, it is plain that by turning the compass round until the north point on the card coincides with the reverse end of the index-line (which, of course, points to  $225^\circ$  in this instance), the luminous line on the lid will indicate the direction of a bearing of  $225^\circ$ , as shown in the compass at B.

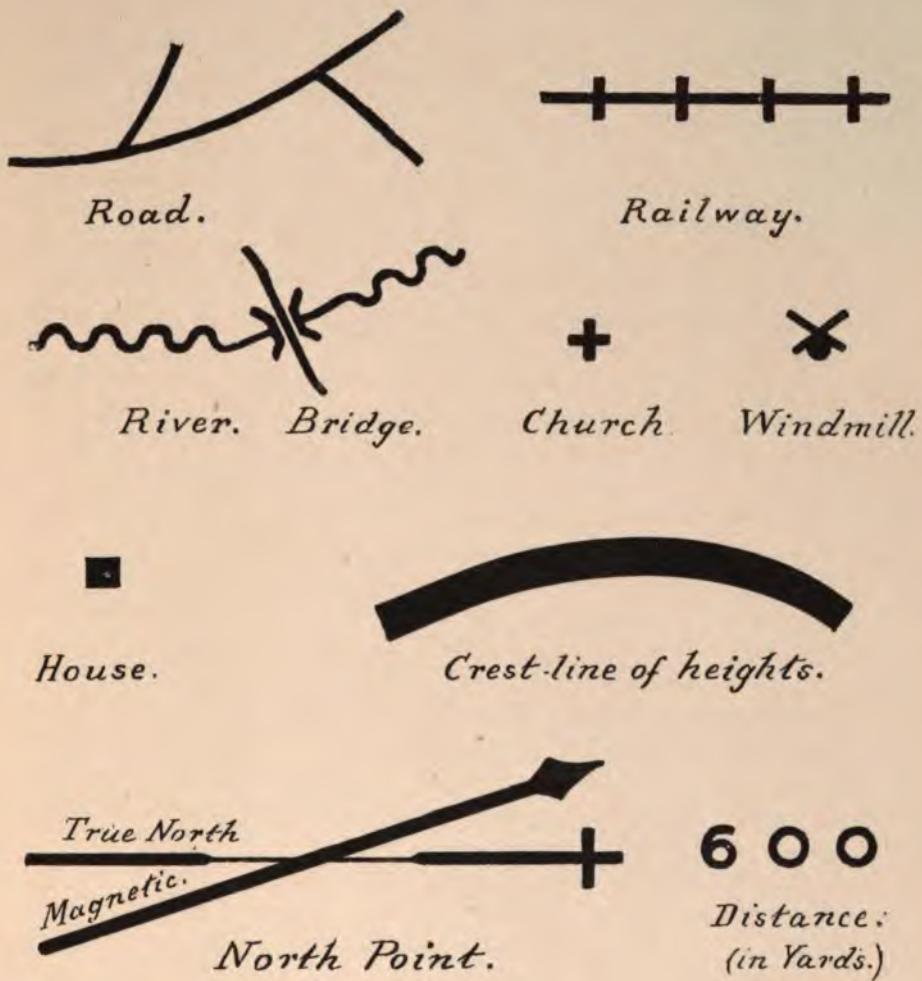
If, when he faces the point of departure, this line is seen to be to the right of it, the observer must correct his position, and thus regain his true alignment by moving off to his left (in this instance from B to D), and *vice-versâ*. Of course, no light or external adjuncts are required for such an operation, which is rendered quite simple by the construction of the compass.

An alternative method, and one that some people may prefer, is to hold the compass with the luminous line in the lid directed straight back on the starting point (as shown at C in Fig. 2), and to note the relative positions of the magnetic meridian of the compass and the index bar. These will, of course, not coincide if the observer's position is at C, off the true line of advance, and he will have to move to his right, in this case from C to D (facing the light), or to his left, according as the T head of the index-line falls to the right or left of the magnetic meridian.

Lastly, as regards the distance made good, as referred to the light indicating the point of departure. All who have taken any interest in service range-finding, are well aware that the ranges of distant lights can be accurately taken by night. To do so, however, under ordinary circumstances requires the aid of a dark lantern or other light, which may readily become a great source of inconvenience. Slabs of luminous paint can, however, be utilized to a certain extent for medium distances.

For any night operations undertaken in a close country where movement is restricted either altogether, or for the most part to the roads, the system of marching on a compass bearing is only partially applicable.

It is true that the general direction of a line of advance can in many cases be checked by referring to the compass bearing of the line direct from the point of departure to the objective; still it will very commonly happen that, owing to the sharp curves and sinuosities of any road in an enclosed country, an attempt to verify



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the correctness of any portion of the line of advance may lead not only to a waste of time, but also to a loss of direction, owing to the compass-bearing of some branch road being apparently nearer to that of the required line of advance than is that of the road which should be followed.

It is on an occasion such as this, where there is imminent danger of a wrong turning being taken by night, that a map is of the greatest value. Of course, any good map can be read by night by the aid of a lantern; but since the use of the latter is generally inadmissible in any night operations in presence of the enemy, it remains to devise some means of making a map legible by night.

How useful such a thing is, even as an ordinary guide through a strange country, can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have endeavoured to find their way in the dark along roads with which they are not acquainted.

Captain Johnson, R.A., writing in 1886, advocated maps drawn on thin paper placed on a luminous slate made of a sheet of glass prepared with luminous point. He mentions that paper prepared with this substance has not sufficient luminosity. The drill-book of 1889, when dealing with the same subject, advocates cardboard prepared with the paint.

From a variety of experiments made with this paint during the last few years, I have come to the conclusion that the best substance to use for the manufacture of luminous badges, discs or squares for maps is some form of Willesden paper.

I am absolutely in the dark as regards any experiments which other people have carried out, or as to any general deductions that may have been arrived at, and simply give my own experiences. After trying wood of various sorts, metals—especially tin—Bristol board, and other sorts of hard cardboard, I found that Willesden paper, either plain or backed with canvas, of the style used some years since at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, appeared to offer the best substance for the preparation of luminous articles. This is probably owing to the remarkable non-absorbent character of these papers. They appear to retain their luminosity much longer than any other substance tried, and are in consequence susceptible of being “revived” when other substances seem to have lost all power to be thus acted upon.

One thing seems to be pretty well established, and that is, that if a luminous surface can be guarded against the action of the atmosphere, it will retain its luminosity for almost an unlimited



period. Thus, a common luminous "safety match-box" case, purchased in 1881, is now (nine years afterwards) visible anywhere in a dark room. In this case, the luminous surface is protected by glass. Again, one of my own pattern luminous compasses, which had been subjected to very rough treatment, and tried very severely, was, after six months had elapsed, as luminous as ever on the dial, whilst the luminosity of the white line in the cover was very faint.

In this case, although the compass card is protected from rain, dust, or fingering with a hot hand, the air has free access through the slots in which the "stops" work. Hence, it would appear that the exposure to air is not so deleterious as exposure to damp, dirt, &c. At the same time, it should be mentioned that the compass card is of aluminium, whereas the lid of the compass is of bronzed metal, and it is of course possible that these metals act in a different manner on the luminous paint.

In the event of the paint losing its luminosity, as in the instance of the white line which had become thus non-luminous, it is a very simple matter to renovate it by applying a little luminous paint to it with a small brush.

Pieces of Willesden paper which were prepared six months since, and which have been left lying about on shelves, or anywhere, and constantly used, are still very effective and capable of good service.

Luminous paint is made either in an oil or a water form; the former is best suited for military purposes, as being more durable and able to withstand wet.

"Balmain's Luminous Paint," which is the sort best known in this country, is supplied by the makers in two bottles or tins, the one containing a neutral base or priming, and the other the paint. To apply it, the neutral base should be well stirred with a bit of stick, and then laid on with a clean brush. This dries in a few hours, and the paint is then applied in a similar manner with another clean brush. As soon as the paint dries, which it does very soon, a second, and afterwards a third coat is put on. Common camels' hair brushes do well enough; after use, they should be squeezed out and cleaned in some sweet oil, so as to keep them soft. The process is simple enough, and the only thing to be careful about is to see that the priming is thoroughly dry before applying the paint. To renovate a surface which has become dull, all that is necessary is to apply a coating of the paint on the top of the old paint, the medium in this case not being required.

The best and most durable maps for night marching are those drawn on tracing cloth; vegetable tracing paper is so fragile as to

be liable to be torn or destroyed in windy and wet weather. This tracing cloth is somewhat of a greasy nature, and in order to make ink take on it without any trouble, it is a good plan to take some whitening or dry pipe-clay, and rub it over its surface. To trace a map, the tracing cloth is laid on top of it, with the *shiny side* uppermost, and the necessary roads and other details marked off with a good hard pencil. This is the first part of the operation; the second is, to turn the tracing cloth over, and with a good broad steel nib or a quill pen draw in the roads, &c., on the back from the pencil marks on the other side. The object of this is, of course, that when using the map in rainy weather, the ink, being on the underside of the tracing cloth, will not run. An alternative plan is to trace the map off on the upper or shiny side of the paper. If this be done, a pinch of alum in the ink will prevent the latter from running if it gets wet.

Every trade has its own especial tricks, and after a number of experiments with different kinds of maps for use by night, I have come to the conclusion that those drawn in the following style are most suitable for the purpose:—

1. Nothing should be shown that is not *absolutely required*.
2. Every road should be shown by a firm black line 1-16th of an inch in thickness.
3. All names of places, &c., necessary for identification should be printed in Roman block letters  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch in height, and with  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch clear space between them, drawn firmly, similar to the road lines.
4. No conventional signs should be attempted except those shown on the accompanying figure, modified for use at night.
5. No attempt should be made to show hills, or features of ground; but in the case of an enemy's position on any heights or other defined line, it might be indicated by a thick line  $\frac{1}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch broad, as shown.
6. The direction of true and magnetic north should be shown at intervals along the route to be followed.
7. If a scale be required, it should be drawn with two thick black lines about  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch clear apart, and the requisite divisions filled in black, or left white alternately alongside the scale; the distances should be clearly marked in large numerals, similar to the printing.
8. In place of, or in addition to, a scale, it is an assistance to write the distances in yards along the various sections of



the road between any cross-roads or conspicuous landmarks, such as a church, windmill, bridge, &c.

9. Only the very blackest ink should be used, and it should be allowed to dry (and not blotted), so as to get as dark a tint as possible.

To use a luminous map, such as I have described, with the best effect, no way can compare with that of cutting it in a long strip of the required length, and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches in width, and putting it on a cavalry sketching-case. The luminous card should be cut to a size of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches  $\times$  8 inches, and slipped under the map, which can be overhauled on the rollers as required.

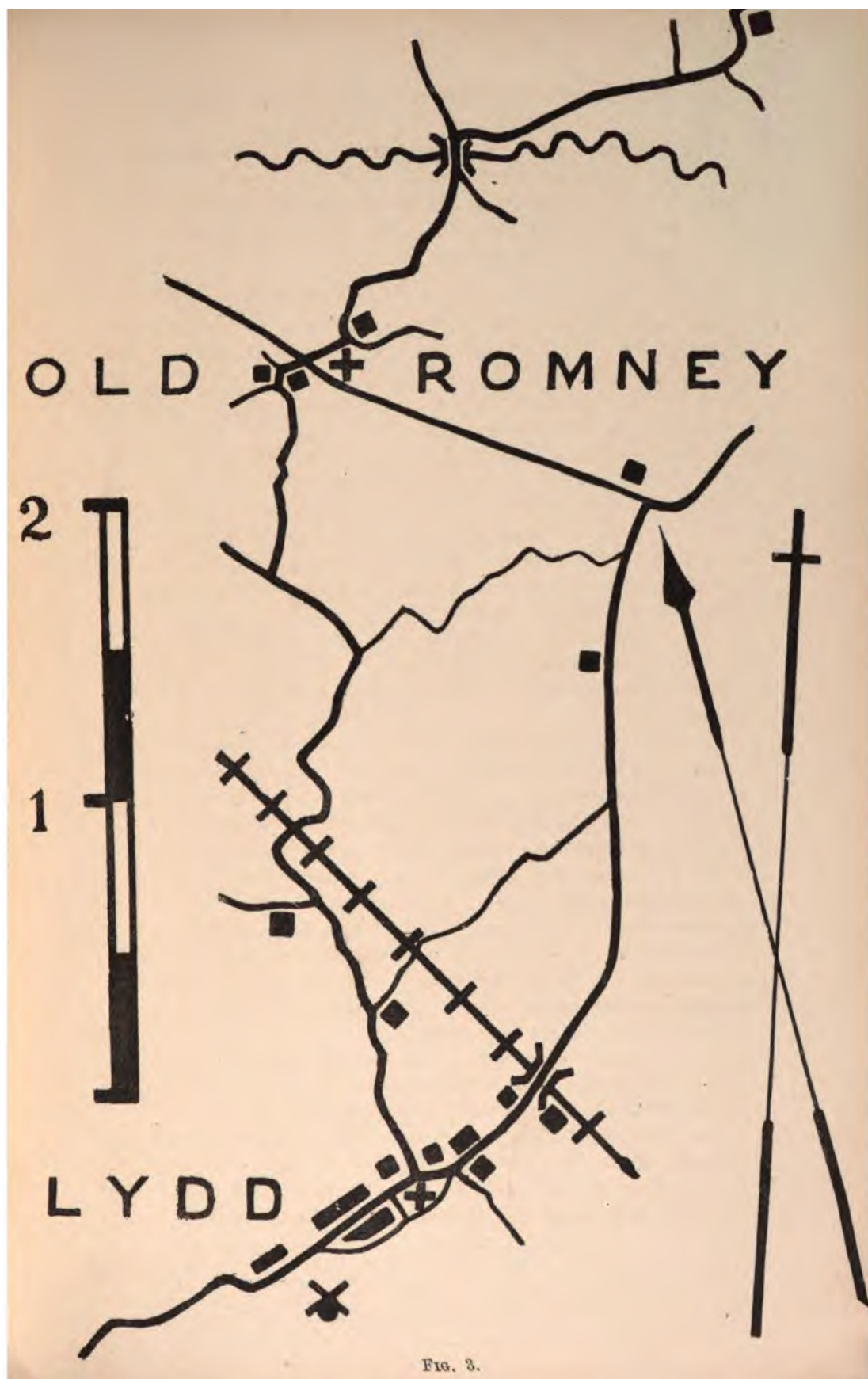
The small compass in the board can be utilized for this night-work by taking it out and applying some luminous paint to the needle or to the base, but in either case the hair-line is invisible of a dark night, and its position must be marked by some means. It is, however, at best only a makeshift, and in such a serious undertaking as guiding a column by night it would be far preferable to work with a good-sized luminous compass.

Of a starlight night such a map is exceedingly easy to use, since in the northern hemisphere it can be "set" at any moment by turning it until the "true north" point on it is directed on the Pole star.

This can be done with extreme accuracy if the general line of the advance is in a northerly direction. In other cases, it is a great convenience to have an assistant to set the map true on the "Pole star," whilst at the same time the man using the map can make the necessary observations as to the direction of roads, &c.

It is a convenience if the north point, whether true or magnetic, be drawn at least 5 inches in length on a sketch; or if this interferes with any "detail," the two ends of the north point can be drawn thickly, as shown in the conventional signs on Fig. 1, and connected by a thin line invisible in the dark. The object of this arrangement is to enable the compass to be readily laid on the sketch in order to "set" the latter.

When using my own pattern luminous compass I only mark the true north on the map, and set the index bar of the compass at whatever the local variation may be, such as  $18^\circ$  west of north. In the event of the Pole star being obscured by clouds, rain, &c. the map can be readily set by laying the compass on the true north line marked on the sketch, and turning the latter until the magnetic north point of the compass card coincides with the index





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bar. Figure 3 is an example of a small portion of a luminous road map.

The advantages conferred by the use of a map such as described are twofold, for not only is the correct route clearly defined, but a certain means of checking the distance made good is afforded, a point of vast importance in night operations, as has been already shown.

In the event of several columns being required to move through a close and intersected country by different roads, or across fields by night, with a view to delivering a simultaneous attack on a position held by an enemy, these luminous maps would be of undoubted value.

To ensure the attack being made at the same time by the different columns, some well-defined point would be selected on each line of advance, and each column would be given ample time to reach it, and have orders to leave it at some fixed time. By this means the inevitable delays and mistakes of a night attack would be, to a large extent, eliminated, since the possibilities of an error during the final advance would be reduced to a minimum.

It is very clear that this system of luminous maps could only be carried out in countries that were thoroughly well-mapped and reconnoitred, for a single section of a line of advance which happened to lead into a *cul de sac* (as do some of our disused roads), would upset all the most careful arrangements.

This points to the necessity in all cases of careful reconnoitring beforehand when practicable.

There is one point that must always be remembered with regard to this luminous paint, and that is, that it must be exposed to daylight in order to revive its luminosity. In other words, if a compass be kept always shut up, or the luminous slabs for night marching be kept in a book or box they will not be sufficiently luminous when required.

Sunlight has the best effect on this substance, and a compass that has been exposed to it during an afternoon will be found to be luminous at any time during the night. Ordinary daylight without sunshine has not as much effect. A couple of inches of magnesium tape will make it wonderfully luminous for a time, and as a sort of safeguard against a man finding his compass at any time insufficiently luminous, about a dozen small lengths of magnesium tape are rolled up and fitted into a pocket provided for the purpose in the leather case of the compass.

Heat produces considerable luminosity, and if at any time it be



found difficult to decipher any portion of a luminous map, the warmth of the hand applied to the surface will revive the luminosity to an appreciable extent for a short time.

With regard to the size of slabs of luminous paint used for keeping the touch in night marches, a piece of Willesden paper a foot square can be seen at from 40 to 50 yards, and a piece one quarter the size, *i.e.*, 6 inches square, can be seen at from 20 to 30 yards, always provided they are in a good luminous condition.

Small squares,  $2\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$ , can be seen 6 to 8 yards off,\* and are exceedingly useful if worn in front of the head-dress so as to enable commanding officers, staff officers, &c. to be identified readily. Nothing is more conducive to delays than the hunts one sometimes has to find some officer who may be passed by over and again especially when, owing to the rule of "strict silence," it is impossible to pass the word to him.

I believe it would be found to greatly facilitate night operations if every company commander wore a small disc of luminous paint on his breast, like a badge on a football guernsey. This would distinguish him from the commanding officer, or other officers of higher rank.

Before quitting this subject of night marches with the aid of a magnetic compass, it may interest some if I give a few examples of some experimental ones made by myself and others, and which may be fairly taken as affording some idea of the degree of accuracy attainable. Unfortunately in an enclosed country it is almost impossible to find a bit of ground where a march of any distance can be made without coming across fences or other obstacles almost insurmountable in the dark, hence the examples given are only of short distances.

Last spring I tried one across the shingle near Dungeness, on a bearing taken off the 6-inch Ordnance map. It was a dark and misty night, with no wind, and the natural points available to march upon were the scattered clumps of broom or holly when such happened to be on the required alignment. After advancing about 3,600 yards by successive bearings on bushes, &c. about 80 to 100 yards off, I found myself about 90 yards to the left of my objective; that is to say, I had drifted off my course about 1 yard in every 40 yards, or some 45 yards in a mile.

Subsequently I tried several more marches across the great Denge Beach, an almost trackless waste, during a dense white

\* The foregoing slabs were visible at the following distances an hour after being revived with magnesium tape: (1) 70—90 yards, (2) 30—40 yards, (3) 10—15 yards.

sea-fog. These all turned out very satisfactorily with one glaring exception, when I somehow failed to identify my "point of departure," as marked off on the map, and with the natural result that I never arrived at my objective.

This error, which I had hardly thought of before, is a very possible one, and in consequence should be very carefully guarded against as one utterly destructive of the best laid plans. The point of departure should be some object easily distinguished at night, and not liable to be confounded with any similar one. The best class of object would be a church, or other unmistakable building, some well-defined cross roads, a bridge, &c. Sometimes, however, it may be necessary to select a point at a certain distance from a good landmark. In such a case the point of departure should be clearly described in this fashion:—

"A gateway on N. side of road, 450 yards E. of the church."

If there are any well-defined objects along the line of advance, they should be given, and also their distances from the point of departure. In the case of a night attack, the distances of these intermediate objects could be taken from a map if such existed, and failing that with a range-finder. The importance of these intermediate points can hardly be over-estimated, provided they are accurately fixed, since they afford to those concerned with the important task of guiding the advance certain evidence that not only the correct line has been maintained, but that some definite and known distance has been covered, whence a fresh start can confidently be made. They are, in fact, precisely similar to the "landfalls" so anxiously looked out for by the navigator, and which permit him to eliminate any error in his reckoning and take a fresh departure.

On another occasion, when neither stars nor any fixed terrestrial object could be utilized, I tried with the aid of an assistant, a march on a compass-bearing across a bit of enclosed country, strange to both of us. It was a dark, cloudy, and misty night, and impossible to see a man 20 yards off. With the aid of slabs of luminous paint, we could, however, see the position of the leader at 30 to 70 yards, the difference being caused by the fact that slabs of two sizes were employed.

The advance was carried out by one of us advancing as far as the luminous paint would permit us to do without being lost sight of, and then halting. The other, who remained behind, after observing the bearing of the position of the leader, marched up to him and placed himself on his right or left, as might be required.



The ground was somewhat broken, and several hedges, wire-fences, and banks had to be crossed, as well as a stream, which made a *détour* necessary.

The "objective," a gateway, was reached after twenty-eight separate advances had been made; the distance was under a mile, and the deviation just 20 yards to the left. The time taken was sixty-five minutes, a very fair example of the slowness of a night march, when neither stars nor fixed terrestrial objects can be taken to aid the advance.

We subsequently examined our course by day, and plotted it off on the 25-inch Ordnance map, when we found that the deviation had been to the left throughout, and had at one time amounted to 70 yards, owing to the leader having edged off from what he took to be a ditch, but which proved to be simply deep furrows on some plough land, a good example of the imaginary difficulties met with during a night march.

An example of a well-planned and well-executed night attack in peace time was afforded by the 2nd battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers at Lydd, last summer. The general idea was that a small force of the enemy had landed and entrenched itself, and that a night attack was ordered to be made on the entrenchments. The enemy's position was reconnoitred from a distance before dark, and the compass bearings and ranges taken from two points on the N.E. and S.W. sides, after this fashion :

	Compass bearings.	Ranges.
From " A "	215°	1,550 yards
„ " B "	310°	950 „

After nightfall, two columns of attack, each consisting of about half a battalion, were marched to the respective points A and B, and their advance ordered at such times as would cause them to arrive at the same instant on the front and right flank of the work, supposing no unforeseen delay took place.

The night was very dark, with some rain.

The advance was ordered to be by fours from the right of companies, each company being led by an officer, who marched in front of the leading "four" and some little way ahead of it.

The orders were that each half battalion, on arriving at about 200 yards from where they reckoned the entrenchments were, should front form into line, and lie down. At the appointed time they were to advance, and when within sight of the enemy's position, in lieu of a bayonet charge, halt and cheer. The right half battalion arrived at the precise moment calculated, and it was

found that during their advance they had not deviated 5 yards from their line of direction; the left half battalion appeared about a minute later, having been delayed in their advance by a stream, whose existence had not been noted by the reconnoitring officer in the afternoon. This had obliged them to defile across a small bridge, which of course took time. Their line of direction, notwithstanding this obstacle, was correct. As regards the defenders of the entrenchments, they heard the advance of one of the columns when about 500 yards off, as it had to cross some shingle; but the other column, which moved across grass-land, was not heard until it had formed up in line for the rush, and neither columns were seen until within a hundred yards.

As regards the best formations for night attacks, a single battalion marching to the attack by night might be formed as follows (see Fig. 4):

The companies would move off in fours from a flank, at half company or company intervals, in an echelon formation.

An officer as "Battalion Leader" with compass, and, if necessary, followed by another, with a second compass, advances in front of the company of direction (probably either the right or left centre company).

Each captain leads his company, marching 4 or 5 paces in front of its leading "four."

The captain of the company of direction keeps about 25 paces in rear of the "Leader," and 5 to 10 paces in front of his company; the captain of the other centre company marching abreast of the captain of the company of direction, and at half company or company interval from him as the case may be. The remaining captains of companies march at the proper intervals abreast of the leading "fours" of the companies, next on their inner flank, thus forming a sort of short echelon of fours. (See Fig. 2). This formation would be adhered to during the march towards the point to be attacked. On getting close to it (how close of course depends on the nature of the night and local circumstances), the two leading or centre companies open to company interval if moving at half company distance, front form, halt and lie down, the remainder inclining outwards, and coming up in succession and front forming into line, prior to rushing the enemies' position.

An alternative formation for a battalion would be by half-battalions, the leading one moving in the echelon formation, as shown in the figure, with the rear half-battalion following in a column of fours. The rear half-battalion might be used either as



a reserve in second line, or, in the case of the leading half-battalion deviating slightly from the point to be attacked, it could be moved up into line on whichever flank was considered desirable.

This might be of particular advantage in the case of a brigade attacking, where, owing to unavoidable deviations in the line of advance, intervals had been lost.

Much naturally depends on the object with which troops are marched by night, whether to make an attack in the dark or simply to advance under cover of the darkness with a view to an attack at dawn.

The best formation for a brigade during a night attack is a difficult problem, and the following example well shows how a slight error in night operations may lead to considerable confusion. An infantry brigade of three battalions attempted an advance by short echelon from its centre, the centre battalion, of course, advancing with its two centre companies to the front, and the flank battalions by short echelon from the inner flanks.

This sounds a pretty simple manœuvre, but, unfortunately, the line of advance was not absolutely at right angles to the line taken up by the brigade previous to moving off. The result was that, the objective being slightly to the left front, the left battalion was, by degrees, crowded out, and company after company had in turn to perform the time-honoured evolution of "prolonging the line to the left by the rear from the right." By daylight such a trivial mistake could be at once rectified, but it is a very different matter by night, and at times almost impossible, to stem or alter the course of a mass of men who, for some reason or other, have managed to move off in a wrong direction.

It has been advocated by some that the battalions of a brigade might be ordered to advance independently, each one guided by its own "leader" with a compass. The danger of this is, that if any checks occur, as they are almost certain to do, there is always the chance of one battalion crossing another, and in the darkness being taken for an enemy and, at any rate, causing great confusion.

In case any of my readers should say that all this is only a question of tactics, and not one of topography, I may remark that the two subjects are now-a-days so intimately connected that it is impossible to deal with one without referring to the other. The ancient "general service" reply, that all tactics "depend on the nature of the ground," is good evidence of this. And in no

↑ 25 paces *Battalion Guide*  
with Compass.

↑ 25 paces *"Check" Guide.*  
with Compass.

↑ 25 paces

$\frac{1}{2}$  Company  
or  
Company:  
Intervals.

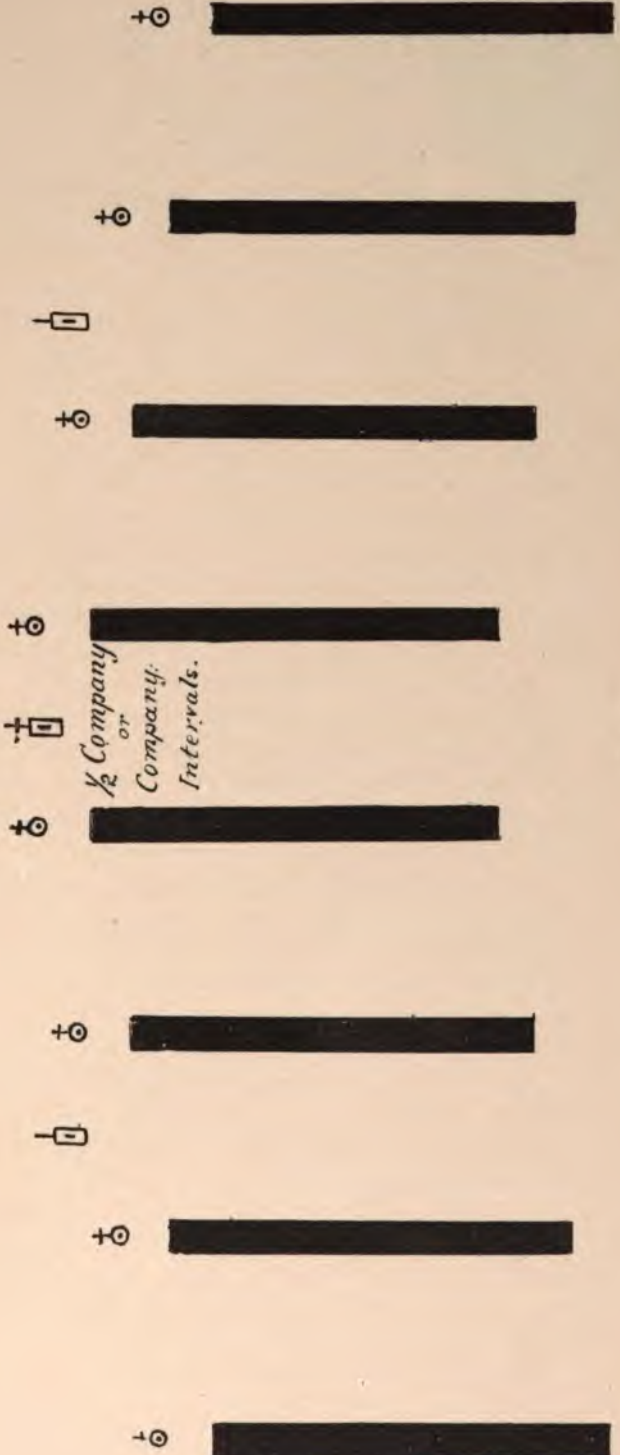
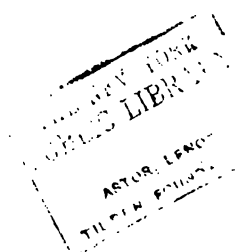


FIG. 4.





branch of tactics does topography play a more important point than in the vexed one of "operations by night."

It is impossible for any keen soldier to be employed in the duty of guiding troops by night without taking the deepest interest in the order of march and formation for attack of those whom he leads—if only for the reason that the best guiding may be nullified by faulty dispositions for the march. My own belief is, that too much attention is devoted in the British army to attempting to make every officer sketch, irrespective of his capabilities in that line, and that far more satisfactory results would be obtained were the sketching to be modified, and the time thus gained devoted to the tactical study of ground, with the aid of good military maps executed by the experts of the trade.

Many a man who looks upon all military sketching as a waste of time (often because he knows only too well the absolute inutility of his own efforts) will take a keen interest in the study of topography in connection with what he legitimately considers as his own trade, namely, fighting tactics.

*(To be continued.)*





## Clippings from the Foreign Press.

NIGHT ATTACKS.—The *Voyenni Sbornik* for February contains a short article on this subject from the pen of one who had considerable experience in this kind of warfare during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. The attacks, he tells us, used to commence just before dark, so as to reach the enemy's position when night had set in, and his men seemed thoroughly to enter into the spirit of the thing when once they had become trained to execute them. But careful instruction and plenty of practice are absolutely necessary in order to attain success. The troops must also be shown by day the position they are to attack in the night, and the exact object of the operation must be carefully explained to them. They must be habituated to the observance of strict silence, and all equipments likely to occasion noise or impede bodily movement must be left behind. Volleys are the only description of fire used, and these by word of command; while the line of skirmishers must not fire at all, but merely act as feelers of the main body. On arrival at the point of attack, a prescribed number of volleys is delivered; one section of the assailants charge with the bayonet, the other betakes itself to the work of demolition which is the object of the night attack. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the advantages of this mode of action in an age when mechanical contrivances for the destruction of human life have reached such a pitch of perfection. The depressing effect caused by the mangled appearance of the dead and wounded is avoided—a decided moral gain for the assailants. There is also the possibility of withdrawing from the engagement with safety in case of failure, a course which might not be feasible in daylight. The writer adds a diagram illustrative of the method that was practised in leading a small detachment not exceeding one battalion. First there came a chain of skirmishers in single rank, in the centre of which was a marker, who directed the movement. At the distance of 300 paces were three companies in company column as supports, these communicating by numerous

connecting links with each other and the line of skirmishers in their front. In rear of all we find the reserve, consisting of two companies. The essence of this formation lies in the arrangements for ensuring accuracy of direction in the dark. The battalion commander accompanies the marker in the centre of the line of skirmishers, who take their direction from the latter. The captains of the flank companies in support march on their inner flanks, that of the centre one in the centre, both with their respective markers who maintain their touch with the line of skirmishers by means of connecting files. The same means is employed for combining the movements of the reserve with the supports. Thus every man in the detachment conforms to the movements of the marker who directs the line of skirmishers. The writer assures us that by this means the commander can silently direct his battalion to the required goal. Words of command were not passed along the connecting files, because it was found by experience that they had entirely changed their signification on reaching their destination. A postal service was organized, written orders being transmitted through non-commissioned officers where communication was deemed necessary or desirable. But this was rarely the case.

INCREASE OF THE SERVIAN ARMY.—According to the *Revista Armatei* of Bucharest for last February, the Servian army has been augmented by a royal decree of the same month. The territorial system was at the same time adopted in its entirety, the whole kingdom being divided into 5 territorial divisions, 15 regimental circumscriptions, and 60 battalion districts, which correspond to the actual distribution of the Servian army. Inclusive of 7 companies of Engineers and 5 Military Train the peace establishment amounts to 13,213 men and 132 guns. In case of mobilization each company expands to a battalion, a squadron becomes a regiment of cavalry, and the 23 batteries of artillery are doubled in number. This furnishes a war effective strength of 70,000 men and 264 guns. In addition there are the *Depôt Reserves* and the *Army of Reserve*, which together come to the same amount. A fourth battalion has this year been added to each regiment of infantry, and the number of cavalry squadrons, raised from 5 to 9, are formed into a brigade consisting of 3 regiments. On paper, at all events, this respectable force is provided with all the modern requirements of warfare; mountain batteries and siege trains, mining, railway and telegraph companies; transport, hospital and bakery trains. The *Revista* promises further details regarding



this reorganization which, it is instructive to observe, is modelled on lines strictly Russian in their construction.

THE GERMAN ARMY.—The *Revue Militaire de l'Etranger* for the 15th February contains an article on the composition of the two new army corps which are in course of formation: these will be the XVI., stationed in Lorraine, and the XVII. in the west of Prussia. The German army will thus consist of twenty army corps, of which Prussia furnishes sixteen, Bavaria two, and the kingdoms of Saxony and Würtemberg one each. The new cadres dispose of the augmentations in the peace effective made since 1881, which, amounting to 51,045 men, are found to be excessive for the formations already in existence. The fifteen 4th battalions which were created in 1887 will be taken from their present regiments and constituted into five new ones of three battalions each, to be numbered 140, 141, 142, 143 and 144, experience having proved that three battalions are as much as a colonel can effectively control. Six brigades of infantry which already possess three regiments apiece will be shorn of one regiment for the new army corps. The needful cavalry will be obtained in a like manner; each brigade will henceforward be composed of two regiments, except in the I. Corps, which has three, while the Guard corps is endowed with four. Only the staffs of the two new corps will thus have to be provided for in the budget of this year. Nevertheless, they will cost 15,000,000 marks. Two more brigades of artillery are to be constituted from batteries already in existence; but the *Revue* considers that the German army is already ill-provided in this particular. There will be manœuvres in Silesia next autumn, likewise on the east coast of Sleswig in concert with the fleet. By a Cabinet order dated 2nd January it was definitely resolved that the whole of the cavalry should be armed with lances made of steel tubing, flags being still retained.

SUBMARINE VESSELS.—The *Rivista Marittima* for March is of opinion that, considering the successes recently obtained by the *Gymnote*, *Goubet* and *Peral*, it is high time for marine architects to devote their attention to means of protecting the submerged portion of a ship's hull from the attacks of submarine vessels. The *Gymnote* is said to have steamed with perfect success under water in the roadstead of Toulon on the 20th November last. By means of a periscope invented by Colonel Mangin everything on the surface is perfectly visible, and by this means the vessel avoids obstacles such as buoys, cables, &c. &c. It raises no commotion on the surface when under way, and, painted grey,



it cannot be distinguished from above. On the conclusion of the experiment the air supply is said to have been unexhausted. The *Journal de la Marine*, however, is of opinion that the worth of the performances of this vessel has been unduly magnified. Experiments with the *Goubet* at Cherbourg are reported to have been equally satisfactory. Last December, in the roadstead of Cadiz, the *Peral* has been continuing her successes. On the 25th, having quitted that port, she proceeded ten miles to sea and steamed for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours without communicating with the atmosphere, the immersion having been complete during ten minutes. On the 16th January she navigated in rough weather with the same results as before. She has not, it would appear, as yet succeeded in propelling a torpedo while completely submerged.

It would appear, from the same magazine that the Portuguese Government is busily occupied in organizing the defence of the Tagus against naval attack. A commission has proceeded to Denmark to inquire into Nordenfelt's system of submarine navigation. An entrenched camp is to be constructed at Lisbon, which will be finished in three years. This will be 18 kilometres in circumference, and protected by detached forts.

OUR NEW FIELD GUNS.—The *Internationale Revue über die Gesamten Armeen und Flotten* for March contains an elaborate comparison between our new field guns and those of the French, Germans, and Swiss. The initial velocity of our gun loses less than the others up to 3,000 yards, but at that point the reverse is the case; the English gun has lost 50·4 per cent. of its initial velocity, the German 41, the French 41, the Swiss 42. As concerns accuracy of fire, the English gun appears to be slightly inferior to the French and Krupp ordnance, but must nevertheless, writes the critic, be regarded as an excellent weapon fully corresponding to the requirements of the times.

ITALY IN AFRICA.—The *Revue du Cercle Militaire* of the 9th March asserts that the Italians have as yet obtained no sort of success in Africa commensurate with the sacrifices which have been imposed on the nation; and the disaster of Dogali has not yet been avenged. Last year, by the advance to Asmara and Keren, the force obtained "hill stations" for sanitary purpose during the excessive heats of summer; but, as an Italian deputy has remarked, "We have not gone to Africa for our soldiers to sweat at Massowah and cool themselves again at Asmara or Keren"; that can be done in Italy. Menelik has proved himself an untrustworthy ally. He has borrowed 4 millions of *lire* from Italy, and is willing to let her conquer



Tigré for him if she will. General Baldissera has been recalled, and Orero has taken his place. On the 26th January (anniversary of Dogali) he entered Adowah at the head of his troops, but has since retreated to Massowah, leaving a few native auxiliaries to occupy the capital of Tigré. Such, according to the *Revue du Cercle Militaire*, is the situation of Italy in the "general scramble" for Africa.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.—In continuation of an article on the "Distribution of the Russian Army in Peace with a View to Preparedness for War," on which we commented in our last issue, the *Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine* for last month supplies us with information regarding the dispositions of the French War Office for this contingency; and we find that the example of the great northern military Power is being faithfully copied in the eastern departments of France. France and Russia, argues the writer, are favourably situated as compared with Germany in this respect, that they have only to face in one direction, their flanks and rear being secure from danger. Behind Russia lie the wastes of Asia; behind France the limitless expanses of the Atlantic. The flanks of the Empire are safeguarded by the weakness of Sweden and the Balkan States; those of the Republic by the imperfection of British military organization and the political decadence of Spain and Portugal. France, we are told, is preparing to anticipate the mobilization of the German army by rapidly assuming the offensive, and to this end is massing her forces in the east, and keeping them at a high numerical strength. A line drawn from the mouth of the Seine to the western *embouchure* of the Rhone divides the country into two almost equal parts. The army contains 516 battalions, 375 squadrons, and 468 batteries; but of these 327 battalions, 275 squadrons, and 276 batteries are quartered in the eastern territorial half. The grouping of troops is densest in the north-east zone. On the Belgian-German frontier are concentrated a fourth of the infantry, a third of the cavalry, and a fifth of the artillery of the entire army.

The biographical sketch "Admiral Lord Nelson as a Leader of Fleets" is concluded in the same number. Drawing his inspiration from Admiral de la Gravière, the writer declares: "Lord Nelson's genius consisted in a prompt recognition of his opponent's weak points; the secret of his victories lay in a reckless onslaught upon the enemy. With fleets equally well-trained, eccentric tactics like these would in most cases have led to disaster. But Nelson's rashness and mistakes combined to work in his favour."

## Naval Notes.



THE most important event to record during the past month is the highly satisfactory trial of the armament of the *Trafalgar*; from first to last, as far as the 67-ton turret guns, the auxiliary armament, and the mountings were concerned, everything passed off without a hitch. Considerable interest was displayed in the trial of the 4·7 quick-firing guns, 6 of which compose her secondary battery, in view of the extent to which the guns are to be used in the new fast cruisers fitting out and building. Ten rounds were fired from each of these guns, the time varying from  $1\frac{1}{4}$  min. to 1 min. 19 secs. for the ten, proving how well adapted they are for protection against torpedo-boat attacks as well as efficient for general warfare. Three rounds from the foremost turret guns were fired right ahead, so that the strength of the fore part of the ship and the deck fittings were subjected to a very crucial test, and the result was an agreeable surprise to all concerned. The fracturing of one of the stanchions of the fore-mess deck, the bending of one of the beams, and the depression of the deck some 2 inches in front of the turret being the only important injury suffered by the ship. The question, however, may well be asked, as to what would be the effect upon the fore-part of the ship after, say, some twenty rounds had been fired right ahead, when only three rounds leave such marks of injury behind them; and there seems to be a pretty general opinion that a mistake has been made in the design of the turrets, and that the axis of the guns relatively to the plane of the fore-castle and after-part of the deck is at least 3 feet too low. The *Undaunted* has left for the Mediterranean, and as she made 17 knots under natural draught on her four hours' commissioned trial, there is every reason to believe, that when she has been some little time in commission, she will, as her sister-ship the *Orlando* has already



done, realise all that is expected of her by her designers in the matter of speed. The *Warspite*, which should have left Plymouth on the 8th inst. for the Pacific, has been detained there for repairs to some of her boiler-tubes, which showed themselves leaky on the passage round from Sheerness. At the conclusion of the Naval Manœuvres, many of the tubes, from the continual use of forced draught, had to be renewed, and those which have now given out were passed over when the others were replaced. The *Barracouta* inquiry still drags on, but nothing has apparently transpired which throws any light on the cause of the mishap.

The renewal of the roller-paths of the *Inflexible's* turrets has at last been completed, it being now more than six years since her old ones were reported to be so worn as to materially interfere with the efficient working of the turrets; the new paths are of steel, and the laying them down has been a heavy piece of work, in consequence of the labour involved in shoring up the huge turrets while the work was in progress.

The Naval Estimates for the ensuing year with Lord George Hamilton's explanatory memorandum have now been published, as have also the French Naval Estimates, as far as the Minister of Marine is concerned. Our own building programme for the year is, of course, founded on the Naval Defence Act of last year, the details of which are now pretty generally known. Of the 70 vessels, the building of which was sanctioned by the Act, 38 are to be constructed in the Royal dockyards and 32 to be built by contract. Of this number 21 have already been begun in the dockyards, 7 more will be laid down during the coming year, and 10 of the lighter types are to stand over until after March 1891. Of the ships put out to contract, 26 have been already ordered, while the remaining 6, which are to be torpedo-gunboats, will be held over for the present until a series of exhaustive experiments, which are to be carried out with one of the *Sharpshooter* class, shall determine the vexed question of the best design and dimensions of these vessels. It is now authoritatively announced, as has already been foreshadowed, that on its return in the spring from the winter cruise, the Channel Squadron is to be entirely reconstituted, and is to consist in the future of four battle-ships of the Admiral class and two of the belted cruisers. The French Minister of Marine has also determined to modernize their small Channel Squadron, the *Hoche* takes the place of the *Marengo* as flag-ship, whilst the *Ocean* and *Suffren* are to be relieved by the *Furieux* and *Requin*. Although the *Hoche* was laid down as long ago as 1880,

she was only launched in 1886, and she is unquestionably a very formidable fighting ship, and probably quite a match for any of our own Admiral class. She has a complete water-line belt of steel armour, with an extreme thickness of 17·7 inches, tapering off to 13 inches, with a protective steel deck of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches; her barbettes are protected with 15·7-inch steel armour, while the rear of the guns and the interior of the barbettes is further protected by a steel shield in shape the frustrum of a cone; there are two steel masts, each with a couple of fighting tops, and, like all French ironclads, she is provided with a formidable ram. She carries a 34 centimetre (13·4-inch) gun in her foremost and after barbettes respectively, and a 27 centimetre (10·3-inch) gun in each of her broadside barbette-towers, in addition to a secondary battery of 18·4 centimetre (5·5 inch), and some 20 machine and rapid-fire guns. Her estimated speed is 15·5 under natural, and 17 knots




ADMIRAL KORNILOFF.

under forced draught. There are also six tubes for the discharge of the fish torpedo. The *Formidable* is reported to have made over 16 knots on her passage from L'Orient to Toulon, while the cruiser *Forbin* has made 19·2 with forced draught, and the *Cecile* 17·5 with natural draught. Acting on the representations of the newly constituted Marine Council, the Minister of Marine has, after a twelvemonth's trial, abolished the system of working the home ships with half crews, which was instituted by his predecessor, Admiral Krantz, and all the ships commissioned in the future for evolutionary purposes are to have their full crews and complete staffs. The following description of the latest and most important Russian cruiser, the *Admiral Korniloff*, is furnished by



a correspondent :—The ship was launched in March 1887 by the Loire Company in France: she belongs to the protected-cruiser class, and has her vitals protected by a  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch steel deck; there are sixteen water-tight bulkheads, but no double bottom. In addition to coal protection, the ship has a lining of cocoanut fibre, which is intended to swell up and so prevent the ingress of water in the event of penetration by shot; there is the customary large armoured conning-tower, from which the ship would be fought in action. She has a speed of 17 knots with ordinary draught, and 21 knots with forced, with a displacement of 5,000 tons; her length is 350 feet, beam  $48\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and a mean draught of 23 feet. Her armament consists of 14 6-inch guns, with 6 quick-firing and 10 machine-guns, and there are also 6 torpedo discharge-tubes, and her crew consists of 400 men. This ship has lately proceeded to reinforce the Russian Squadron in the Pacific, and is a very powerful addition to what was before a match for our fleet in those waters. With regard to this ship it should be observed that were she ever to meet with an accident such as befell our own *Amphion* off Esquimaux last September, she would infallibly be lost, as it was only the *Amphion's* double bottom, in addition to the water-tight bulkheads, which kept her afloat. The *Orel*, the magnificent steamer lately completed for the Russian Volunteer Fleet by Messrs. Hawthorne, Leslie & Co., of Newcastle, has lately completed her trials, and made no less than 19·1 knots with natural draught, during a six hours' run at sea, and over 20 knots for the same time with forced draught, with a mean indicated horse-power of 9,100. The ship is 415 feet long, 48 feet beam, and has a coal-carrying capacity of 2,000 tons. She is twin-screwed, but is not strengthened particularly to carry guns; she is a handsome looking vessel, with the old fashioned swanbow, and, with the exception of some cabins amidship, has a flush upper deck; her engines and boilers are protected by 8 feet of coal armour, and she is, without doubt, the finest acquisition which has yet been made to that fleet.



## Volunteer Notes.



CONSIDERABLE sensation has been caused in Volunteer circles during the last month by the action of Major-General Sir E. Hamley on the motion to go into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates. That gallant and distinguished officer is a staunch and vigorous advocate of the Volunteer Force, and had no doubt the best intentions in the world when he moved on the 13th of the month a resolution urging that all deficiencies of equipment which are necessary to efficiency, and all debts of corps properly incurred on that account, should be made good from the public revenue. But he must have been wholly unprepared for the result of this bold measure. In a House numbering but 237, after a wholly inadequate discussion, Sir E. Hamley was refused permission to withdraw his resolution, and on a division being taken the resolution was carried against Government by a majority of 33. The incident is, indeed, a regrettable one, as showing a disposition to subordinate a discussion of the vital principles of the Volunteer movement to party politics. A snatch vote of this kind is not calculated to benefit the Volunteers in the slightest degree, either substantially or by raising them in the moral estimation of the public. The refusal to allow General Hamley to withdraw his resolution, because a party victory seemed possible in the small House present, seemed further to come with particularly bad grace from a faction which can scarcely congratulate itself on its own treatment of the Volunteers.

The motion, however, was not by any means wholly fruitless. It had the effect of showing that the Volunteers can count on powerful advocacy in the House of Commons on the next occasion on which they and their affairs come up for discussion. It also enabled Mr. Stanhope and Mr. Brodrick to make some singularly clear and effective statements regarding their own attitude towards the Volunteers. When the present Government



came into office the Volunteer estimates came to £807,000, whereas for the present year the amount is £967,000; that consequently an advance has been made in four years of £160,000, which is equivalent to 15s. for every Volunteer; and that this advance had been given although there had been no increase in the number of efficient Volunteers.

We do not propose to discuss this question farther at present, beyond a passing reference to our old contention that incalculable harm was done to the Volunteer movement in the provinces by the uncalled for impetuosity of the late Lord Mayor in organizing a relief fund solely for the benefit of London corps. Many will, we are sure, agree with us in thinking that the correctness of this contention is now beyond dispute.

The Annual Meeting of the National Rifle Association which took place at the end of February, too late for any allusion to it to be included in our last number, was a highly practical and, in some respects, very satisfactory one. On the subject of orthoptics and match-rifles considerable controversy raged, and Mr. Gratwicke, the well-known Secretary of the English Twenty Club, made some sensible recommendations in favour of increased opportunities for firing with the Martini-Henry at 700 and 800 yards, and of the establishment of "Veterans' Matches," the latter suggestion having since been well received in the service press and elsewhere. But the question of finance came before the meeting in a by no means very satisfactory light. The friendliness of the N.R.A.'s bankers was said to be very great, and it was with their assistance that current expenses at Bisley were being met, but, of course, this state of things cannot continue, and the only alternative is to appeal to the public; which alternative is, accordingly, being taken by the Association. It is confidently believed that the embarrassment is purely temporary, and that the New Wimbledon, with its manifold advantages over the Old, and its potentialities for earning money in quite new and profitable directions, will shortly restore the financial equilibrium.

The Army Estimates, which have been issued during the month, do not contain much matter of special interest to the Volunteers. In an accompanying memorandum, Mr. Stanhope observes that the force shows a reduction of 2,350 enrolled men, and suggests the probability that some readjustment of the establishments of Volunteer Infantry will, as in the Militia, prevent further diminution in numbers, and will add to the strength of the force in

localities where its increase would be specially desirable. Mr. Stanhope laid particular stress upon the improvement of the Railway Corps, of whom a certain proportion are now passing into the Army Reserve. The tone of the reports of general officers commanding divisions and districts has been, as a rule, very satisfactory as regards the Volunteers, though, as might have been expected, the dearth of officers has proved a subject of comment in some cases.

We are pleased to note the hopefulness with which the Secretary of State for War views the prospects of the Yeomanry, almost every corps of which has received a satisfactory report. "Recruiting," according to the Memorandum aforesaid, "shows signs of improvement," and there appear to be fair grounds for hoping that the agricultural depression, which has told so severely upon this fine old force, is gradually passing away.

The absolute necessity of close adherence to the Musketry Regulations has, during the last few weeks, received painful illustration. In October last, during a match between a Regular and a Volunteer company of a well-known northern corps, a youth who had been irregularly employed to mark, was struck by a splinter of lead in such fashion as to necessitate the removal of an eye. During the month it was sought in Parliament to cast a doubt upon the security of the range and the state of the butts, but this idea was repudiated by the Secretary of State for War. The accident had occurred through the carelessness with which the match was conducted, and, although some hope was held out that the lad might receive some small compassionate grant, it was utterly denied that Government was in any way legally liable. That a considerable degree of carelessness is exhibited at Volunteer shooting competitions can hardly be denied, and it is to be hoped that this incident and its consequences will go some way towards checking it—at any rate, in the direction of irregular employment of unsuitable markers.

The preparations for the Easter manœuvres are, at the time of writing, being actively pushed forward, but nothing very definite seems to have been settled. Some little disagreement appears to have occurred at Dover which, no doubt, will be quite satisfactorily adjusted before the fateful week comes round. It is pleasant to note that the Honourable Artillery Company is well to the fore, having asked permission to join the marching column to Brighton. The behaviour of the Corps under the new *régime* is certainly calculated to win for it respect and liking among the Volunteers.



Mr. Stanhope has finally found himself unable to accede to the request of the Manchester Volunteers, that Government would advance them £12,000 for the establishment and equipment of a rifle-range in the vicinity of the great northern city.

It is said that the Secretary of State for War actively sympathized with the petitioners, but was unable to get the Treasury to take his views. Much disappointment has been caused at Manchester by this result, and it will be felt on all sides that for Government not to have assisted at such a juncture, when the ends and aims were so praiseworthy, when the amount asked for was not enormous, and when there was ample security for repayment, is greatly to be deplored. However, Manchester has the reputation of being an opulent town, and £12,000 ought not to be a serious obstacle to citizens who already support so many and such efficient Volunteer corps.

The Report on the Musketry Training of the Yeomanry Cavalry for last year is only fairly satisfactory. Particularly melancholy is the fact that out of some 1,400 recruits who were exercised, 53 per cent. remained third-class shots. Again, principally from want of ranges, out of some 8,000 trained men nearly 1,600 were not put through their annual course at all. This seems rather serious, and quite worthy the careful attention of the War Office. In figures of merit, the Ayrshire Regiment again heads the list in individual and volley-firing combined with 149·75, and again in volley-firing with 82·71. The Middlesex are second in the combined individual and volley-firing, and first in the individual with 68·09. Ayrshire are second in individual with 67·04, and Derbyshire second in volley-firing with 76·66.

According to the Volunteer returns for last year it would seem that the Volunteer Light Horse and Mounted Rifles continue to form an insignificant factor in the numerical strength of the force. They are divided among three corps, and amount to the rather ridiculous total of 235, a fact which has recently called forth a strong suggestion that they should be abolished as separate corps, and either merged into existing infantry battalions as mounted infantry, or become Yeomanry cavalry. In this connection it must be noted that within the last three weeks the Honourable Artillery Company has received permission to convert its light cavalry troop into a battery of Horse Artillery, and the commandant has accordingly received instructions to apply to the War Department for four 9-pounders, with the necessary limbers and waggons. This is a most sensible step, for, picturesque and well equipped as the light

cavalry troop was, there would scarcely be many circumstances under which it could be usefully employed as contingent of the H.A.C.

In connection with the Army Estimates above referred to it has been authoritatively announced that the success of the 19 Volunteer brigade camps was one of the most satisfactory features of last year's work. This is no very startling news to those who have been independent students of the experiment, but it is satisfactorily accompanied by a marked disposition to cut down some of the larger existing brigades into something like reasonable shape. Out of the five Scottish brigades, for instance, it is proposed to form at least two new ones, which should not be difficult, seeing that the Clyde brigade includes no less than seventeen battalions.

It is also now completely admitted by the War Office that the state of the newly-formed Volunteer batteries of position is most creditable to all concerned. Officers and men alike show great zeal in the development of this important branch of the Service, and arrangements are being made to issue guns to 12 more batteries. There will then be no less than 316 guns manned by Volunteer Artillery. It is proposed to relieve all these batteries of the cost of the necessary harness; and in order to still further promote their efficiency the permanent staff sergeants of all Volunteer artillery, some of whom have been long absent from the work of the Royal Artillery, will be required to undergo a further course of instruction at Woolwich.

Contrary to the opinion of many critics, the revival of the old system of Volunteer musketry instructors has so far proved a great success. It has been officially announced that in the special course recently held at Hythe to enable Volunteer officers to obtain the necessary qualification, 70 attended and displayed the greatest zeal, 87 per cent. being granted certificates.

An important order has been issued during the month, in which H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief has directed general officers commanding in England Scotland and to form signalling companies in each of the Volunteer defence brigades included in their districts. Two officers who hold certificates in signalling—and it is gratifying to learn that the number of such officers is sensibly increasing—are to be selected to command each company, and the company—brigade signalling company as it will be presumably called—is to consist of sections, comprising two assistant instructors and six signallers from each battalion in the brigade. His Royal Highness has spoken strongly as to the necessity of these sig-



nallers being maintained in a high state of efficiency, and it is ordered that the sections are to be exercised together on every occasion on which their brigades are called out for drill or encampment. That the plan will work pretty smoothly when the brigades have been a little harmonized as to size seems probable, and, in the meantime, it is gratifying to find the authorities delivering themselves to some purpose on this important and hitherto neglected subject.

Much dissatisfaction will, undoubtedly, be felt at the action of the War Office in respect to its reduction of the annual allowance of ball ammunition to Volunteers from 90 rounds to 75. It is unquestionable that the War Office had good grounds for making the reduction, but in order to satisfy complaints the Secretary of State has declared himself willing to sanction the former allowance for efficient Volunteers in battalions whose commanding officers support their application by an assurance that it is intended to practise volley-firing, or that more than 75 rounds are necessary for each man in order to ensure efficiency in their corps.



## Sporting Notes.



ROUSE prospects for the coming season are at present most encouraging. The winter has been exceptionally mild all over the Kingdom, and grouse are plentiful and in good condition. Stags in the Highland forests are in splendid condition. The most anxious time has yet to come, but the mild weather has enabled the birds to pair much earlier than usual. If the breeding season be favourable, there must certainly be an excellent crop of grouse. Heather burning is being prosecuted vigorously.

Colonel Cumberland, late 30th Regiment, well known in India as a shikari, has succeeded in shooting in Kashgar, a ram of the *Ovis Poli* species, with horns measuring fifty-eight inches, this being two inches in excess of the largest shot by Mr. Littledale.

Lord Dunmore, Mr. Frank Fitzherbert, and Mr. Woolcombe have returned from their shooting trip on the Dijihan river in Asia Minor. Notwithstanding the climate, they killed in five weeks upwards of 1,600 head of game, consisting of 9 wild boar, 3 antelope, 4 tiger cats, several jackal, 91 plover, 40 hares, 30 quail and partridges, 83 snipe, 123 wild duck, 258 francolin, 910 woodcock, and a large number of sundries. Several leopards were seen, one of which was wounded by Lord Dunmore, but "spots" was not grassed.

Lord Wolverton has returned from central Russia, where he shot some fine bears, much to his satisfaction, as he undertook the sporting trip in order to obtain this particular quarry.

The German Emperor is improving the deer in the Prussian Royal Forests. He has turned out some very fine stags, which he got from the Emperor of Austria, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and the Prince of Lippe-Deimold.

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Mr. Sanderson's new assistant at Dacca, India, where he superintends the Kheddas, caught no fewer than 150 elephants during the first two months of his engagement. One day in February, in a single drive at Chiraniri in the Garo Hills, he captured 47.

Snakes seem to be alarmingly abundant in Cornwall. A great many were killed in different districts of the county during the winter, and last month seven vipers were killed at Leedstown in one day. Three of the reptiles were over two feet long.

Mr. H. de Lafont recently shot on the immense lagoons of Oued-Kebir, Algeria, in one day, between 8 A.M. and 4 P.M., 78 couple snipe. Oued-Kebir is 25 kilometres from Jemmapes, and Mr. de Lafont describes it as "a sportsman's paradise." Snipe and quail are most numerous.

Dr. Profait, Her Majesty's Commissioner, has had some capital fishing on the Balmoral water in the Dee. The finest salmon have been sent to Windsor. Her Majesty's water extends to nearly fourteen miles, and includes some of the best casts on the upper reaches of the river.

The past grayling season has been one of the worst on record owing in a great measure to the unseasonable winter.

Trout fishing on the Highland Lochs promises to be good, the spawning season having been exceptionally favourable, and the mildness of the past winter in Scotland having been phenomenal.

The Marquis of Granby and the Marquis of Carmarthen have given notice that they will move the rejection of the Fishery in Rivers Bill.

The heaviest salmon recorded during the present season is a 51-pounder killed in the Blackwater, co. Cork. Some heavy fish have been killed on Loch Tay, two weighing respectively 33 lbs. and 40 lbs., having been taken from the Kenmore water. On the Hampshire Avon a 38-pounder has been killed.

The heaviest salmon of last year was a 55-pounder, taken in the Mertoun water on the Tweed by Mr. R. P. Brereton. On the same river, in the famous Birgham Dul, Lord Alexander Paget killed a pounder, and this excellent stretch yielded several fish over 10 lbs. each. On the Tay, Mr. Howard, on the Meikleour water,

landed a fish which weighed nearly 50 lbs., and on the famous Murtly water, Sir John Millais had several fish ranging from 40 lbs. to 47 lbs. On the Spey, two heavy fish were killed in the Gordon Castle water by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Leconfield. The fish weighed exactly 45 lbs. each. On the Dee, the heaviest salmon of the year was captured on the Dess water, and scaled 45½ lbs. On the same river, Mr. F. H. Irvine on the Drum Castle water had a fish weighing 44½ lbs.

The heaviest British salmon captured within the last sixty years was killed on the Tay near Newburgh in 1870, and scaled 70 lbs. A cast of this "monarch of the stream" can be seen in the South Kensington Museum.

The pike is generally supposed to be the longest liver. If this voracious fish is left alone in its natural waters, unmolested either by disease or man, its only other formidable enemy, it will go on living until it reaches the age of eighty years. Pennant mentions one ninety years old; and in Gosse's book of natural history we read that Gesner, that old philosophic observer, saw one taken out of a lake in Suabia in 1497, to which was attached a ring bearing the date 1230, 267 years before. This historic pike weighed 350 lbs., and was 19 feet in length. Its skeleton was long preserved at Mannheim as a natural curiosity.

The devotees of fox-hunting have had an exceptionally good season, owing to the fine and mild weather during the past winter. In Essex it is curious that kills have been very rare, and hunting men in the county have been rather surprised at the scarcity of foxes. Strange to relate, the farmers in the county have been complaining of the depredations of Reynard, and the Hunt Committee have had to settle many compensation cases.

Captain Fitzroy has been compelled, owing to ill-health, to resign the mastership of the East Kent Hunt.

Since the issue of our last number two military sportsmen have been killed in the hunting field. Major W. B. Morris, of Hampton Hall, Cheshire, late of the 7th Hussars, and Adjutant of the Shropshire Yeomanry Cavalry, while following the North Cheshire Hounds, near Little Budworth, fell beneath his horse at a fence, and was killed; the deceased had served with distinction in Africa. Captain Barclay, while following the Quorn Hounds, was thrown



violently at a fence at Great Dalby, near Melton Mowbray, and broke his neck. The Captain was a regular follower of the hunt.

Earl Spencer has accepted the mastership of the Pytchley Hounds.

Major Legge and Captain Foster, who have been joint masters of the Albrighton Hounds during the past three years, resign at the close of the present season.

Celonel Howell, who has been master of the Tivyside Hounds for nineteen years, will resign at the end of the season.

Hunting men should pay a visit to the horse-shoe exhibition at the Animals' Institute in Kinnerton Street, Belgravia. One of the most interesting exhibits is a patent expanding shoe, to be carried in the pocket, which can be fixed without the services of a farrier.

Mr. Balfour has laid out a golf course in the park at Hatfield, and has presented Lord Salisbury with a complete set of clubs, &c.

The death of the celebrated Korai Ghat man-eating tiger is reported. This dreadful scourge is said to have killed during its life no less than 122 persons.

During the recent floods at Arnheim, Southern California, every hummock swarmed with hares and rabbits, driven from the lower lying plains. They were slaughtered by thousands by boys and men with sticks.

At the Cannes International Regatta, the open match for yachts of any flag, exceeding five tons, for Le Prix de la Méditerranée, was won by the English 40-ton cutter *Deerhound*.

On the 15th inst. Matterson and Kemp row for the sculling championship of the world.

Henley Royal Regatta is to be held a week later than usual, viz. July 8, 9, and 10, in order to accommodate the Oxford University crews, who will thus have a longer term of practice on the Henley waters than they would otherwise have had.

A new riverside club—the Albany—will be opened during the present month at Kingston-on-Thames. The club have acquired the fine old mansion known as Bank Grove, belonging to the late

Sir Charles Freake, Bart. The club is non-political, and special features will be its *réunions*, garden parties, and facilities for aquatic sports. Ladies are eligible as members.

A steeplechase by moonlight reminds one of the scenes depicted in the old engravings which may be still seen on the walls of many smoking-rooms. During the early hours of the morning of the 12th ult., although the moon was conspicuous by its absence, ten competitors, arrayed in night-shirts, put in an appearance at Thorpe Hill meadows, near Melton Mowbray, and were despatched over the course, which was indicated by lamps. About one hundred carriages with interested spectators took up positions round the winning-post, which, however, only half the riders reached. Lieut. Burnaby, of the Royal Horse Guards, took the first place, Count Zborowski making a good second. This romantic and spirited race created much amusement in the district.

A tennis match has been arranged between J. Pettitt, of America, and C. Saunders, of England. The contest, which is for 2,000 dollars a-side, will take place in Dublin.

A Bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives for the preservation of the buffalo, which has been disappearing to an alarming extent during recent years. The American Government propose to spend 30,000 dollars in erecting fences, &c., on the prairies, in order to prevent the extinction of these animals.





## A List of Military Inventions

PATENTED DURING THE FOREGOING MONTH.

[*This List is specially compiled for the ILLUSTRATED NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE by Messrs. Rayner and Cassell, Patent Agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom all information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.*]

- 2,177. Improved compass card to be used in combination with audible signals for indicating a ship's course. MAYDAY LEE, 22, Southampton Buildings, London.
- 2,382. Improvements in rotary propellers for the propulsion of vessels, also applicable for producing currents of air for all purposes. JEREMY TAYLOR MARCH and THOMAS SEAVILLE TRUST, 1, Pembroke Road, Kensington.
- 2,515. Improved disengaging gear for ships' boats. ALEX. CAMPBELL, 462, Paisley Road, Glasgow.
- 2,641. An improved method of, and apparatus for, indicating a ship's course. CHRISTMAS THOMAS and MATTHEW CAY, 22, Southampton Buildings, Middlesex.
- 2,791. A plan for an improved form of shell to be fired from rifled ordnance. CHARLES MERINGTON, 14, St. James's Square, London.
- 2,835. Improvements in mounting guns on board ship and in mountings generally. JOSIAH VAVASSEUR, 24, Southampton Buildings, London.
- 2,869. Improvements in or relating to pneumatic guns. ALFRED JULIUS BOULT, 323, High Holborn, Middlesex. (Henry Eichbaum, France.)
- 2,947. Improvements in torpedoes. DUNCAN KYD PRESGRAVE, 37, Chancery Lane.
- 3,101. Improvements in breech-loading ordnance. CHARLES ED. STANLEY PARKER, 20, High Holborn, London.
- 3,655. Improvements in cartridge cases. RICHARD MORRIS, 28, Southampton Buildings, London.

### SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

- 5,159. WOODWARD. Small arms. 1889. 8d.
- 5,613. MILOVANOVITCH. Guns. 1889. 8d.
- 5,851. ROWLAND. Bayonet screw. 1889. 6d.
- 6,364. RALSTON. Targets. 1889. 6d.
- 285. CANET. Gun mountings. 1890. 1s. 3d.

The above specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner and Cassell, 37, Chancery Lane, at the price quoted.

## Reviews.

*Journal of H.M.S. "Enterprise" in the Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin's Ships by Behring's Strait, 1850-55.* By Captain RICHARD COLLINSON, C.B., R.N., Commander of the Expedition. Edited by his brother, Major-General T. B. COLLINSON, Royal Engineers. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington. 1889.)

Although at the moment practical interest, the interest which drives the public to counsel voyages of discovery towards the ever mysterious polar regions, is dormant, no one can say that at any time it will not revive in full force. The field of geographical discovery is becoming so narrowed even in Africa, and geographical discovery possesses such attractions for mankind, that a very slight further narrowing may determine the reopening of the Arctic and Antarctic questions. Even the very barrenness of the results in late years tends to exalt the establishment of the smallest polar fact. Its rarity, and the difficulties surrounding its attainment, become the measure of its value, and men hunger for it as they hunger for all things that are rare. Therefore, not only as a memorial to a very gallant and distinguished naval officer, but as an addition to literature which never grows old in interest, General Collinson has been well advised in giving the book to the public, and the brief memoir of the author which comes at the end of the volume enables us to appreciate more fully the untiring activity and perseverance of the sailor, who missed, by a hairbreadth as it were, the actual completion of the great ideal North-West Passage.

It was in December 1849 that the late Sir Richard Collinson was appointed to the command of the *Enterprise*, and to take under his orders the *Investigator*, Commander, afterwards Vice-Admiral, Sir Robert M'Clure, and in January the two ships finally quitted England, the *Investigator* to leave her bones amongst the Arctic ice. The ships passed through the Straits of Magellan, and then the *Enterprise* went on to the Sandwich Islands, having parted company with her consort, and apparently by the deliberate action of M'Clure (see p. 359) never met her again. Though it may on the other side be said that as Collinson arrived at the Sandwich Islands six days before M'Clure, and waited only five for him, appointing a rendezvous at Cape Lisburne, it might easily have appeared to the junior officer that the commander of the expedition



did not attach great importance to their keeping company. M'Clure arrived at the rendezvous off Cape Lisburne in lat.  $68^{\circ} 30'$  N., met there (July 31st) and parted with the *Herald*, and declining to wait the arrival of the *Enterprise*, worked along the north shore of Alaska, passed up to near the north-east entrance of Prince of Wales's Strait, between Banks Land and Prince Albert Land; then was forced back and wintered in the middle of the Strait.

Collinson did not reach Cape Lisburne till August 13th. He went more to the northward and cruised about the southern edge of the heavy pack, gaining the latitude of  $73^{\circ} 23'$  N., and then on the 27th August turned southwards. Early in September the *Enterprise* was in communication with the *Herald* and *Plover*, two subsidiary search-ships, and Collinson was considering the suitability of Port Clarence (Lat.  $65^{\circ} 30'$ ) as winter quarters. Determining against it, Collinson proceeded to the north again with the idea of finding winter quarters near Point Barrow. The lateness of the season rendered this project impossible, and the *Enterprise* ultimately bore up for Sitka, the Sandwich Islands, and Hong-Kong, where she arrived February 15th, 1851. She lay there till the 1st of April, and then sailed again for the north. She met the first ice on May 31st, and got to Clarence Harbour on July 3rd. Leaving this on the 11th, the *Enterprise* followed directly on the track of the *Investigator*, passing up Prince of Wales's Straits, beyond M'Clure's farthest, and reaching in fact the very entrance of the Straits, only some ninety-seven miles from Parry's winter quarters in 1819-20 in Winter Harbour, Melville Island; and less than seventy miles by land from the Bay of Mercy where M'Clure was to winter in the *Investigator*, and there to abandon his ship in 1853. On the 29th, Collinson had found a record of M'Clure's wintering in the Straits dated June 1st, but with no intimation of what his future proceedings were to be. It is not easy, even at this distance of time, and with only the historical interest of such an episode surrounding it, not to experience a feeling of provocation at the untowardness of the fates to these two Commanders. M'Clure only got out of his winter quarters on August 16th, so that had the *Enterprise* been even a few days earlier the ships would have met and concerted plans which might conceivably have altered the whole story of Arctic enterprise. But at any rate both Commanders had looked across the block of ice which filled up M'Clure Strait between Banks Land and Melville Island, a little belt only sixty miles wide, which alone stood in their way to complete the circumnavigation of the American Continents. But the meeting of the Commanders was not to be. Collinson, in face of the ice-block and the necessity of seeking winter quarters, again followed M'Clure down the Prince of Wales's Straits to the southward, and then along the west coast of Baring and Banks Land to the northward, only a few days behind the *Investigator*. The *Enterprise* had got as far north as  $73^{\circ}$  deg. on the 7th of September, when finding the pack-ice increasing in



density, and no tidings of M'Clure leading Collinson to suppose he had gone south, he himself bore up and made once more for the southern entrance of Prince of Wales's Strait, where on the 13th of September he got into winter quarters. Ten days later M'Clure got into the Bay of Mercy on the north side of Banks Land, whence the *Investigator* never again emerged.

Sledge parties went out from the *Enterprise* in the spring of 1852, one to the northward towards Melville Island, and another along the north shore of Prince Albert's Land as far as Glenelg Bay. By another fatality no party went to the north-westward where the *Investigator* was, and so nothing was known of her whereabouts. In the total absence of this knowledge Collinson got out of his winter quarters on August 5th, and pursued a devious course to the southward and eastward along the western and southern shores of Victoria Land, as far west as Cambridge Bay, in longitude  $105^{\circ}$  W. There the *Enterprise* passed her second winter in the ice, carrying out explorations in the spring of 1853; and finding a record of Rae's party in 1851 from the Coppermine River, at Polly Point, Collinson deemed it useless to pursue the search in that direction, although a piece of wood, possibly from Franklin's expedition, was found.

The *Enterprise* was able to get out of her harbour on the 11th of August 1853, and she made comparatively rapid progress to the westward at first. But gradually the pack thickened round the ship until at length, on the 14th September, the ship was pinned in Camden Bay and fastened there for the third winter. About the 15th of July 1854 the ice began to loosen, and soon the ship was able to begin her really homeward voyage. On the 12th of August, in Behring's Straits, Captain Collinson notes how for the first time in three years and one month, a second ship was seen, and the note is an apt illustration of the terrible dreariness of the intervening interval. We need not further dwell on the voyage home, *via* Hong Kong and the Cape of Good Hope, nor need we picture the delight with which Collinson must have penned the last note in his journal, getting once more "a sight of old England" on the 5th of May 1854.

The Editor has made his brother's journal doubly interesting by a copious supply of notes and explanations. The moral and physical difficulties which were met and faced by the little band in the *Enterprise* are brought out in striking antitheses, but certainly the impression which chiefly remains on one's mind is the sort of hard luck which attended the voyagers throughout. In the matter of ground covered, dangers averted, objects doggedly followed up, Collinson's work surely stands near the head of Arctic explorations. But M'Clure's return with Sir E. Belcher in the *Phoenix* in 1854 had taken off the keen edge of the public interest in Arctic matters, and when Collinson returned the country was still in the thick of the Crimean war. It was not marvellous that his arrival fell flat, and that his countrymen hardly recognized the return of a great navigator.



*Guns and Gun Material.* By GEORGE EDM. (London: E. and F. N. Spon. 1899.)

This is a short manual on the subjects treated of, but taken a good deal from the author's personal standpoint. He places the duty of providing the best and most reliable guns high on the list of those which are binding on an Englishman, and as tending as much as anything else to the preservation of peace. He has a very few words on gunpowder, and then proceeds to treat in order gun material, annealing of gun steel, testing of gun steel, and then experiments necessary to determine quality and standard of gun steel. He gives Woolwich Arsenal the credit of first using the process of tempering in oil, now forming so necessary a part of the preparation of gun steel; though he points out that, from his own personal knowledge, tempering in oil for small steel materials was a very old process. He thinks that the annealing processes should be completed before the forgings are allowed to cool, and that manufacturers should be called on to supply annealed forgings. As to testing, he does not appear satisfied with the present practice, and thinks that we should not accept the present test specifications as correct, even though they are adopted universally. He proposes that systematic experiments should be carried out with considerable numbers of plain unsupported gun barrels of given proportionate dimensions; and he gives in detail the annealings and temperings to which these experimental barrels should be subjected; but he leaves the final firing experiments to artillerymen. His object probably is to eliminate as many side issues as possible from the inductions which are to be drawn from the results of the experiments; holding probably that if the finished gun is brought to test, it is difficult to fix on the causes of success or failure, from the numbers of causes amongst which the choice lies.

*Waterloo: the Downfall of the First Napoleon.* A History of the Campaign of 1815. By GEORGE HOOPER. New Edition, Revised. (London: George Bell & Co. 1890.)

Among the non-professional writers who have in recent years distinguished themselves by a just appreciation of the truths which underlie military history and constitute the art of war, Mr. Hooper holds a prominent place. Military students will, therefore, welcome a new and revised edition of his work on the campaign of 1815; a theme which seems to offer an inexhaustible field of discussion to the critic. To discuss what might have happened had certain things been done or certain miscalculations avoided, is not usually a profitable employment; but in this instance, where the fate of Europe hung upon the decisions of one or two individuals, it forms an attractive, and for the rising soldier, an instructive subject for speculation. While the name of Napoleon lasts (and we know that he modestly estimated it as co-existent with the Deity's) we suppose that the merits and demerits of Grouchy's conduct at this eventful crisis will be

debated. We had rather expected to have found in this edition some modifications of the strong belief in Grouchy's blamelessness to which the author previously gave utterance. For example, we insist that it was clearly Grouchy's duty and Soult's to explore the line of retreat taken by the Prussians after the battle of Ligny, and not Napoleon's, who had retired for the night to Fleurus. A Commander-in-Chief cannot see to every detail in person, and the Emperor was in bad health at the time. Again it is indisputable that Grouchy left Gembloux five or six hours later than he ought, and that he marched in a single column instead of several. These were fatal errors considering the nature of the duty imposed on him, which, he thoroughly understood, was to interpose between Blücher and Wellington. As to the argument that had he crossed the Dyle at Ottignies and Moustier, as suggested by his critics, the Prussians would still have intercepted him with two of their *corps d'armée* while the other two marched on Waterloo, it is absolutely worthless. Nobody can foresee precisely what would have happened. It would have depended on many causes, among which accident would perhaps have played a leading part. Nevertheless, this was the direction prescribed by theory, and which promised the most decisive results, while it was at the same time in conformity with the instructions received from Napoleon "to interpose between Wellington and Blücher." Instead of doing this, Grouchy fell upon the rear of the Prussians at Wavre, thus in reality driving them towards the point from which it was his mission to keep them distant.





## At the Play.

MRS. LANGTRY has shown some courage in re-opening the *St. James'* with "As You Like It," a play which at the same theatre was the most signal of the Kendals' few failures, though exquisitely mounted and produced with all the care and thought for which their joint management with Mr. Hare was noted. The mounting in the present revival is adequate, but not more; the one forest scene with its stream of real water and swinging bough is very pretty—except by-the-bye when the man in charge of the coloured lights is allowed to play pranks and dye the background a vivid puce—but the scene at Duke Frederick's court has hardly enough pomp about it. The same level is maintained in the general cast, nearly all are fair but none are strikingly good, and one or two, such as Miss McNeil's Celia and Mr. Cannings's Duke Frederick, are below the average. Mrs. Langtry herself gives on the whole a very good rendering of Rosalind, which improves as the play goes on; in the first act she was, we think, too forward and forthcoming, and also somewhat artificial, but when once she had got to the forest the charm and refinement of her manner began to tell, and one felt that one had got to the real Rosalind. Mr. Bouchier, of whom we have heard much, was somewhat disappointing as Jacques, and kept such a perpetual grin upon his face that the nickname of "Monsieur Melancholy" seemed quite out of place. The grin was sardonic, no doubt, but one lost sight of the man's affectation of sadness and love of "posing." The Seven Ages' speech *must* no doubt be declaimed, but it should be declaimed to the audience on the stage not to that before the footlights; some change in the stage management would have much helped what was, notwithstanding, a good bit of elocution. Mr. Sugden is hardly at home in a part like Touchstone, but showed his usual cleverness at times. Mr. L. Cautley copied other Orlandos and so kept straight, but scarcely threw himself into a single scene except the wrestling, which was admirably managed. Adam in the hands of Mr. Everill approached perilously near the comic. Miss Beatrice Lamb made a better Phoebe than one often sees, and Miss Marion Lea's Awdrey was specially good.

Mr. Hare could hardly have given us a more startling—and we may add welcome—change than from "La Tosca" to "A Pair of Spectacles." The latter is as wholesome and bright as the

former was morbid and gloomy, and the only point of resemblance is the excellence of the acting. Mr. Hare is always welcome and in Mr. Grundy's new comedy has a part that fits him like a glove; as long as he is on the stage the spectator is content, but it must be confessed that the other characters are only satellites or foils, and that the story would be improved by a little further development of a love-plot or some secondary interest. The other prominent character—the foil to Mr. Hare's charming study of a weak, loveable old man—is entrusted to Mr. Groves, and owing to exaggeration either on the part of the author or of the actor—it is not easy to say which—just offends one by an improbability which Mr. Hare manages to avoid. His taking his son's watch away from him is a touch too much, and so with other small points. Miss Kate Rorke is thrown away on a colourless part, but Mr. Sidney Brough acts specially well as the unlucky Dick, and greatly helps the scenes in which he appears. No one can fail to enjoy this fresh, bright play, though it is easy to pick holes in its construction and plot.

"A Pair of Spectacles" is preceded by a very pretty first piece by Mr. Wynn Miller, which has been already seen, called "Dream Faces." This little play is admirably acted by Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Carlotta Addison, Mr. Sydney Brough, and Miss Blanche Horlock, and is another welcome indication of the desire which has been lately manifested by the best managers to improve the curtain-raisers which begin the evening. This desire can hardly, however, be realised unless the public will respond and come in time to see the first piece, for the best actors cannot be expected to care to appear night after night to half-empty houses. Mr. Wynn Miller's play is somewhat in a sad key and ends rather vaguely, but is well written and deserves to live.

At the GLOBE Mr. Benson has taken off "The Taming of the Shrew" and substituted "Hamlet" on Thursdays and Fridays, while "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is still acted for the main part of the week, a fact which many people do not seem to have grasped as we understand that much disappointment was expressed by people who thought they had missed the chance of seeing the "Midsummer Night's Dream," when they heard that other plays had been produced. We trust this fact will not turn to Mr. Benson's disadvantage, for no one can doubt that in these days of long runs, the variety caused by the change of pieces must be of great advantage to the performers.

Notwithstanding much inequality in the performance, Mr. Benson appears to greater advantage in Hamlet than in any other character in which he has as yet appeared in London. He starts with the advantage of looking the character to perfection, few Hamlets being young enough to suggest the possibility of the Queen being still beautiful and attractive, without which possibility half Claudius' motive for his crime is lost, and further enlists the spectator's sympathy by a modesty which is manifested at his first appearance, and which throughout the play shows no desire to



sacrifice the *tout ensemble* of the play to the prominence of the chief character.

Among the more impressive parts of Mr. Benson's performance are his parting scene with Ophelia, in which tenderness is the most marked feature, aided by many little touches showing thought; and his scene in the Queen's chamber, where the struggle between his affection and his disgust is well indicated. Among the weaker passages are the delivery of "To be or not to be," his advice to the players, and his outburst at the grave of Ophelia.

With the exception of the King, most feebly and ineffectively played by Mr. Cartright, the characters are well filled, but only Mr. Weir as the grave-digger is really first-rate. Miss Ada Ferrar makes a good and dignified Queen, but is a little inclined to artificiality and staginess in her enunciation. Mr. Black's Polonius comes near to being very good, but is wanting in humour in the lighter parts. Mr. Otho Stuart's Horatio is natural, and his lines well spoken, while Mr. Phillips looks, moves, and speaks with much dignity as the Ghost—specially well got up in gauzy robes over his armour.

We cannot commend Mrs. Benson as Ophelia; she was pretty and gentle in the early scenes, but failed partially in the interview with Hamlet, and entirely in the mad scene, which she did not render in the least touching—a condemnation in itself.

At several theatres—notably the HAYMARKET, SHAFTESBURY, COURT, and CRITERION—new pieces are on the point of being brought out.



## Foreign Sequice Magazines.

### SUMMARY OF ARTICLES.

THE ENGINEER JOURNAL. (St. Petersburg.) January 1890.

A Plan for the Defence of Modern Forts by Mines—Hasty Field Fortification—Mountain Forts—The Education of Non-Commissioned Officers for the Engineers—Metallic Bridges for the Re-establishment of Broken Communications.

THE MILITARY MAGAZINE. (St. Petersburg.) December 1889, January, February, and March 1890.

Night Marches and Operations in War—Apparatus for Nocturnal Firing—Remarks on General Skobelev's Expedition to Akhal Tekke—The Military Legislation of Peter the Great—A Fourth Arm of the Service—The Organization of Cavalry—Smokeless Powder and Atmospheric Balls—The Equine Resources of European Russia.

REVISTA ARMATEI. (Bucharest.) January and February 1890.

Peace, and the Causes of War—The Servian Army—The New Austrian Drill Regulations.

REVUE DU CERCLE MILITAIRE. (Paris: 37, Rue de Bellechasse.) Nos. 7 to 10, 1890.

The Russian Soldier in Barracks (*concluded*)—The Supply of Ammunition for Field Artillery—Night Marches and Night Fighting (No. 7)—The Training of Field Artillery (No. 9)—The Military Uses of Shorthand—Espionage—The German Navy—The Italians in Abyssinia—The New Musketry Regulations for the Russian Infantry (No. 10).

JOURNAL DE LA MARINE. LE YACHT. (Paris: 55, Rue de Châteaudun.) Nos. 622 to 625.

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• Rifle Fire in Action—Present Day Fortification—The Mussulman Religion in Algeria (February)—The French Army : What it is, and What it should be—The Reorganization of the Administrative *Personnels* of the Army—The Proposed Reorganization of the General Staff.

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INTERNATIONALE REVUE. (Rathenow: Verlag von Max Babenzien.) February and March 1890.

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Lieut.-General Enrico Giovannetti—Repeating Fire-arms (*concluded*)—Difficulties in the Fire of Field Batteries, and the Means of Overcoming Them—The English *Aërostatic Matériel*.



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China, and Japan (II.)—Military Instruction of Our  
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January 1890.

Apathy of American Publications in Military Matters and Military  
Inventions—The Crossing of Rivers in the Presence of an  
Enemy—Desertion in the United States Army—Napoleon (trans-  
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Experimental Spiritualism—The Region of the Zambesi.

**LES INVENTIONS NOUVELLES.** (Paris: 25, Rue Saint-Augustin.)  
5th February 1890.

A Metallic Helmet for Infantry—A New Electric Lamp—A  
Monster Steam Engine.



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